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THE
POETS OF MAINE

A COLLECTION OF SPECIMEN POEMS FROM OVER FOUR HUNDRED
DAILY VERSE MAKERS OF THE PINE-TREE STATE.

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

BY

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

PORTLAND, MAINE

ELWELL, FICKARD & COMPANY

Transcript Job Print Standard Small, 2 vols.

1888

996418A

TO

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF

MAINE

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

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1888

PREFACE.

If it be hardly true that "there lives no being but has some pretence to that fine instinct called poetic sense," it is a fact that very many appreciate verse which contains the soul of imagination. We do not claim that all the poetry in this volume reaches that standard, but it is a *home* book, and, whatever its imperfections may be, we trust it will be received as a fair specimen of the poetical literature of the State.

It is claimed that Maine's first poet was JOHN CROWNE, born about 1649, though heretofore Nova Scotia has held that he was her son. A Boston author declares that this rival of Dryden, and distinguished dramatist, was a native of our then Province, and at the age of twenty was living here. The Boston Public Library has his dramatic works and translations in verse, but we have not been able to secure one of his original poems.

The Hallowell press, in 1797, issued the earliest bound book printed and published in Maine, a thin duodecimo, entitled "Female Friendships," and the first regular work in verse was Gov. Lincoln's volume, entitled "The Village," brought out in 1816. The only volumes similar in character to our own published thus far in Maine have been "The Bowdoin Poets," in 1840, and the "Native Poets of Maine," in 1854, copies of which are now rare. We have drawn from them much interesting matter not elsewhere accessible.

We acknowledge our indebtedness also to several of the Town Histories for copies of published poems, and for personal favors from some of the historians themselves. Also to Harper & Bros., and the Century Co., of New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and Ticknor & Co., of Boston, for poetical extracts from their publications of our native writers, and to the State press for kindly notices in advance.

The compiler returns thanks to the many contributors for their generous response to his circular, and especially to the large number who have

furnished articles written expressly for our volume. It is but just that he should individually name Mrs. CAROLINE DANA HOWE, of Portland; Prof. GEORGE T. LITTLE, of Bowdoin College, Rev. JOHN HEMMENWAY, of St. Anthony's Park, Minn., formerly of Portland; Mr. A. F. LEWIS, of Fryeburg, and Mr. ALFRED COLE, of Buckfield, who have kindly aided him in many ways.

We regret, though we had authority for so doing, the admission of the name of the late Frances Sargent Osgood, of Boston, into the volume as a native of Maine.

A few contributions, received too late for insertion in the body of the work, have been placed upon the last pages of the volume.

In conclusion we would say that toward the publishers of this work, whose long connection with one of the leading literary and family journals of New England has made their names familiar to all, every true Maine man and woman will entertain a feeling of gratitude and good will for having thus given place and prominence to the best poetical thoughts of the sons and daughters, and adopted children, as well, of the PINE TREE STATE.

G. B. G.

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THE POETS OF MAINE.

Thomas Smith.

Rev. Thomas Smith, the first regularly ordained minister in Maine, east of Wells, was born in Boston, Mass., March 10, 1702, the eldest of a large family of children. His father, an Indian Agent, died in Saco, Feb. 19, 1742. Thomas entered Harvard College in 1716, at the age of 14, and took his first degree in 1720. He began to preach April 19, 1722. In June, 1725, he came for the first time to Falmouth—now Portland—then the extreme settlement in Maine, and later the people invited him to become their pastor. He continued in the ministry for the unusual period of sixty-eight years, two months and seventeen days, and officiated in a portion of the services of the Sabbath till within two years of his death, which took place on the 25th of May, 1795, having just entered upon his ninety-fourth year. We give, as a literary curiosity, a specimen of Mr. Smith's poetry, which is believed to be the only indication of his dalliance with the Muses.

THE SEXTON'S APPOINTMENT.

EDWARD SAWYER, SUCCESSOR TO FATHER GOODING, DEC. 31, 1759.

O'er Arthur's head they have me dubbed
In Falmouth town chief Sexton,
And I around the Church must go,
To gather contribution.

To dig graves for dead folks also,
Is deemed to be my office;
And ring the bell to church to call,—
And other week days' service.

To keep and sweep the meeting-house,
Both I and my meet-helper;
And when wind blows, to shut the doors,
And get baptismal water.

Good neighbors' all, rejoice with me
In this my high promotion;
And as I do make shoes also,
Pray let me have your custom.

Joseph Frye.

Major General Joseph Frye, the hero of Fort William Henry, and the founder of Fryeburg, was born in 1711, and died at Fryeburg in 1794. His nephew, Judge Simon Frye, who died in 1822, was the first representative in the General Court in 1781, and was many years a senator and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. The General, who was at the siege of Louisburg, from his earliest years was a soldier of the forest, and at the capitulation of Fort William Henry offered to go out with his single regiment and drive back the French and Indians. But this privilege was denied him. His sufferings and escape after having been stripped by the Indians, his three days' run through the forests, till torn and haggard he reached Fort Edward on the Hudson, are more like romance than veritable history. For these sufferings, together with his eminent services, the General Court of Massachusetts was pleased to grant him, in 1762, the larger part of Fryeburg, and his guide to this region was Capt. Wm. Stark, brother of the afterwards hero of Bennington. The great grandson of General Frye, Joseph Frye, of Bethel, has in his possession a tankard of solid silver, presented to the General by the 2d Battalion of General Shirley's Provincial Regiment, in 1757, on which is engraved the faintly coat of arms. General Frye composed creditable poetry. He was also a skilful surveyor and practical farmer. One of his worthy descendants, William P. Frye, born in Lewiston, Sept. 2d, 1831, who was elected United States Senator from Maine for the term ending 1883, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of James G. Blaine, has been re-elected for the full term of six years.

CALM CONTENT.

No more the court nor martial themes
 Delight me like the verdant groves,
 Whence I concert my rural schemes
 'Midst singing birds and cooing doves.

These sylvan songsters' tuneful lays
 In innocence and free from fear,
 So smoothly chanted on green sprays,
 Both soothe my mind and charm my ear.

I would not change these rural scenes
 For what in court is to be found,
 Nor quit these groves and purling streams
 For highest rank on hostile ground.

But thus retired I'll spend my days
 In hymning praise to God on high,
 Joining the birds' sweet warbling lays
 To honor Heavenly Majesty.

And when from hence I take my flight,
 My sins, O God, through Christ forgive,
 And bring me to the realms of light
 In endless peace and bliss to live.

Samuel Deane.

Samuel Deane, D. D., the grandson of John Deane, the first of the name in this country, was born in Dedham, Mass., July 10, 1733. Mr. Deane was educated at Harvard College, taking his first degree in 1760, and had the honor of being a contributor to the volume of congratulatory addresses presented to George 3d, on occasion of his accession to the English throne in 1760. On the 17th of October, 1764, he was ordained pastor of the First Parish Church, in Portland, and died in the fiftieth year of his ministry, November 12, 1814. His largest work and the one to which he was most devoted is his *Georgical Dictionary*, first published in 1790. Mr. Deane built a house at "South Green," in Gorham, near Pitchwood Hill, which he dignified in song. The poem referred to appeared originally in the *Cumberland Gazette*, March 5, 1795.

PITCHWOOD HILL.

Friendly Muse, ascend thy car,
 Moving high in liquid air,
 Teach thy vot'ry how to soar
 Heights he never reached before.
 PITCHWOOD HILL* demands a song;
 Let my flight be bold and strong:
 May the landscape bright and gay,
 Raise to fame my rural lay.

Queen of hills whose swelling top
 Once was covered with a crop,
 Of tow'ring pines, in whose rich veins
 Store of fiery gum remains!
 Noble plant that does produce
 Precious drugs of various use!
 Strangest wood that long must rot
 Ere 't is to perfection brought!
 The silkworm does in Nympha die,
 Before she shines a butterfly.

Peasants often hither fled,
 Dragging with them cart or sled,
 To fleece away the unctuous wood
 They its virtues understood:
 But blazing did it bring to mind
 Hotter flames for thieves designed?
 Oft it made their ev'nings gay,
 Changing darkness into day.
 Thus they cheered the darksome night,
 Destitute of candle light.
 By its flame the damsels spun:
 'T was to them another sun:
 Basking in its light and heat,
 They could their tardy task complete.

Pines, alas! are no more seen,
 Nor Poplar, clad in glitt'ring green.
 Hick'ry, bowed to fatal steel,
 Helves the tool that made it reel.
 The mount has felt the Hoe and Plough,
 Other crops adorn it now.
 There the Pea and Bean abide;
 Wheat and Rye, with waving pride,
 Alternate grow, and Indian-corn,
 In Columbian regions born.

Range the border, there are seen
 Trees of ever-during green:
 Fir trees, rich with balsam drops,
 Pointing high their tap'ring tops:
 Pine and Spruce, and Hemlock there
 Raise their summits high in air.
 Other trees are interwove,
 Adding beauty to the grove.
 Maple, sugar-bearing tree,
 Shady Beech, you there may see:
 Tow'ring Elm and spreading Oak,
 Oxen looséd from the yoke,
 Kine, and sheep, and horses rove,
 Grazing in the shady grove.

Hither sweaty swains repair,
 Seeking shade, and cooler air;
 Chatting noontide hour away,
 To ease the labors of the day.
 Oft to this sylvan scene I've stole,
 T' allay the tumults of my soul:
 Where birds of various notes combine,
 And raise my thoughts to themes divine,
 These do their best to chant his praise,
 Who gives to them, and me, our days.

On either side's a crystal pool,
 In winter warm, in summer cool.
 Living springs that never dry,
 Subterranean veins supply:
 (Vi'lets springing round the brink,)
 Adam knew no better drink.
 Each supplies a gurgling rill,
 Where the flocks may drink their fill.

Next, ascend the Mountain's top:
Gradual is the passage up:
No steeps to cause a panting breath.
See the verdant field beneath,
Distant hills their summits raise,
And scattered flocks in pastures graze!
Sit, and quaff the balmy breeze,
From the waving tops of trees.

Down the eastern slope below,
See the grand PRESUMPCOT flow!
Noble river, broad and deep,
Majestic, slow his waters creep!
Winding his serpentine way,
From SEBACOOK to the sea.
Fancy, on the verdant banks,
Views the fairies' midnight pranks.
Naiads, Tritons, here may seem
To wanton o'er the limpid stream.

Parted by a narrow bound,
From horrid wilds was Eden's ground:
So, beyond the moving flood,
Stands a dark and dismal wood:
Hideous as in days of yore,
When fell Indians walk'd the shore:
Still the haunt of Wolf and Bear,
Foxes, Ravens sheltered there:
For beasts of prey a safe retreat,
Seldom trod by human feet.
Hark! what clangor from the South,

Grates the ear with sounds uncouth?
SACCARAPPY's falling stream
Does like distant thunder seem;
Grinds the soil from either side,
Foaming down a hoary tide.
Though it needed nothing more,
To complete the wild uproar;
Various mills erected there,
With clatt'ring din torment the air.
But the village planted round,
Scarcely hears the deaf'ning sound.
Habit heeds not constant screams,
Eternal noise like quiet seems.

Lo! hard by, toward the West,
 GREEN HILL rears his lofty crest;
 By Rosse's tenants half is tilled;
 Half remains a wooded wild.
 See the mansion, † large and fair!
 Eliza‡ dwells in quiet there,
 Dispensing good to all around;
 Pouring balm for every wound.

SOUTH GREEN§ next salutes the sight,
 Refuge of persecuted Wight.
 Banished from his happy shore
 By cruel foes and rage of War.
 Sacred height! may army vile
 Ne'er gain possession of thy soil;
 Nor batt'ries dire deform thy front
 To break the Muses' fav'rite haunt.

Hither I'll turn my frequent feet,
 Indulging contemplation sweet;
 Seeking quiet, sought in vain
 In courts and crowds of busy men,
 Subduing av'rice, pride and will,
 To fit me for a happier Hill.

Stephen Sewall.

Stephen Sewall, the most accomplished scholar of his day in this country, was born in the ancient town of York, in April, 1734, and entered Harvard at the age of 24. He graduated in 1761, and was Professor of Hebrew and the Oriental languages in that University from 1765 to 1785. He published a Hebrew Grammar in 1763; a Latin oration on the death of President Holyoke; an oration on the death of Professor Winthrop; Scripture account of the Shekinah, 1774; a translation of the first book of Young's Night Thoughts into Latin verse, and several other valuable works. Among the MSS. which he left is a "Syriac and Chaldee Grammar and Dictionary," and part of a Greek and English Lexicon, now in the College Library. He died in 1804.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE III.

Of cypress deign, celestial muse, to sing;
 To plaintive numbers tune the trembling string,
 And soothe the gen'ral grief,—
 The voice of joy's no more,
 On Albion's saddened shore;

†Now the seat of William Tyng, Esq.

‡The late Madam Ross.

§The residence of the author during the Revolutionary War.

He's gone—Britannia's royal chief!
 From the north to southern pole,
 From the farthest Orient floods
 To Hesperia's savage woods,
 Swelling tides of sorrow roll:
 Nor wonder; all an ample share
 Partook, through boundless climes, of his paternal care.

Whate'er the muses' mournful lays can do,
 And more, blest shade! to thy loved name is due.
 Under thy gentle sway,
 Religion, heaven-born fair,
 In her own native air,
 Refulgent shone in golden day;
 Virtue, science, liberty,
 Blooming sisters, wreathed with bays,
 Grateful sung their patron's praise:
 Commerce, o'er the broad-backed sea,
 Extending far on floating isles,
 Imported India's wealth, and rich Peruvian spoils.

Let Rome her Julius and Octavius boast;
 What both at Rome? George was on Albion's coast.
 An olive wreath his brow,
 Majestic evermore;
 Unless by hostile power
 Long urged, and then the laurel bough,
 Faithful bards in epic verse,
 Vic'tries more than Julius won,
 And exploits before undone,
 George, the hero, shall rehearse,
 While softer notes each tuneful swain
 Shall breathe from oaten pipe, of George's peaceful reign.

But, ah! while on the glorious past we dwell,
 Enrapt in silken thought, our bosoms swell,
 With pleasing ecstacy,
 Forgetful of our woe,
 Shall tears forbear to flow?
 Or cease to heave the deep-fetched sigh?
 Flow, ye tears, forever stream;
 Sighs to whisp'ring winds complain;
 Winds, the sadly-solemn strain
 Waft, and tell the mournful theme.
 But what, alas! can tears or sighs?
 What could, has ceased to be; the spirit mounts the skies.

With Sympathetic woe, thy noontide ray,
 Phœbus, suspend; ye clouds, obscure the day;
 Her face let Cynthia veil,
 Thick darkness spread her wing,
 And the night-raven sing,
 While Britons their sad fate bewail.
 Sacred flood, whose crystal tide,
 Gently gliding, rolls adown
 Fast by, once, the blissful town,
 Thames! with pious tears supply'd,
 Swell high, and tell the vocal shore
 And jovial mariner, their glory's now no more.

But stop, my plaintive muse; lo! from the skies
 What sudden radiance strikes our wond'ring eyes?

As had the lab'ring sun,
 From black and dismal shades,
 Which not a ray pervades,
 Emerging, with new lustre shone.
 In the forehead of the east,
 See the gilded morning star,
 Of glad day the harbinger:
 Sighing, now, and tears are ceased:
 Still George survives; his virtues shine
 In him, who sprung alike from Brunswick's royal line.

Eliza S. True.

This authoress was probably born in Portland, about 1750. A volume from her pen entitled "The Amaranth; Being a Collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, Calculated to Amuse the Minds of Youth without Corrupting their Morals," was published in Portland, in 1811, J. M'Kown, printer. In her modest preface she says.—"Most of the pieces included in this volume were written at an early period of life, when airy fancy is wont to transport the youthful mind beyond the bounds of sober reason." As a literary curiosity, we present a poem from this antiquated book, kindly loaned us by Prof. Geo. T. Little, the Librarian of Bowdoin College.

TO MISS HAYDEN.

My friend, you say you long have sought in vain
 A prize you, now, are hopeless to obtain;
 For sure no mortal can on earth possess
 Peace unalloyed, content and happiness.

Stay, Mary, stay, nor hastily give o'er:
 Why thus despair? Still try one measure more;
 Within the deep recesses of a wood,
 Just on the brink of Androscoggin's flood,

There stands a cot, humble, obscure and mean;
No pomp without, no ornaments within:
Yet there Almira finds content and peace,
Envy and hate have there no hiding place.

Yes, there she lives, forgotten and unknown,
Peace her companion, happiness her own;
She's not one sigh, one wish for wealth or state,
Content t' admire the truly good and great.

Come, Mary, come, and with Almira share
Her heart, her solitude, and homely fare;
But learn, dear girl, this one great truth to know,
FRIENDSHIP AND HEALTH ARE HAPPINESS BELOW.

Jonathan Ellis.

Rev. Jonathan Ellis was born in Franklin, Connecticut, April 11th, 1762. His father, Rev. John Ellis, was a chaplain in the Revolutionary army. The subject of our sketch graduated at Yale in 1786, and was ordained over the church and society of the First Parish, Topsham, Sept. 16, 1789, and was the first settled minister in Topsham, where he remained ten years as pastor, and in various capacities lived in town until 1811. He was a member of the original board of overseers of Bowdoin College, the first secretary of this board, and a member of the examining committee, until he resigned those offices in 1811. He was not only a fine writer and scholar, but a superior Latin scholar, and wrote an historical sketch of Topsham, which was printed in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In Feb., 1800, he delivered an eulogy on Washington in Topsham, from which we make the following selection:

EXTRACT FROM AN EULOGY ON GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Ye who have often heard his praises sung,
In strains sublime, by many an abler tongue,
Now hear my death-taught muse her grief impart,
A grief deep felt by every patriot heart.

At your request I tremblingly essay
To follow where so many lead the way,
Columbia mourns; her Washington's no more
To bless with counsel or protect her shore.
Anguish unfeign'd now prompts the willing sigh,
Now tears spontaneous tremble in the eye.

Ages to come shall know the pain we feel;
A thousand bards our cause of grief reveal;
Ages to come while virtue has a friend,
Or all that gives renown on earth shall end,
She'll annual plaints and annual tributes bring,
Rehearse his deeds, our Country's glory sing;
From the fair rising to the setting sun,
Talk o'er his worth, and mourn for Washington.

Ah, who his worth is able to express,
 Whom heaven bestowed to save us and to bless?
 Had I an hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
 Organs of steel, and adamantine lungs,
 Impossible his deeds of worth to name,
 Which place him peerless on the roll of fame.

Joseph Bartlett.

Born June 10th, 1762, in Plymouth, Mass., and graduated at Harvard in 1782. He was a very eccentric man, and one of the wits of the bar. His scholarship was such as to entitle him to membership in the highest literary society of the college,—the Phi Beta Kappa. He came to Saco in 1803, and was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts in 1805. Bartlett was the man who brought an action against Nathaniel Willis of the *Eastern Argus* for libel, and imprisoned him and recovered damages. He left Maine about 1810, and lived afterwards on his desultory literary labors. On the 4th of July, 1823, he delivered an oration in the hall of the Exchange Coffee House, Boston, and recited an ode, mentioned by Mr. Loring in his "Hundred Boston Orators." The same year he published an edition of poems dedicated to John Quincy Adams, to which he appended "Aphorisms on Men, Principles and Things." While living in Saco he edited a paper called *The Freeman's Friend*, and on the 4th of July, 1805, delivered an oration at Biddeford. In 1827, at the age of 65, he wrote the following epitaph upon himself:

" 'Tis done! the fatal stroke is given,
 And Bartlett's fled to hell or heaven;
 His friends approve it, and his foes applaud,
 Yet he will have the verdict of his God."

LAFAYETTE.

Hail, patriot, statesman, hero, sage!
 Hail, freedom's friend! hail, Gallia's son—
 Whose laurels greener grew in age,
 Plucked by the side of WASHINGTON!
 Hail, champion in a holy cause,
 When hostile bands our shores beset:
 Whose valor bade th' oppressor pause—
 Hail, hoary warrior, LAFAYETTE!

Forever welcome to the shore,
 A youthful chief, thy footsteps pressed;
 And dauntless, want and peril bore,
 Till VENI, VICI*, decked thy crest!
 Forever welcome, great and good!
 Till freedom's sun on earth shall set,
 The still small voice of gratitude
 Shall bless the name of LAFAYETTE!

*I came and conquered.

What monarch of despotic power,
 Who fain would crush the free born brave
 Whose glory gilds a tottering tower,
 Himself the subject and a slave;
 Would not, to view a nation's eyes
 With joyous drops unbidden wet,
 The pageantry of pride despise,
 And grasp the hand of—LAFAYETTE.

Whene'er the lips of youth inquire
 The path to virtue, honor, fame—
 To glory's temple proud aspire,
 While warmly glows the ardent flame;
 The voice of age shall fearless tell
 What perils oft its path beset,
 And prompt them onward by the spell
 That urged the soul of LAFAYETTE.

And when the shades of death shall close
 Forever round the hallowed head,
 We'll seek the peace of thy repose,
 By final love and duty led;
 And hearts that beat in bosoms free,
 (Gems by unerring wisdom set,)
 The living monument shall be
 Of Freedom's champion, LAFAYETTE.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

AN EXTRACT.

When darkness roll'd upon unmeasur'd space,
 And worlds lay slumbering without form or place,
 When mighty Chaos reign'd upon the deep,
 All was disorder, nature wrapt in sleep;
 God said, let *light* arise, and all was light,
 And nature's morn succeeded nature's night;
 Worlds, countless worlds, arose by *God's* command,
 And man, his image, fashioned by his hand.
God shows the force of his creative power,
 From reasoning man, to ev'ry tree and flower;
 The hand of nature paints, on every part
 Of every face, the feelings of the heart;
 Birds, Fish, Serpents, Insects, all proclaim
 Their diff'rent uses, qualities, and name.

"The Royal Lion, haughty beast of prey,
 Who prowls by night and shuns the light of day,
 Undaunted treads the trackless desert o'er,
 And rules supreme on Afric's burning shore;
 His voice of thunder, and his savage eyes,
 Join'd with his strength, and majesty of size,
 Declare his courage, confidence and pride,
 And mark him sov'reign of the forest wide.

* * * * *

"The Eagle's sight the rays of sun defies;
 He drinks the lightning with his piercing eyes;
 His talons brass, his wings of strongest form,
 He soars on high, regardless of the storm,
 Laughs at the thunder, which he hears afar,
 And shines in air, of *Liberty* the *Star*;
 So strongly mark'd by energy divine,
 Such courage, strength in every part combine.
 That freedom's Sons, whene'er their *Flag*'s unfurled,
 Display his figure to th' admiring world.
 O gracious God, thou *Deity* of *Lore*,
 O smile benignant, from thy throne above,
 Hear, O hear, thy suppliant's earnest prayer,
 May *freedom's standard* be thy favorite care.
 Shield it from harm, if e'er again display'd
 To guard our Vineyards, or protect our Trade.
 Should hostile Powers our peaceful shores invade,
 Columbia's sons will never be dismayed.
 Fearless of death, refuse to *pay* or *fly*,
 Look to the *Eagle*, *bravely dare to die.*"

Prentiss Mellen.

Prentiss Mellen, LL. D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, and the father of Grenville and Frederick Mellen, elsewhere represented in this volume, was born at Sterling, Mass., Oct., 1764. He graduated at Harvard, 1784, and was admitted to the bar in Taunton, beginning practice in his native town. In 1792 he removed to Biddeford. He practiced in every county in the District of Maine, and at the head of its highest judicial tribunal. In 1817 he was chosen a senator in Congress from Massachusetts; in 1820, Maine having become a separate State, he was appointed Chief Justice of its Supreme Court. Judge Mellen died in 1840. He is remembered as a gentleman of eminent social qualities, of a cheerful, gay temperament, abounding in wit and anecdote, and an ornament to society.

TEARS.

Crystals, where are your recesses,
 Where the home of your repose,
 When the world around caresses,
 And the heart no sorrow knows?

Then the eye is bright and gleaming
 As a summer's smiling day;
 Joy and peace may there be beaming,
 Still uninfluenced by your sway.

Why should sudden bursts of feeling,
 Why should transport, flood the eyes?
 Why, when from your fountain stealing,
 Do ye flow 'mid rapture's sighs?
 Where's the fount, whence peace and anguish
 Call ye forth for their relief?
 Causing agony to languish
 Into deep and dark'ning grief?

Crystal tears, so freshly pouring,
 Prompt their duty to perform,
 Tell when gentle gales are blowing
 Round the heart, and when the storm;
 Messengers of gladness, rushing,
 Bearing orders from the heart;
 Showering cheeks, in beauty blushing,
 Laughing at the painter's art.

Messengers of deepest sorrow,
 From the seat of cruel pain;
 Hoping still relief to-morrow,
 While hope's promises are vain!

Messengers of tender passion,
 Melting sympathy and love,
 Hearts o'erflowing with compassion,
 Warmed with influence from above.

Messengers from hearts despairing,
 And from Conscience, in alarm,
 Its frightful catalogue preparing,
 And no aid from mortal arm;
 Messengers from hearts repenting,
 Washing out the stains of sin;
 Mercy smiling—Heaven assenting,
 Peace around and peace within!

Lemuel Perham, Jr.

Born in Farmington, Oct. 7th, 1764, and son of an old Revolutionary soldier. He was a superior mathematician, a skilled land surveyor, and it has been commonly understood that he ran the west line of the town tract, a most arduous undertaking, since the line runs over Mts. Abraham, Sugar-loaf, and Bigelow. Mr. Perham was a fine musician also, and a poet of more than local fame. One of his sons is a druggist at Anoka, Minn., and another a civil engineer, who assisted in building the dry dock at Charlestown, Mass., and that at Gosport, Va. The subject of this sketch died Feb. 28th, 1841.

TEMPERANCE.

AN EXTRACT.

Fair Temp'rance, thou Goddess, unspeakable worth,
 Angelic thy nature, celestial thy birth;
 With prime adoration to Heaven's blest king
 Subordinate praises to thee will we bring.
 We'll pray to the Father for sake of his Son,
 To prosper thy cause, for thy cause is his own,
 And hasten millennial glory and bliss,
 When Pagan and Jew and all nations are his;
 When Bacchus's worshipers will not molest,
 No drunken intruder disturbing our rest,
 No riotous tumult performed by thy foes,
 Nor nightly obtruder to break our repose,
 We'll laud thee with sonnets inspired by the Muse,
 In thy celebration we'll symphony use;
 Our hearts and glad voices volition devotes,
 While musical instruments warble the notes.
 Thy retinue's tenderness, mildness and love,
 And harmlessness equal to that of the Dove,
 With wisdom and sanctity, firiness and health,
 Frugality, industry, handmaids of wealth,
 Benevolence, rectitude, patterns for youth;
 Peace, modesty, harmony, prudence and truth;
 Thy blessings, O Temp'rance, so vast an amount,
 That time's insufficient their numbers to count.

* * * * *

Ye Bards of both sexes, come lend us a strain,
 To celebrate Temp'rance and usher her reign;
 Nor let your dumb harps on the willows recline,
 But tune them to temperance whose cause is divine.
 Poetical talent has been much abused,
 Made off'rings to vices, to virtue refused;
 Has cherished Intemperance, debauch'ry and strife,
 Blood-shedding and carnage, destroying man's life;
 The worship of Idols in heathenish lands,
 The images mounted by impotent hands.
 Retrieve the ill uses that Poets have made,
 And offer to Temperance and virtue your aid.
 Ye females, attend to the Muse in the dales,
 And render a tribute as well as the males;
 Or from Mount Parnassus or mountain called Blue,*
 Invoke the chaste Muse, and her dictates pursue.

*An eminence in the vicinity of Farmington called Blue Mountain.

Jonathan Fisher.

Rev. Jonathan Fisher, "minister of the Gospel in Blue Hill, Me.," from 1796 to 1837, was born Oct. 7th, 1768, and after attaining "his time" taught the town school of Castine for quite a period. Among the pupils that he fitted for Bowdoin College was Hon. William Abbott, so long identified with the interests of Bangor, and one of her most prominent citizens. "Parson" Fisher wrote quite extensively both in prose and verse, and was author of a book entitled "The Animals of the Bible," illustrated by wood cuts made by himself with a pen-knife. This work had a quaint Prologue, in which, speaking of his fellow men, he hoped his humble work might

"Break his attachment to this earthly clod,
And turn his soul to virtue and to God."

This volume, now very rare, was printed by A. Shirley, Portland, 1827. Mr. Fisher also excelled as a portrait painter. He died in 1847.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

There is a flower, which here below
 In nature's garden will not grow,
 But in the soil which grace prepares,
 And which a heavenly influence shares,
 It springs beside a sister flower,
 Of stature low, but fragrant power,
 Which on its breast in figures plain
 Displays a heart that's rent in twain.
 This lowly floweret oft appears
 With dew-drops hung, like drops of tears,
 And seems to say, with modest mien,
 These are the tears which fall for sin.
 Where once the sun-flower stood in pride,
 Was rooted up, and fell, and died,
 With fragrance sweet as morning rose,
 This flower amidst the ruin grows.
 Not on the hill, which rises high,
 But where the lowly vallies lie,
 This lonely plant with bowing head,
 Blooms half concealed amidst the shade.
 Let man but try its healing power,
 And in his bosom hide the flower,
 Its sweet perfume will rise to heaven,
 And God will speak his sins forgiven.
 When God's own Son from heaven came down,
 He laid aside his starry crown,
 And, as our pattern, daily wore
 On his own breast this lowly flower,
 Peace to the mourning soul that minds
 Heaven's faithful marks, and seeks and finds
 This plant, which can such sweets exhale,
 It is the *Lily of the Vale*.

Caleb Prentiss.

Deacon Caleb Prentiss, son of Rev. Caleb Prentiss, of Reading, Mass., was born Nov. 22, 1771, and moved from Gorham, Maine, to South Paris about the beginning of the present century. There he commenced keeping store; was the first postmaster, and a leader in the church. He afterwards purchased land and engaged in agriculture. He was a man of marked ability, and a contributor to the press, his services often being called into requisition at public meetings to furnish an ode or hymn, as the occasion demanded. He married Mary Webber Morgan, Jan. 16, 1798.

DECEMBER DAYS.

Ruthless winter's rude career
Comes to close the parting year;
Fleecy flakes of snow descend,
Boreal winds the welkin rend.
Reflect, oh man! and well remember
That dull old age is dark December;
For soon the year of life is gone,
When hoary hairs like snow come on.

Henry Prentiss.

Born in 1779, the son of Rev. Caleb Prentiss and Pamella (Mellen) Prentiss, of Reading, Mass. He married Mary, daughter of Dr. John Hart, of Reading, and came to Paris, Me., quite early, though not reckoned by the town historian as among the first settlers. He was a frequent contributor to the early local papers, and a forcible writer. He occasionally wrote poetry, which evidently was a strong family trait. He died in Paris, in 1843. We give an extract from one of his poems, which appeared in the first issue of the Oxford Observer.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

The Press, with a majesty boundless as sea,
And a voice loud as thunder, bids Oxford be free;
With a stride from the ocean she measures the plain,
And swears on the mountains of Oxford she'll reign.
She seeks a retreat in the land of the brave;
She shrinks at the tyrant, and weeps o'er the slave.
The Land of the Hills to the brave is a home,
For the hills of the Swiss to their foes are a tomb.
Fair daughter of heaven, O virtue, inspire
The soul of the Press with thine own sacred fire!
If on the escutcheon of Oxford remain
A vice or a crime to encrimson her name,
The foul crimson blot in oblivion wipe,
By the flash of thy frown or the lash of thy type.
E'en hallowed on earth; O Justice, preside
O'er the fate of our counsels, our destinies guide,

Hang high o'er our homes thy bright balance in Heaven,
 And by thy red bolt be iniquity riven.
 O palsy the hand by extortion corroded,
 Doom peaceless the soul by its infamy goaded;
 If guilt with her train of dark vassals arrayed,
 The quiet dominions of Oxford invade,
 The Press thy artillery, the type be thy bow,
 To lay the base miscreant lifeless and low.
 His corse be the carrion where ravens shall feed,
 His bones bleach the turf on which tramples the steed.
 But when the oppressed in their anguish shall cry,
 Their cheek pale with sorrow, grief-smitten their eye,
 Then deal out thy mercy, the victim opprest,
 From the gripe of the ruthless extortioner wrest.
 The Press be thine angel, our faults to record,
 Our vices to punish, our virtues reward;
 Our morals to chasten, our follies expose,
 To gladden the bosom though pregnant with woes,
 Our minds to enlighten, our wand'rings correct,
 To rescue our youth who in vices are wrecked,
 Our tastes to improve and our manners refine,
 And point the bold sinner to piety's shrine.
 A light to the blind, to the darkling a guide;
 A bride to the groom, and a groom to the bride.
 A home to the stranger, a guest to the host,
 Who brings him glad tidings of a heritage lost.
 A pillar of fire to enlighten our way,
 A mirror, the scenery of life to display.
 The yeomanry chart which shall point out the soil
 Whose bounties shall gladden the culturer's toil.
 An age that shall ken the rich secrets of earth,
 And drag them reluctant to being and birth.

Daniel Webster.

At the age of twenty, Daniel Webster,—(born in Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18th, 1782,)—was teaching school at Fryeburg, in this State, at the magnificent salary of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum, he also did the writing of deeds for James Osgood, Esq., at the rate of two shillings and three pence for each deed. While teaching here he also delivered a Fourth of July oration in the old Fryeburg church, and “so profound was the impression which this oration produced upon the minds of the hearers, that the sentiments enunciated were remembered and repeated after the lapse of more than fifty years. (See letter of Dr. Thomas P. Hill in Webster’s Private Correspondence.) “So remarkable a production,” says Mr. C. W. Lewis in his preface to the Fryeburg Webster Memorial, “was the oration regarded at the time by those who heard it, that one enthusiastic farmer ventured the bold remark that Daniel might some day even attain the lofty position of *Governor of New Hampshire!*” Through the courtesy of Messrs. A. F. and C. W. Lewis, we subjoin a fragmentary poem written by Webster at Fryeburg, Feb. 26th, 1802, addressed to Habijah W. Fuller, and one on Washington, written by him while a senior in college.

MEMORY.

Once more to prattle on her darling theme,
 Once more to wake the soft, mellifluous stream
 That brings us all our blessings as it flows,
 Whose currents friendship's golden ore disclose,
 The muse essays her little skill;
 And though her lightsome lay
 No master's hand display,
 Though loose her lyre and wild her song,
 Though seraph fire tip not her tongue,
 The friend—oh, such a friend!—will hear her still.
 O Memory! thou Protean friend and foe,
 Parent of half our joy and half our woe,
 Thou dost the rapture which I feel, impart,
 And thou the griefs that press around my heart,
 Thine is a motley train:
 Despondence there is seen,
 And Sorrow, pale-faced queen;
 And Gladness there, with merry face,
 That ne'er did wear a sad grimace;
 And buxom Pleasure sporting o'er the plain.
 * * * * * * * * * * *
 Next moment, lo! appears
 Some plenteous cause of tears—
 Some pleasure fled (for pleasure flies),
 Or Simonds sped beyond the skies—
 And memory cancels all the good she grants*—

WASHINGTON.

Ah! Washington, thou once didst guide the helm
 And point each danger to our infant realm;
 Didst show the gulf where factious tempests sweep,
 And the big thunders frolic o'er the deep;
 Through the red wave didst lead our bark, nor stood,
 Like ancient Moses, the other side the flood.
 But thou art gone,—yes, gone, and we deplore
 The man, the Washington, we knew before.
 But, when thy spirit mounted to the sky,
 And scarce beneath thee left a tearless eye,
 Tell what Elisha then thy mantle caught,
 Warmed with thy virtue, with thy wisdom fraught.

*Here Mr. Webster adds.—“But if I poetize further upon Memory, I shall not have room to tell you half that I wish, so sweet Miss Muse, we will dismiss you.

Say, was it Adams? was it he who bare
 His country's toils, nor knew a separate care,
 Whose bosom heaved indignant as he saw
 Columbia groan beneath oppression's law,
 Who stood and spurned corruption at his feet,
 Firm as "the rock on which the storm shall beat?"
 Or was it he whose votaries now disclaim
 Thy godlike deeds and sully all thy fame?
 Spirit of Washington, oh! grant reply,
 And let thy country know thee from the sky.
 Break through the clouds, and be thine accents heard,
 Accents that oft 'mid war's rude onset cheered.
 Thy voice shall hush again our mad alarms,
 Lull monster faction with thy potent charms,
 And grant to whosoe'er ascends thy seat,
 Worth half like thine, and virtues half as great.

William Bartlett Sewall.

"No name," says Mr. Willis, "was more honored at the bar and in the courts of Massachusetts and Maine for more than a century than that of *Sewall*." The subject of our sketch was born in York, Dec. 18, 1782, and entered Harvard in 1799, where he was a classmate of Rev. Dr. Payson of Portland. After admission to the bar, he opened an office in Portland, was admitted to the Supreme Court in Cumberland County, and soon became a partner with Chief Justice Mellen. On the 26th of Nov., 1816, he married Betsy Cross of Portland, and at her death, three years later, removed to Kennebunk. In 1824, he returned to Portland and took charge of the editorial department of the *Advertiser*, which he continued to conduct several years, adding in the meantime a semi-weekly edition. In 1837 he returned to Kennebunk, re-married, and died in that place on the 4th of March, 1869. In connection with Judge Bourne, Mr. Sewall prepared the "Register of Maine" for 1820. He was a ripe scholar, of cultivated taste and fine thought, and devoted much time to poetry and prose composition.

THE GAMESTER'S VERDICT.

Won against the unanimous opinion of the Judges by tampering with the Jury.

We cut and shuffled, stirred our stumps,
 But zounds! they put us to our *trumps*.
 They held *court cards*, led *suit* beside;
 With all *four honors* on their side;
 They played the *deuce!* but we, more brave,
 Finished on *hearts*, and played the *knaves*.
 We better knew the *pack* to fix,
 And won the game at last by *tricks!*

William Freeman.

This distinguished philanthropist was born at Portland, July 3d, 1783, and died at Cherryfield, Feb. 20, 1879, at the ripe age of 96. He graduated at Harvard College in 1804, having written considerable for the *Boston Palladium* and other publications, previous to that date. Mr. Sayward, editor of the *Bangor Whig*, regarded Mr. F. as the most versatile writer then in the State, and many of his best verses were written under *nom de plumes*. On the 4th of July, 1808, while a resident of Portland, he delivered an oration in the old wooden First Parish meeting-house, by invitation of the town authorities. Mr. Freeman became a well-read lawyer, and was also very successful as a lecturer and peace-maker. It is said that he sometimes spent days in efforts to obtain peaceful settlements between parties who applied to him to prosecute or defend their claims before the courts. He formerly owned the very large tract of land now composing the towns of Steuben, Millbridge, Harrington, and a part of Cherryfield. And yet with all these opportunities to accumulate wealth he left comparatively a small estate. The great object of his life seems to have been to benefit his fellow-men, and for this he had the respect and esteem of all in his region. We regret that our space will not allow the use of more than one of his poems. He was a voluminous writer on a great variety of subjects, and retained his faculties until the last.

UNITED STATES FLAG.

AN EXTRACT.

At a Sabbath School exhibition at Cherryfield, in 1863, the United States flag was stretched over the stage. In the course of the evening the reflection of this flag was plainly discovered in the sky, surrounded with stars,—one of uncommon brightness shining near and below it. At the suggestion of a lady, Mr. Freeman wrote the following lines:

Oh! see amid the stars of night,
That pictured flag, like Freedom's own,
It streams from its Cerulean height,
Where flag before was never known.

It is the flag our Fathers wrought,
Behold its matchless stripes and stars!
Beneath its spangled folds they fought,
And victory won in Freedom's wars.

Flag of the noble free and brave,
We joy to see it streaming there,
No other flag deserves to wave
So high in fields of light and air.

Oh! who so near the vaulted sky
Could thus our hallow'd banner raise,
To draw aloft the raptur'd eye,
And fill the soul with joy and praise.

Outborne from Heav'n's eternal home,
Our Fathers must its folds have spread,
To greet and honor as they come
The spirits of the martyred dead.

Who round it rallied to defend
The cause of freedom and of right.
Nor feared to meet life's sudden end
Upon the bloody field of fight.

* * * * *

Oh! see the flag, which is unfurled
Above that bright and leading star,
It is the Banner of the World,
Unrivall'd both in peace and war.

Where'er it floats on land or sea
Or blazons in the upper sky,
It is the glory of the Free;
The hope on which th' enslaved rely.

Oh! never may this spangled sheet
Be stain'd by failure or disgrace,
But when it shall its work complete
Of blessing *all* the human race.

Among the stars it *should* be placed,
Where men and angels can behold,
That on its folds there may be traced,
The proofs of glory, which they hold.

Our Fathers and their sons, as brave,
Who now "from all their labors rest,"
And who their lives so nobly gave
To make our Country free and blest;

Will then with wonder and delight,
"The Stars and Stripes," exalted see
And in this lov'd and welcome sight
Review the worth of liberty.

And if to all the joys of Heav'n,
These sainted Patriots there possess,
Another blessing can be giv'n,
This sight will add the charm to bless.

Float on! float on! thou peerless Flag!
The race of freedom must be run,
No loyal step shall ever lag
Until its last, best prize is won.

William Allen.

William Allen, D. D., the third President of Bowdoin College, and author of the first "Biographical Dictionary" in the United States, was born in Pittsfield, Mass., Jan. 2d, 1784. His father, Thomas Allen, was the first settled minister in that town, and a man of sterling worth and note in his day. William graduated at Cambridge in the celebrated class of 1802. He was proctor in Harvard College for six years, and his duties during that period being light, he devoted much of his time to the preparation of his celebrated Dictionary, which he brought out in 1809. He was inaugurated President of Bowdoin College at Brunswick in May, 1820. Among his other publications, we may mention "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns," many of which were original; a work called "Junius Unmasked," ascribing the authorship of those famous letters to Lord George Sackville; and in 1856 a poem entitled "Wunnissoo." Dr. Allen died July 16, 1868.

EXTRACT FROM "THE VALE OF HOOSATUNNUK."

Dear Vale, to vie with thine what strains shall dare?
 Did ever warbler half so sweetly sing,
 As red-breast, filling all the od'rous air,—
 What time the sun breaks through the shower of spring,—
 With clear and hearty notes, that rapture bring.
 Tuning the praise of Him, whose cov'nant bow
 Is stretched in the eastern sky on fairy wing,
 And with his joyous strains, that ceaseless flow,
 Shaming the thankless hearts, which with no fervors glow?

Did ever wild-flow'r breathe perfume so sweet
 As thine, or ever bear so rich a guise?
 The modest violet beneath my feet,
 The lowly dandelion's golden dyes,
 The moccasin flow'r, peerless in my eyes,—
 Plucked in the well-known swamp of larch and brake,—
 Now pruned, alas, a meadow smooth it lies,—
 With snow-white lily, gathered in the lake,
 All in my glowing heart the purest joys did wake.

Fresh in my heart is now the village green,—
 Though distant far, and years have rolled away,—
 Where church and school-house stand in graceful mien,
 And where my eager childhood held its play.
 O venerable Elm of proud array,
 Whose tow'ring head o'er tops the temple's vane,
 And both point upward to the realms of day!
 Beneath thee oft by moonlight have I lain,
 While thy vast shadowy length was stretched along the plain.

And then the dark-blue mountain, on whose brow,
 Like turban on the Moor-man's swarthy face,
 The clouds were often wreath'd in folds of snow,
 Raised his huge form o'er all th' incumbent space,
 And seemed the giant guardian of the place.

**Not e'en th' Olympian mount on Tempe's vale
Frowns so sublime, nor with such awful grace;—**

**And in my eye e'en Tempe's charms would fail
To match the beauties of my lovely, native dale.**

**Pontoosuc then the spot, now Pittsfield named,
So called from him whose voice the chapel shook,
Where England's Senate sate. With eye inflamed
With indignation, with majestic look,
With outstretched arm, and tones, which terror strook,
He cried,—as liberty his great heart warms,—
“American were I, I would not brook
The wrong; and, while your hirelings spread alarms,
Never! never! never! would I lay down my arms!”**

These beauties live, yet all to me are dead:

**Changed is the stream, and hill, and bird, and flower,
For childhood's wondrous garnishment is fled,**

**And many a dear associate of the hour,
Whose love bestowed on all the scene its power,—
A father's holy face, and sister's heart,
And brothers' friendly hands,—are now no more.
Th' unpitying king has struck them with his dart;
And faded is the bliss, which nature's charms impart.**

The forms of vanish'd joys do haunt the scene,

And, hid from others, glide before my eye;

Ah, who can calmly see their mournful mien,

And gaze upon th' unreal mockery?

Yet, Hoosatunnuk! turns my soul to thee.

And rooted scenes still in my memory cling;

No force can tear them thence, while life may be.

Then let me to my God an offering bring,

While of my native vale with grief and joy I sing.

Cyrus Eaton.

Author of the History of "Thomaston, Rockland, and South Thomaston," "Annals of Warren," etc., and Corresponding Member of the Mass. Hist. Society, member of the Maine Hist. Society, and other organizations; was born at Framingham, Mass., Feb. 11th, 1784, and died at Warren, Me., Jan. 21st, 1875. Although this gentleman was afflicted with blindness, he was a very voluminous and pains-taking writer, especially in prose, and composed very good verse. His father was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and gave his life for the cause of Liberty. At the age of nineteen, Cyrus began his career as a school-master at Southboro, and afterward taught at Warren, Me., where he married Mary Lermond. He was town clerk thirteen successive years, justice of the peace and quorum thirty-two years, assessor nine years, Representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts five years, and in 1819 a member of the Convention which framed

the Constitution of Maine as a separate State. In 1848 he received from Bowdoin College the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In 1845 he met with the accident which rendered him totally blind. While bending a fir-sapling with one hand, and in the act of cutting it off with the other, a very small chip struck him in the eye. Inflammation began, extended rapidly, and the most skilful surgical operation was of no avail. He retained his mental powers vigorously till the day before he died.

SOUTH THOMASTON.

Farewell, thou gallant sea-girt town,
Where Jordan streams so long have rolled,
And Snows, perennial as thy crown,
Through all the year held sway of old.

Long mayst thou, like an eastern queen,
Calmly amid the waters sit,
And see thy Herds, though never lean,
Wax fatter, richer, at thy feet.

Long may the Bridges span thy streams;
The Graves no sexton's labor need;
Thy Sleepers wake from out their dreams,
Nor longer spare a single Weed.

Let Thorndike dike thy marshes in;
The Emerys scour the Rowells up
To spur thy people on to win
In virtue's race the premium cup;—

Thy Merriman be merry still;
Brown maidens soon be brown no more;
Philbrook thy brooks with factories fill,
Till Wades can't wade nor Drakes swim o'er.

Still let thy Sweetlands sweetness keep;
Thy Makers see to what they make;
The Jumpers look before they leap;
The Posts stand firm without a stake.

Still may thy Stackpoles stand upright;
Each Dean be Swift as Erin's was;
Thy Halls and Newhalls open quite
To every friend of freedom's cause.

Still let thy Singers every spring
Return to chant their sweetest tune,
And e'en thy Robbins join to sing
Thy praise in each delightful June.

Nor let the Perry be forgot,
 Delicious liquor, never sour;
 Butlers may strive, but match it not
 With all the wines in Pharaoh's tower.

Long mayst thou 'mid thy sons repose;
 Thy Dyers dye, but not expire;
 Thy Pierces only pierce thy foes;
 And still thy Walls be rising higher.

As coming years pass o'er thy head,
 May future messengers of grace,
 New Bakers come with living bread,
 Suited to thy peculiar Case.

With Snows as bright, and Foggs as light,
 As those that blessed thy church of yore,
 And no new schisms ever blight
 Thy peace and Christian kindness, more.

THE TARTARINES' VICTIMS.*

The Winds that through the vernal bowers
 Or Autumn's leafless branches moan,
 Passed, sighing, o'er their place of rest,
 To all surviving friends unknown.

The tears which fond affection poured,
 Or love in secret sadness shed,
 Bedewed indeed a distant sward,
 But fell not on their lonely bed.

No column proud, no humble stone,
 To mark the spot, was reared for them;
 The evening thrush and beating surge
 Performed their only requiem.

But oft, I ween, the maiden fair,
 Who walks with pensive step at eve,
 By some mysterious influence held,
 She'll pause upon the spot to grieve.

Watch on from age to age, ye stars!
 And beat, thou surge, with ceaseless moan!
 Sing on, sweet thrush, and maiden weep,
 Where rest the brave to all unknown!

*The gallant Capt. Josiah Winslow and his little band who perished on the 30th of April, 1724, May 11th, (new style) at Gondola Island.

Lucy Barnes.

Miss Barnes was the eldest daughter of Rev. Thomas Barnes, and was born in Jaffrey, N. H., A. D. 1780. She not only delighted in reading and study, but the retentive faculties of her mind were such that she retained no ordinary share of what she read. Her father removed to Poland, this State, in 1799. During the last three years of her life, Miss Barnes wrote many letters, dissertations and pieces of poetry, on religious subjects, some of which were collected and published at Portland, (the *Argus* office,) in a small volume, soon after her death, by the urgent solicitation of her particular friends. The pamphlet of 71 octavo pages is entitled "THE FEMALE CHRISTIAN." Another edition of this work was published at Auburn, Me., in 1813. Miss Barnes died of consumption, at Poland, Me., August 29, 1809, in the 29th year of her age. The last production of her pen, called an "Exhortation," was finished the day before her death.

WINTER IN MAY.

The following lines were occasioned by the sudden change of the weather in May, 1803.

Alas, what now can Poets say,
Of beautiful and pleasant May?
Who have so often tuned their lays
To speak its beauties and its praise.

The pleasant fields are wrapt in white,
Their verdure veiled from our sight;
The woods are left quite desolate,
Whose boughs are bending 'neath their weight.

No more we hear the chirping birds;
The bleating flocks, and lowing herds
Are now no more in pastures seen,
Nor shepherds dancing on the green.

Such is the song we hear to-day,
Upon the ninth of pleasant May;
But when those prospects disappear,
A better song we hope to hear.

Thus happy whilst we glide along,
Heedless of sorrow's wint'ry storm,
Then comes misfortune's chilling frost,
The buds of joy and hope to blast.

But though our pleasures are cut down
By disappointment's cruel frown,
Yet let us hope they'll bloom again,
And flourish like the flowers of spring,

When lowing herds and bleating flocks,
And lambs that gambol on the rocks,
Once more with shepherds there are seen,
And lassies dancing on the green.

Henry Goddard.

Henry Goddard, son of Hon. John Goddard, a distinguished New Hampshire statesman, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 23d, 1785, and died in Portland, Dec. 8th, 1871. Of his poem, "Earth's Final Destiny," published in pamphlet form in 1866, Hon. John Neal writes: "The poem of itself would make its way, at any time and in any age, by its own momentum, though far from being heavy; and by the simplicity and strength which characterize it." Mr. Goddard was also an occasional writer of prose, upon subjects of public interest.

A LOVER'S POEM.

Having been requested by an adult grandson to make the two quoted stanzas the nucleus of a more extended description, I have done so in the six accompanying verses.

"The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red—
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head."

 Her cheeks combine the morning glow,
With evening's rosy hue—
Her forehead speaks of Alpine heights,
Whose mantle is the snow.

 Complexion, nose, and ear, and brow,
Her neck, and form, and hair,
Are such as fancy may conceive,
But pen may not declare.

 By one trait more will I describe
The maiden of my choice—
No harp, Æolian, e'er excelled
The music of her voice.

 While all unskilled in toilet lore,
One borrowed term I'll dare:
A flowery wreath adorns her brow,
Culled from the wide parterre.

 "And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile—
And crowned kings might envy me
The splendor of her smile."

 But were there nought but youth and grace
To form my fair one's dower,
The speed of time would soon dispel
Their fascinating power.

 Hers is the grace of heaven-born truth—
(Not that alone that fades with youth,)
The pearl that glows with purest light,
When darkest frowns affliction's night.

Charles Jenkins.

Rev. Charles Jenkins was born in Barre, Mass., in 1786, and graduated at Williams College in 1803. For several years he was preceptor of Westfield Academy. In 1820 he was settled over the Congregational Church in Greenfield, Mass., where he remained about five years. On November 9th, 1825, he was installed pastor of the Third Church in Portland. After a faithful ministry of more than six years, he died on Thursday morning, December 29th, 1831. Mr. Jenkins published one or two volumes himself, and after his decease, in 1832, a volume of his poems was given to the public. They are original, and remarkably well written. Mr. Jenkins is supposed to be the author of the following beautiful hymn.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Sweet to the soul the parting ray
 That ushers placid evening in,
 When with the still expiring day,
 The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
 How grateful to the anxious breast,
 The sacred hours of holy rest!

 Hushed is the tumult of this day,
 And worldly cares and business cease;
 While soft the vesper breezes play,
 To hymn the glad return of peace.
 O season blest! O moments given
 To turn the vagrant thoughts to heaven.

 Oft as this hallowed hour shall come,
 I raise my thoughts from earthly things,
 And bear them to my heavenly home,
 On living faith's immortal wings—
 Till the last gleam of life decay,
 In one eternal Sabbath day.

Nathaniel Hazeltine Carter.

N. H. Carter, well remembered by the old citizens of Portland, was born at the "Iron Works," Concord, N. H., Sept. 17, 1787, and died at Marseilles, France, Jan. 2, 1830. He had the honor of being one of the earliest teachers of the poet Longfellow. Mr. Carter graduated at Dartmouth in 1811, and was subsequently widely known as an instructor and literary gentleman. Of his class of fifty-five at Hanover only one was living at the publication of the 1880 Quinquennial—James S. Goodwin, M. D., of Portland. Mr. Carter was Professor of Languages at Dartmouth from 1817 to 1819; travelled in Europe and published two volumes of foreign letters, and was also the author of "Pains of Imagination," and other productions in verse. Longfellow attended Mr. Carter's private school in Portland, and also the academy in that place taught by the same.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!
 When thy creating hand
 Stretched the blue arch of heaven abroad,
 And meted sea and land,

The morning stars together sung,
And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far
Was the eventful morn,
When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star
Announced a Saviour born!
Then sweeter strains from heaven began,
"Glory to God—good will to man."

Babe of the manger! can it be?
Art thou the Son of God?
Shall subject nations bow the knee,
And kings obey thy nod?
Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall
Before the tenant of a stall?

'T is He! the hymning seraphs cry,
While hovering, drawn to earth;
'T is He! the shepherds' songs reply,
Hail! hail Immanuel's birth!
The rod of peace those hands shall bear,
That brow a crown of glory wear.

'T is He! the Eastern sages sing,
And spread their golden hoard;
'T is He! the hills of Sion ring
Hosanna to the Lord!
The Prince of long prophetic years
To-day in Bethlehem appears!

He comes! the Conqueror's march begins;
No blood his banner stains;
He comes to save the world from sins,
And break the captive's chains!
The poor, the sick and blind shall bless
The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Though now in swaddling clothes he lies,
All hearts his power shall own,
When he, with legions from the skies,
The clouds of heaven his throne,
Shall come to judge the quick and dead,
And strike a trembling world with dread.

Enoch Lincoln.

Hon. Enoch Lincoln, the third Governor of this State, was the fourth son of Levi Lincoln of Massachusetts, and was born Dec. 28th, 1788, at Worcester, Mass. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1807, studied law and pursued the profession for a short time in Salem. Returning to his native town, he practiced there with considerable reputation; thence he removed to Fryeburg, this State, and thence to Paris, where he so distinguished himself that he gained an election to the Congress of the United States, and at last became Governor of this State. By his firm and manly course, Maine saved her title, and but for him, too, the title deeds of Maine—the very groundwork of her history and safety—would never have been put within her reach. Mr. Lincoln was a great lover of literature and literary men, and wrote poetry himself of genuine merit. He died at Augusta, October 8th, 1829. From his descriptive and didactic poem of over two thousand lines, on the scenery of the Saco valley, and of rural life and characters in Maine, we make the following extracts:

COMPLAINT OF THE SHADE OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

Ye spoilers of all which the red man possessed,
 Why disturb ye my shade in the peace of the grave?
 In the region of spirits why trouble my rest,
 And blacken the fame of the great and the brave?

When ye came o'er the big rolling waters afar,
 We received you as brothers and gave you our food;
 But ye burst on our heads with your thunders of war,
 Ye plundered our wigwams and drank of our blood.

Ye robbed from our hunters the wilds of their game,
 With our wives and our children ye drove us away;
 To our Chiefs with the furies of discord ye came,
 And incited our Tribes on each other to prey.

Yet never with us from the calumet smoked,
 Nor the sagamite feast of our friendship partook.
 Ye white men, complain not of ills ye provoked,
 For our laws and our customs we never forsook.

The Indian forgives not: to vengeance excited,
 He pursues it o'er rivers, and forests, and mountains;
 In the torture of foemen his soul is delighted,
 And the veins to his lips are the sweetest of fountains.

The fair tresses which hung in our cabins can tell
 How deeply you've felt for the wrongs we have borne;
 By the death-dealing blows of Revenge as they fell,
 From your wives and your children those tresses were torn.

In the stillness of night, when all nature was hushed,
 As eager as wolves and as swift as the deer,
 Our heroes in arms on your villages rushed,
 While death winged the arrow and crimsoned the spear.

In the regions of pleasure, afar to the west,
Where rich are the fields and unclouded the Sun,
Those warriors repose in the mansions of rest,
And in triumph rejoice for the spoils they have won.

Each moon gives their harvest, each mead waves with corn,
Plenty smiles at the feast, rosy Health nerves the frame;
The evergreen Spring decks with blossoms the lawn,
Fish sport in the stream, and the woods teem with game.

For you, may bad spirits, who hover around,
Blast your lives with each curse, and with plagues taint the air,
May famine, disease, and contention abound,
Till our lands you restore and our wrongs you repair.

THE LAWYER.

First comes the lawyer; 't is an honored name,
A title glorious on the roll of fame,
Too dear for wealth, which birth cannot bestow,
Or flattery wreath around a lordling's brow;
A title from the fame of Science borne,
By weary vigils earned, by wisdom worn,
Of import vast, in which the honors blend
Of honors champion and of freedom's friend;
Yet Justice fails the sacred name to save
From profanation of the fool and knave,
Who, Jackdaws still, the peacock pomp assume,
And strut in pride with half a pilfered plume.
Man's vicious nature is the primal cause,
Which called to being government and laws,
Rude, simple systems once, but grown at last,
As men and arts increased, confused and vast.
The shields of weakness, terror of the strong,
The guards of right, and punishers of wrong,
Their aim is Justice, equity their end,
The common good the point to which they tend;
But such the fault of language or of mind,
So various the concerns of human kind,
No code can circle their prodigious range,
Apply to all, and follow as they change.
To break them, therefore, and be still secure,
To find out legal ways to grind the poor,
To cheat the honest and the rogue to aid,
Has grown an odious, pettifogging trade.

Prompt with demurrs, skilful in abatements,
 To circumvention trained, and bold in statements,
 Each villain's hireling, used by every knave,
 Of meanest wretches e'en a meaner slave.
 To rob too cowardly, too proud to steal,
 The pettifogger preys on public weal,
 And makes some Justice, a commissioned fool,
 For paltry aims a secret legal tool,
 Or deeper cheats, to gain him larger fees,
 Performs by quibbles, sophistry and pleas.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Squire Quirk, the Justice, to dispense the laws,
 Sits in the pride of pow'r to judge the cause,
 Grave as an owl in solemn state presides,
 And as sly Varus bids, the cause decides:
 Vain all authorities, and Justice vain,
 Not Dexter's self a single point could gain:
 Cold as the snows which freeze around the pole,
 No eloquence could warm his frigid soul;
 Dark as the shades of Milton's Stygian night,
 His mind admits no glimmering ray of light;
 Too dull for reasoning and too proud for shame,
 No power can move him from his steadfast aim.

Nathaniel Deering.

This gentleman was born in Portland, June 25th, 1791, and was one of the wealthiest and most influential of its citizens. He was educated at Harvard College, and as a literary character occupied a high position in the "good old days" of Neal, Mellen and Cutter. The longest of his poetical productions, which contains many passages of real merit, is a dramatic poem entitled "Carabasset; a Tragedy in Five Acts." He was also the author of many tales and sketches. Mr. Deering died Mar. 25th, 1881, in the ninetieth year of his age.

THE WRECK OF THE TWO POLLIES.

A BALLAD.

'T was a starless night, with drifting clouds,
 And angry heaved the seas;
 Yet a pink-stern craft was under sail,
 Her name was the "Two Polleys."

And she was built at Mount Desert.
 And what might her cargo be?
 She was for a long time on the Banks,
 And while there was very lucky.

But darker and darker grew the night,
And loud did ocean roar,
So they two reefs in the mainsail took,
And one reef in the fore.

The Skipper Bond was at the helm,
Methinks I see him now—
The tobacco juice on his mouth and chin,
And the salt spray on his brow.

The other hand was Isaac Small,
And only one eye had he;
But that one eye kept a sharp look-out
For breakers under the lee.

All unconcerned was Skipper Bond,
For he was a seaman bold;
But he buttoned his farnauft higher up,
And, said he, "'Tis getting cold."

"Odd's bloods! I must the main brace splice,
So, Isaac, let us quaff—
And as the wind's a snorter, mind
And mix it half and half."

The skipper raised it to his lips,
And soon the dipper drained,
A second and a third he took,
Nor of its strength complained.

"Shake out the reefs! haul aft fore sheet!
I am not the man to flag,
With a breeze like this, in the 'Two Polleys'—
So give her every rag."

Aghast, poor Isaac heard the call,
And tremblingly obeyed;
For he knew full well the skipper was one
Who would not be gainsayed.

"Isaac, my lad, now go below,
And speedily turn in;
I'll call you when off Portland Light,
We now are off Seguin."

The skipper was alone on deck—
"Steady, my boys," he cried;
And hardly would the words escape,
When "Steady 't is," he replied.

“A plague on all our Congressmen!
 Light-houses so thick I see—
 Odd’s bloods! on such a darksome night
 They bother exceedingly.”

‘T was a sad mistake; he saw but one,
 And that was not Seguin;
 But the skipper’s brain like the Light revolved,—
 He had lost his reckoning.

And what of her, the “Two Polleys?”
 She still did the helm obey;
 Though her gunwales kissed the hissing surge,
 And her deck was washed with spray.

She neared the rocks, and the waves ran high,
 But the skipper heard not their roar;
 His hand was clutched to the well-lashed helm,
 But his head was on the floor.

The sun shone out on Richmond’s Isle,
 But what is that on the strand?
 A broken mast and a tattered sail,
 Half-buried in the sand.

And there were heaps of old dunfish,
 The fruits of many a haul,
 But nothing was seen of the old skipper,
 Nor of one-eyed Isaac Small.

Three days had gone when a “homeward bound”
 Was entering Casco Bay;
 And Richmond’s Isle bore nor'-nor'-west,
 And for that her course she lay.

Yet scarcely three knots did she make,
 For it was a cat’s-paw breeze,
 And the crew hung idly round her bows,
 Watching the porpoises.

But there leans one on the quarter-rail,
 And a sudden sight he sees,
 There floating past—’t is a smack’s pink stern,
 And on it—the “Two Polleys.”

FATHER RALE'S* SOLILOQUY.

AN EXTRACT FROM CARABASSET.

Poor children of the forest! thanks to Heaven,
 Here you can rest your weary limbs at last,
 Nor fear surprise. May all be calm within—
 Calm as the noble stream that sweeps around
 Your humble habitations. Oh! how still
 And solemn is the hour. So lightly falls
 The footstep on this moss, 't would scarce be heard,
 Were it not strewn with Autumn's dying leaves;
 Fit emblem of our fate! a moment fair,
 And fresh, and fragrant, and then—low in dust.
 Hark! 't is the howling of the famished wolf,
 Snuffing the track of some tall antlered moose,
 As he goes down to bathe him in the waters;
 He's ever on the watch, nor tires of blood.
 And so is man when left unto himself,
 Uncivilized, with passions uncontrolled,
 Knowing no law but arbitrary will,
 And rendered desperate by persecution.

THE SOLITARY.

I saw him in his loneliness; and grace
 Attractive shone with dignity combined,
 And in his matchless features one might trace
 The march of thought, the majesty of mind;
 And his was one that learning had refined,
 And it was full of high imaginings.
 No more the joys of time and sense could bind
 Him down to earth; on fancy's fairy wings
 He loved aloft to soar and muse on heavenly things.

True he had bent the knee, in youthful day,
 At Folly's shrine admiring crowds among,
 Who blindly followed where he led the way,
 For there was melting music on his tongue.
 But soon he found her gilded trappings hung
 Full heavily, her joys the senses pall.
 Ah, then the retrospect his bosom wrung;
 What were the banquet and the festival,
 What but the pageants of an hour, and idle all.

*Father Rale was a French priest whose history is well known to the citizens of our State.

Wealth had been his, and while that wealth remained
 Those who the world called friends had flocked around.
 But none in adverse fortunes he retained
 Save one, and she now slumbered in the ground.
 How oft he lingered near her lowly mound!
 And yet he murmured not in his laments;
 A few more sands run out, and then his round
 Like hers would terminate, to get hence
 Was now his fervent wish, if so willed Providence.

And yet he hated not a thankless world;
 'T was his to mourn the vices of the age;
 To rescue those in Folly's vortex hurled,
 To bind the broken heart, its pains assuage.
 For such he spread the consecrated page,
 For such how oft he agonized in prayer!
 Urged them to seek that goodly heritage
 Which their loved Master promised to prepare
 For those who sought his feet and cast their burden there.

Josiah Pierce.

The Hon. Josiah Pierce was born in Baldwin, Aug. 15, 1792, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1818, and in 1821 opened a law office in Gorham. He was elected to offices of town trust, and was representative to the Legislature in 1834-35, State senator for three years, and President of the Senate. From 1846 to 1856 he was Judge of Probate for Cumberland County. In early life the Judge wrote poetry, as we find the following from his pen, published in "The Muse, or Flowers of Poetry," a choice collection of "Odes, Poems, Songs," etc., issued by Sam'l W. Cole, author of the "Columbian Spelling Book," in 1827, at Cornish, Me. Judge Pierce died June 26, 1866, aged 73. His son Josiah was Secretary of Legation at Russia, under Caleb Cushing. He has since been made a Baron, and resides in England.

WHEN FIRST COLUMBUS.

When first Columbus o'er the wave
 His vent'rous flag unfurled,
 And to the breeze his canvas gave,
 To seek the western world,
 One boundless forest o'er this clime
 Its mantling branches waved sublime.

No light of science e'er had beamed
 On Nature's Indian child,
 Nor Bethlehem's cheering star had gleamed
 Across the desert wild;
 No lofty palace art had formed,
 No cultured field the vale adorned.

But lo! before our hardy sires,
 The ancient forest falls;
 Religion lifts her tow'ring spires,
 And Learning rears her walls;
 And Genius lights her vestal fire,
 To burn when nature's orbs expire.

Where'er the savage chieftain led
 His wretched tribe along,
 Th' enlightened sons of science tread,
 And virtue's daughters throng;
 And friendship's pure, celestial ray,
 With magic brightness, gilds the way.

Here Taste, Refinement, Art, shall join,
 To bless their favorite seat,
 And Peace and Truth with smiles divine
 Illume the fair retreat;
 And every virtue circle here
 Till earth shall end her proud career.

Seba Smith.

Seba Smith, the original "Major Downing," was born Sept. 4, 1792, in a loghouse put up by his father in the woods of Buckfield. In his early youth the family removed to Bridgton. At the age of eighteen he had made so good use of his scanty opportunities for learning as to be employed in teaching school. He went to the new academy in Bridgton, and the principal perceiving his talents, suggested a collegiate course. Entering Bowdoin College, he was highly successful; studied law in the city of Portland, was admitted to the bar and commenced practice. When about thirty-two years old, he married Miss Elizabeth Oakes Prince, a beautiful and accomplished girl of sixteen, who had attracted his attention and won his heart by her beauty and precocious talent. As editor of the "Eastern Argus," he made it one of the most popular journals in the State. In 1830 he started the Portland Daily Courier. Soon after this he removed to the city of New York, and renewed the practice of his profession. As a prose writer he acquired a very high reputation, and also wrote excellent verse. Mr. Smith and his wife, the distinguished E. Oakes Smith, have been justly called the "Howitts of America." But Mr. Smith's studies and meditations were not confined to the realms of story and song. All other labors he regarded as trifling when compared with his "New Elements of Geometry," an octavo volume of two hundred pages—the result of three years' work—published in 1850. Mr. Smith died July 29th, 1868, at Patchogue, Long Island.

THE SNOW STORM.

"In the year 1821, a Mrs. Blake perished in a snow storm in the night time, while travelling over a spur of the Green Mountains in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing."

The cold wind swept the mountain's height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
 A mother wandered with her child.
 As through the drifting snow she pressed,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night came on,
 And deeper grew the drifting snow;
 Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
 "Oh, God," she cried, in accents wild,
 "If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped the mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 And round the child she wrapped the vest,
 And smiled to think her babe was warm.
 With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil.
 The frost of death was in her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
 He moved the robe from off the child,
 The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

'T was autumn, and the leaves were dry,
 And rustled on the ground,
 And chilly winds went whistling by
 With low and pensive sound.

As through the grave-yard's lone retreat
 By meditation led,
 I walked with slow and cautious feet
 Above the sleeping dead,—

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
 My close attention drew;
 O'er two the tall grass, bending, sighed,
 And one seemed fresh and new.

As lingering there I mused awhile
 On death's long, dreamless sleep,
 And morning life's deceitful smile,
 A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years,
 Her words were faint and few,
 And on those little graves her tears
 Distilled like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

"Mamma, now you must love me more,
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother, too, you said.

"Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
She loved me when we played;
You told me, if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

"'T is here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground,
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.

"For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold, and cry
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child,
For God, who saw her die,
As He looked down from heaven and smiled,
Called her above the sky.

"And then her spirit quickly fled
To God to whom 't was given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But *sister* lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?

"Papa must go and carry some,
I'll send her all I've got,
And he must bring sweet sister home,
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
 But if you're good and true,
 You'll one day go to her, but she
 Can never come to you."

"*Let little children come to me,*
 Once our good Saviour said;
 And in his arms she'll always be,
 And God will give her bread."

John Neal.

John Neal, Esq., also known in the literary world as "John O'Cataract," was born in Portland, Aug. 25th, 1793, and died there in 1876. He was not a college graduate, but a self-educated man, and through his perseverance and great industry, gained success in literary acquirements. In early manhood Mr. Neal was in co-partnership with John Pierpont, afterward known as Rev. John Pierpont, the poet, in mercantile pursuits, but not meeting with success, they abandoned trade, and chose the more hazardous one of literature, in which, however, they were abundantly successful. Mr. Neal's first articles appeared in "The Portico," a southern monthly magazine. He was the author of "Niagara and other Poems," and editor of "The Yankee," a well-known literary sheet, and other publications.

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

Rash man!—Forbear!
 Thou wilt not surely tread
 On the anointed head
 Of him that slumbereth there!
 Would'st meet the God of such as thou
 With that unstartled brow!
 With covered head and covered feet
 Where William Shakespeare used to meet
 His God,
 Uncovered and unshod,
 In prayer!
 Thou wilt not surely venture where
 But sleeps the awful dead,
 With this irreverent air,
 And that alarming tread.
 What, ho?
 Beware!
 The very dust, below
 The haughty dead, will make
 The walls about thee shake,
 If that uplifted heel,
 Shod as it is with steel,
 Should fall on Shakespeare's head!

THE BIRTH OF A POET.

On a blue summer night,
 When the stars were asleep,
 Like gems of the deep,
 In their drowsy light;
 While the newly-mown hay
 On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away.

From a lone, woody place
 There looked out a face,
 With large, blue eyes,
 Like the wet, warm skies,
 Brim full of water and light;
 A profusion of hair
 Flashing out in the air,
 And a forehead alarmingly bright!

'T was the head of a poet! He grew
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness grow,
In the dropping of natural dew,
Unheeded — alone —
Till his heart had blown —
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness blow!

Till every thought wore a changeable strain,
Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain;
A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of Poesy;
With a haughty look, and a haughty tread,
And something awful about his head;
With wonderful eyes,
Full of woe and surprise,—

Like the eyes of them that see the dead.

Looking about,
 For a moment or two, he stood
 On the shore of the mighty wood;
 Then ventured out,
 With a bounding step and a joyful shout,
 The brave sky bending o'er him!
 The broad sea all before him!

CAPE COTTAGE.

Hurrah for Cape Cottage, hurrah!
Hurrah for a sight of the Seal!
Hurrah for the girls that are found there!

Hurrah for the rocks that abound there!
With perch weighing more than a pound there!
Hurrah for the wind blowing free!

Bend, brothers, bend, with all your might!
Stretch forward! keep her to it!
Lo, the dark surges flashing bright!
Lo, the blue waters tumbling white!
Hurrah, boys! drive her through it!

Hurrah for Cape Cottage, hurrah!
Hurrah for the hedges of roses—
Hurrah for the trees and the flowers,
The berries, the blossoming showers,
Sea serpents and pearls,
The boys and the girls,
And the beach where old ocean reposes.

There's the Cape of Good Hope, and the hope of good cape,
To comfort the man of the Sea;
There's the frightful "Cape Horn,"—for the married "Cape Fear,"
And that nice little cape that belongs to my dear—
Of a tissue so thin that they call it "Cape Clear,"
The last to be doubled by me.

There's Cape Cod and Cape Ann—
Bless your soul, what a span—
Cape Lookout and Hatteras too—
And the capes of Virginia the strangest of all—
For O, how strangely they rise and fall,
In the sweet sea-breeze and the midnight ball,
That's held on the Ocean blue—
Oh, say what you will of the Capes of the Sea,
The capes of the land are the capes for me.

Bend, brothers, bend! there lies the shore—
Spring to it—all together!
Now, where the tumbling surges roar,
Along the deep "untrampled floor,"
We go like a dancing feather!

Then hurrah for Cape Cottage, hurrah!
Hurrah for the blossoming trees!
Hurrah for the beautiful women!
Hurrah for the shells and the moss—
Hurrah for the chasms to cross!
With places to swim in,
All tranquil and brimmin'—
Hurrah for the sounding sea-breeze!

Charles Soule.

Rev. Charles Soule, a lineal descendant of George Soule, a Mayflower pilgrim, was born Aug. 29th, 1794, fitted for college at Exeter, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1821. His first settlement was at Belfast, and later he took charge of the academy in Bridgton, and was subsequently pastor of the church there. He was afterwards principal of the Washington Academy, East Machias, and removed to Norway in 1835. Ten years later he moved to Portland and entered the service of the Maine Missionary Society. He was next pastor of the church in Gorham, and later in Standish. He then returned to Portland where he died May 31st, 1869. He was a man of scholarly attainments, of fine literary taste, and a ready writer in both prose and poetry. Says Rev. William Warren: "I am forced to speak affectionately of Charles Soule. He was my teacher; afterwards my parishioner. He was a complete man in outward form, dignity and grace of manner, and in mental and moral culture. His tastes were fine; his style clear and sententious, his discriminations nice, and his logic, when he assumed to argue, was severe. His inquisitive mind gave him a fondness for scientific as well as literary knowledge. In these he made commendable attainments. He had the modesty that connects itself with genius and rare excellence. It will be asked why one with such gifts was so little known. There was a tendency in Bro. Soule to shrink from responsibility and observation. He did not like to come in conflict with others. He seldom cared to measure his strength by that of opponents. His capability went far beyond his consciousness of it. He had not the toughness of nerve to encounter opposition. He retired before a foe. If what we call brass had equalled in his composition the brain power, he would have stood with the first."

WINTER STARLIGHT.

The earth lies buried in the depths of snow,
 Man looks around but does not venture far,—
 The piercing winds with raging fury blow,
 And fleecy clouds obscure the twinkling star.
 But clouds though thick and black shall never mar
 Its brightness—soon again the golden light,
 To vapor gone, shall strike the watchful eye,
 The pallid whiteness of the starless night
 Be lost in crystal spangles numberless and bright.

The stars are seen—I view them far on high,
 I see their light reflected from the ground,
 And nature's brilliant robes before me lie.
 I list—but nought is heard—there is no sound
 When midnight's awful stillness reigns profound!
 But, O, how cold! 'Mid all that's bright and fair
 I am not warmed—in vain I look around,
 No aid is nigh—and O, how dreadful are
 These deadly chills! I sink, I die in keen despair!

Still all thy light is cold. No cheering ray
 Darts to the inmost soul to kindle there
 . Devout aspirings for the glorious day
 It never yet has seen. O, tell me where
 Is seen the source of light and life. Declare
 If wisdom dwells with thee alone—O, break
 The cloud that hides the sun! Thy chill rays are
 Like autumn's noon-beam from the glassy Cape,
 And cold like winter starlight from the snowy flake.

Hast thou confest a hand to form and roll
 The massive planets round their suns, and all
 These suns around the centre of the whole?
 Hast thou looked down with humble view, to call
 The God—the present God—seen in the small
 Contrivance of the ant, the humming of the bee?
 Done this and not adore, but prostrate fall
 Before a God whose work thou canst not see,
 Whose power has not been felt—a God that cannot be!

Lo! what a glorious star is seen on high!
 Hark! angels hasten down, and joyful sing—
 The Saviour comes—EMMANUEL's born! They cry
 “There's peace below.” The echoing mountains ring
 Salvation!—A world redeemed should grateful bring
 Its offerings to the babe that shared the throne
 Before creation's dawn—for time shall wing
 His flight; but He be seen, the Lord alone
 And Him the universal KING archangels own!

Eliza Gookin Thornton.

Mrs. Eliza G. Thornton was the daughter of the Hon. Daniel Gookin. She was born in North Hampton, N. H., July 23, 1795, and was of New England Puritan ancestry, being a lineal descendant of the Gookins, Cottons, Winthrops and Dudleys of the Massachusetts Colony. She was educated under her father's roof, and there acquired her great love of sound literature by much reading of the best English classics. In January, 1817, she married Mr. James B. Thornton, of Saco, Maine, and became the mother of eleven children. In the midst of a life faithfully devoted to her family duties, Mrs. Thornton cheered her pathway by the pleasant labor of writing poetry, which was mostly published in the "Christian Mirror" and "Southern Literary Messenger." Rev. Dr. Asa Cummings, long the editor of the "Christian Mirror," read her poems with care, and he regarded her as a poet second to but few women in America. Her poem, "The National Eagle and William Ladd 'The Apostle of Peace,'" belongs to a high place in the poetic literature of our country. The sentiments and style of her poetry are like her own character, as a woman and a Christian—pure and beautiful. Mrs. Thornton died in Scarborough, Me., July 27, 1854, in the love of every soul that ever knew her, with these words on her lips.—"How beautiful is Heaven!"

THE SWAN OF LOCH OICH.

"A solitary wild swan may be seen on Loch Oich. He has sailed there for twenty years. It had a mate, but twenty years ago the master of a trading vessel shot the bird. The swan has kept its solitary range, and has apparently no desire to quit its wonted station."

Beautiful Bird of the Scottish lake,
 With plumage pure as the white snow-flake,
 With neck of pride and a wing of grace,
 And lofty air as of royal race—
 Beautiful Bird! may you long abide,
 And grace Loch Oich in your lonely pride.

Bright was the breast of the Lake I ween,
 Its crystal wave and its sapphire sheen,
 And bright its border of shrub and tree,
 And thistle bloom in its fragrancy,
 When to thy side thy fair mate prest,
 Or skimmed the loch with her tintless breast.

But she is not!—and still to thee,
 Are the sunny wave and the shadowing tree,
 The mossy brink and the thistle flower
 Dear as they were in that blessed hour?
 What is the spell on thy pinion thrown
 That binds thee here, fair Bird, alone?

Does the vision bright of thy peerless bride
 Still skim the lake and press thy side?
 And haunt the nook in the fir-tree's shade?
 And press the moss in the sunny glade?
 And has earth nothing to thee so fair
 As the gentle spirit that lingers there?

Oh! 'tis a wondrous wizard spell!
 The human bosom its face can tell
 The heart forsaken hath felt like thine,
 A mystic web with its fibres twine,
 Constraining it still in scenes to stay,
 Whence all it treasured had passed away.

Bird of Loch Oich! 'tis well, 'tis well,
 You yield your wing to the viewless spell;
 Oh who would seek with a stranger eye,
 For blooming shores and a brilliant sky,
 And range the earth for the hopeless art
 To find a home for a broken heart!

So would I linger, though all alone,
 Where hallowed love its light has thrown,
 And heath and streamlet and tree and flower,
 Are linked in thought with a happy hour;
 Home of my heart, those scenes should be
 As thy Loch Oich, true Bird, to thee.

ODE.

Sung at the semi-centennial celebration of Fryeburg Academy, August 18, 1842.

Where are thy laurels, Time?—they're not
 Upon thy brow to-day,
 Though meet we on this classic spot,

Thy summons to obey;
 Where are thy trophies? say—
 Since we thy claims have not forgot,
 Show us thy sceptre's sway.

Yon mountains stand, as aye, sublime,
 Unchanged, and fixed, and fast;
 Old Homer's page is in its prime—
 Glorious, and grand, and vast;
 Though years have joined the past,
 And on hath rolled the car of Time,
 Untouched, unchanged, they last.

And all unchanged do they appear,
 Who once these green haunts knew—
 Point not thy finger, Time!—they're here
 With unchanged hearts, and true;
 Yet take the honors due—
 Some brow's deep lines - some ringlet sere,
 Trophies, we yield to you.

Perchance to memory's humid eye,
 The good, green graves appear—
 Aye—'tis their blessedness to die,
 Who're loved and treasured here;
 With spirit free, on high,
 In graves kept green by many a tear—
 'T is victory thus to die.

Yet change hath come by kindest hands—
 Religion, Science, Art,
 Have beauteous made these classic lands—
 Have hallowed mind and heart;
 Where twanged old Paugus' dart,
 And waved the plumes of warrior bands—
 Scarce has their memory part.

And long as Kiasarge shall climb,
 And Saco's stream shall flow,
 May Science, Taste, and Truth sublime
 Make bright these vales below;
 High Heaven its grace bestow—
 And we by faith will conquer time,
 And hopes immortal know.

THE NATIONAL EAGLE AND WILLIAM LADD.*

Bird of my Nation's pride, 'mongst the stars soaring,
 Millions gaze on thy flight almost adoring,
 Freedom hath given thine eye fire from her altar,
 Thou o'er the mountains free fliest, nor dost falter.

In thy strong talon's grasp shine the red quivers,
 Keen as the lightning's fork that the oak shivers,
 Holdest thou thine olive-branch, eagle, as surely?
 Guardest thou well its leaf always securely?

One eye hath gazed on thee in thy pride soaring,
 Care for that beauteous bough ever imploring,
 Vigil no longer that wearied eye keepeth,
 Eagle, thine olive-bough guard while he sleepeth!

Proudly that eye of thine gloweth and flasheth,
 Long'st thou thy wing to poise where the steel clasheth?
 Long'st thou thy beak to dip in the red river?
 Eagle, thine olive-branch grasp it forever!

Yet, should thy kindling eye haughty foes madden,
 Yet, should thy lofty pride clashing steel gladden,
 Droop, where the sleeper lies 'neath the lone willow,
 Droop, and thine olive-bough lay on his pillow.

Sleep, saint! the trumpet's blast shall not alarm thee,
 Sleep! not a battle's shock ever shall harm thee,
 Sleep! and the war-cry shall startle thee never,
 Sleep, "Child of God!"† thou art peaceful forever.

Father Ripley.

"Father Ripley," for twelve years pastor of the First Baptist Church in Portland, was born in Boston, Mass., Nov. 25, 1795, and graduated at Brown University in the class of 1814. He was a brother of Prof. Henry J. Ripley, and was called to Portland in July, 1816. From that city he was called to take charge of the First Baptist Church in Bangor, where he remained for five years. After supplying several other churches for a short period, he removed to Nashville, Tenn., and then, in a few years, came back to New England, and passed the remainder of his days in Portland, where among his old parishioners and friends he came to be recognized by the affectionate name of "Father Ripley." As a city missionary he rendered very acceptable service. He passed away on the 4th of May, 1876.

*William Ladd was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1778, graduated at Harvard College in 1797, followed the sea as ship-master seven years, settled in Minot, Maine, a large and enterprising farmer, in 1814, founded the American Peace Society in 1828, wrote the first Essay on a High Court of Arbitration for Nations ever written in America. He died in 1841. "He was a good man and a just"—a Philanthropist of the very highest order, and was very properly called "The Apostle of Peace."

†Blessed is the peacemaker, for he shall be called the child of God. Matthew v. 7.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

Oh, Thou, who once in Jordan's wave,
Wast buried by Thy servant's hand,
Who didst the great example leave,
Look down and bless this youthful band.

On them Thy Holy Spirit pour,
While they Thy sacred footsteps trace;
Make this to them a heavenly hour,
O fill their hearts with Thy rich grace.

Buried with Thee, may they arise
To live a life divinely new;
To serve Thee here, till in the skies
Thy unveiled presence they shall view.

O may each one of them at last,
Appear before Thy radiant throne,
Their golden crowns before Thee cast,
And ever praise the great Three-One.

George Kent.

Geo. Kent, a son of Hon. Wm. A. Kent, and brother of the late Ex-Governor Edward Kent of Bangor, was born at Concord, N. H., May 4, 1796, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1814. He was admitted to practice law in Boston in 1817, and returning immediately to his native town he continued there his profession—a part of the time alone, and a portion of the time with a partner—till 1840; combining with his profession, a greater part of the time, the cashiership of the Concord Bank. He was twice elected a member of the N. H. Legislature, and was a trustee of Dartmouth College from 1837 to 1840. For about six years he was editor and part proprietor of the *N. H. Statesman and Concord Register*. Going west he was for some time in editorial charge of the *Indiana State Journal*. On his return East he was about a year editor of the *Boston Daily Sun*. Later he was appointed Inspector in the Boston Custom House, and held that office some two or three years. He removed, in 1854, to Bangor, and entered into law partnership with his brother, the late Ex-Gov. Kent. Continuing in this connection for five or six years, he was, in December, 1861, appointed by President Lincoln, U. S. Consul at Valencia, Spain. Returning home after four years' absence, and coming to Washington City in 1869, he was not long after appointed to a clerkship in the U. S. Treasury Department, which situation he held till a year previous to his death. He died at New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 8, 1884.

THOUGHTS AT THE BASE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

"The voice of many waters!" not the sound,
"Still, small" and waveless, like the voice that awed,
In solemn silence, the prophetic ear,
Betokening the unseen yet present God.
Not in the earthquake was the voice sublime,
Though the earth shook and trembled to its seat;
Nor in the whirlwind, nor the fire, was felt
The hand divine, outstretched o'er the expanse.
Nor thunder gave the sound—save that which pours

Its ceaseless rumbling from earth's watery bed;
 But there was power—deep, awful, present power,
 Pervading mightiest hearts—such as to quail
 Man's proudest spirit before Nature's God.
 But for the "bow of promise," midway stretched—
 Token of peace between the earth and Heaven—
 The waste of waters might have seemed a flood,
 Again to drown a rebel world in woe.

Upward I gaze—and through the flaky mist,
 Stretching its drapery o'er the giant brow,
 That heaves, at point sublime, its awful front,
 I note the mighty elemental force,
 Which needs but word divine to whelm a world;
 And, lost in wonder, lose myself in Him,
 Whose power no less can stay the mighty mass,
 And "hold it in the hollow of his hand,"
 And say, and be obeyed, "Proud waves be still!"
 Freedom is imaged here in Nature's glass,
 "Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;"
 These cliffs bespeak its mountain home—these waves
 Murmur of largest liberty to man.

Eternity is boded to my view
 By this outpouring from the groaning earth—
 This ceaseless war of elements, and rush
 Of Nature's fountains from "deep unto deep."
 The arch above,* from my last parting glance,
 Seemed to the wondering gaze of raptured sight,
 Like the periphery of Nature's wheel,
 Revolving in mid-heaven's enlarged expanse;
 Still to roll on when the last man shall take
 His farewell of a world enwrapt in flame.

Nehemiah Cleaveland.

Nehemiah Cleaveland, LL. D., of the class of 1813, Bowdoin College, was born in Topfield, Mass., in 1796, and died at Westport, April 17, 1877. He entered college at the early age of thirteen, and after graduation, taught school in several towns of his native State, and at the Gorham Academy in this State. In 1816 and 1817 he had charge of the Preble Street School in Portland. In 1821 he settled in Byfield, Mass., where he remained nineteen years as the preceptor of Dummer Academy. In 1839 he resigned his post, and became professor of ancient languages in Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H. Prof. Cleaveland twice visited Europe. He was the author of several valuable memoirs, and wrote five volumes, descriptive and historical, in regard to Greenwood Cemetery; also "The Flowers Personified," a translation from the French, in two volumes.

*Not, of course, the rainbow—but that peculiar curvature of the descending water, so apparent, or so easily imagined, in the American Fall, as viewed obliquely from a point near the foot of the ferry stairway.

AN AIR CHATEAU.

How beauteous in the glowing west,
Those thousand-tinted isles that float;
On the broad sea of light they rest,
Or pass to lovelier realms remote.

Methinks it were a bliss to roam
Where those far fields in beauty lie;
Methinks there were a welcome home,
In the soft clime of yonder sky.

On some bright, sunny cloud I'd build
My palace, in the verge of heaven;
On marble fix it firm, and gild
Its cornices with gold of even.

From amethystine beds I'd draw
My blocks to shape its swelling dome;
Here should you trace the old Doric law,
There the Corinthian grace of Rome.

Its avenues of enchanting sweep,
Broad oaks and towering elms should stand;
Blue lakes in placid stillness sleep,
And currents roll o'er silver sand.

Perchance, to animate the scene,
Beyond the reach of art and gold,
Some spirit, whose seraphic mien
Should wear no trace of earthly mould—

Crowning each hope, might cheer my eyes
With beauty, and with love my heart,
And to my sky-hung Paradise,
Its last and loveliest charm impart.

The day, with her, more calm, more bright,
Would flit on silken wing away,
With her, the dark and drowsy night
Seem soft and cheerful as the day.

Pensive we'd rove where scarce a ray
Pierces the dun, o'er-hanging shade,
Or, arm in arm, delighted stray
Through flowery lawn and emerald glade.

The joys of high, soul-kindling thought;
 Sweet converse at the twilight hour;
 The pleasures of a life, untaught
 To pant for wealth or sigh for power;—
 The calm delights of lettered ease;
 Or virtuous toil the peaceful rest;—
 Who finds his bliss in such as these,
 How truly wise, how deeply blest!
 Of joy,—on earth, or in the skies,—
 But one perennial spring is found;
 Deep in the soul that fountain lies,
 And flowers of Eden fringe it round.

Daniel Dana Tappan.

Rev. Daniel D. Tappan, a brother of William B. Tappan, author of the well-known hymn, "There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest," was born in Newburyport, Mass., October 20, 1798. He is an alumnus of Bowdoin College, of the class of 1822. He studied theology at New Haven, Conn., and was ordained as an evangelist in 1826, and established as pastor of a church in Alfred, Maine. Among other churches supplied by him, are those of the Congregational denomination at Biddeford, Winthrop and Weld, in this State. Mr. Tappan is now residing in the latter place, still preaching at times, having passed more than thirty years in regular pastoral work.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should by-gone manners be forgot,
 And never brought to min',
 The ways of true and simple life,
 The days of Auld Lang Syne?
 Those times that tried the boldest souls,
 When, led by hand divine,
 Our pilgrim sires here sought a home;
 Those days of Auld Lang Syne?
 Their iron graces,—hearts of oak,—
 Men made for work,—not shine,—
 They left their name; a rich bequest,—
 Those men of Auld Lang Syne.
 And others, since, their steps have tried
 And influence left benign,
 Whose noble deeds will prove their claim
 As sons of Auld Lang Syne.
 Long cherish we their glorious name,
 Nor, yet, the hope resign,
 That years to come shall emulate
 The virtues of Lang Syne.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Voyagers! whence your last remove?
 Why approach this sterile shore?
 Stranger! leaving lands we love,
 Came we here our God to adore.

Pilgrims! terrors throng your way;
 Foes beset, on either hand!
 Stranger! nothing can dismay
 Hearts that seek this barren strand.

Pilgrims! dauntless though ye seem
 Few and feeble yet ye are;
 Stranger, they who trust in *Him*
 Never of their cause despair.

Freedom's banner here shall wave;
 Israel's helper here be known;
 Myriads, o'er our peaceful grave,
 Laud the work his hand hath done.

Enoch W. Freeman.

Rev. Enoch W. Freeman was born in Minot, Me., Dec. 16, 1798. He fitted for college at Hebron Academy. In 1827 he was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in New Gloucester. The following year he was installed pastor of the First Baptist church in Lowell, Mass., where he continued to labor, beloved by all who knew him, until his sudden and mysterious death, Sept. 22, 1835.

IN THY TEMPLE, GREAT JEHOVAH.

In thy Temple, Great Jehovah!
 May our humble praises rise?
 We in joyful strains adore Thee,—
 Strains ascending to the skies;
 With thanksgiving
 To our Sovereign and our Friend.
 •
 Thou hast poured thy gifts around us,
 With a liberal, bounteous hand;
 With thy goodness thou hast crowned us;
 Peace and plenty through the land,
 Call for praises
 To thy great and holy name.

But how high our anthems swelling
 Should ascend before thy throne,
 That from thine eternal dwelling
 Thou hast sent thy dearest Son,
 Here to suffer
 For the ruined race of men.

Oh! assist us, ye bright choirs!
 Who surround the throne above!
 Louder strike your golden lyres!
 Louder hymn redeeming love!
 Great Redeemer,
 Hear our thankful notes below.

Mary Prentiss.

Daughter of Caleb Prentiss, elsewhere represented in this volume, born in Paris, Dec. 27th, 1798, and died in Bangor, Nov. 16th, 1836. From an obituary, written by the Hon. Edward Kent, we learn that her life was one of unobtrusive usefulness and conscientious discharge of duty. At the time of the dedication of Mount Hope Cemetery at Bangor, she was deeply interested in the object and the occasion, and in a note to a friend, enclosing the annexed verses, she says: "Ever since I heard of the arrangements for the dedication of Mount Hope, I have imagined myself dead and buried there. I send you the fruit of my strange imaginings." At that period, and until a short time before her death her health was excellent. The stanzas are entitled:

A SPIRIT AT MOUNT HOPE.

I am no more a child of earth,
 My spirit from its clay hath fled;
 And yet I linger round the spot,
 Where they have made my low, last bed.

The strong, deep wish to be beloved,
 Has not departed with my breath;
 It had its origin in heaven,
 And was too pure to yield to death.

I see the tears the mourners shed,
 I catch the murmur of their sighs;
 And through their long and weary days,
 I watch them with my spirit eyes.

My home is in a better world
 Of ceaseless bloom and cloudless light;
 And the soiled robe I wore below,
 Is changed for one of spotless white.

Deck then my grave with earth's frail flowers,
 And teach the mourning trees to bend·
 But do not water them with tears,
 Plume the soul's pinions to ascend.

If it is bliss e'en here to mount,
 Where we must bear the heavy chain
 Which checks us in our highest flight,
 And drags us to the earth again,—

Think of the soul with nought to clog,
 With nought to dim its eagle sight;
 Forever drinking in new joy,
 Forever catching some new light.

If this dark stream is beautiful,
 Which waters but an earthly clod,
 Think what must be that purer one
 Which sparkles from the throne of God.

Oh, dry your tears, no longer weep,
 The grave is not a gloomy place;
 Religion sheds a radiance
 Which every lingering cloud should chase.

Thomas Cogswell Upham.

Thomas Cogswell Upham, LL. D., who graduated from Dartmouth College in 1818, was born in 1799, in Deerfield, N. H., where his grandfather, the Rev. Timothy Upham, was minister. His father, a man of excellent qualities and benevolent influence, was a trader at Rochester, N. H. Thomas C. went directly from college to the Divinity School at Andover, and at the end of the three years' course was selected by Prof. Stuart to be his assistant in the department of Hebrew. Soon after this appeared his translation of "Julius' Archaeology," abridged, which went through several editions in this country and in England. Since then, Prof. Upham has published many and important works, among which is a series of poems entitled "American Cottage Life." He was called to the chair of mental and moral philosophy in Bowdoin College in Sept., 1824, and filled that important post till 1867, when he resigned his professorship and removed to Kennebunk, and soon after to New York. He died in that city, April, 1872, and his remains were brought to Brunswick and interred in the college cemetery. His last work, published in the year following his death, was entitled "The Absolute Religion."

THE LANDSCAPE.

I climbed the rude hills at the closing of day,
 And marked with delight, ere the sunbeams withdrew,
 The landscape below, in the distance that lay,
 And brightly expanded its charms to my view.

The smoke from the cottage was curling beneath,
The cottage half-hid in the trees from mine eye;
While the clouds caught, in many a silvery wreath,
The gleams that were purest and brightest of dye.

The wild birds were talking in leaf and in nest;
The brook sang aloud with its music divine;
And far in the vale that sloped down to the west
Was the bleating of sheep and the lowing of kine.

'T was lonely and rugged, the place where I stood,
But pleasures came over my heart in a throng;
The shout from the huntsman arose from the wood,
And I heard in the distance the shepherd-boy's song.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

The thoughtful farmer reads the Sacred Book,
Then, with the wife and children of his heart,
With mind serene, and reverential look,
He humbly kneels, as is the Christian's part,
And worships Thee, Our Father, Thee, who art
The good man's hope, the poor man's only stay;
Who hast a balm for sorrow's keenest dart,
A smile for those to thee who humbly pray,
Which, like the morning sun, drives every cloud away.

Thou Lord of heaven above and earth below,
Our Maker and our Guide, our hope, our all!
Be thou the farmer's friend. In want and woe,
Teach him to look to thee, on thee to call;
Nor let his steps in error's pathway fall.
With him preserve his loved, his native land;
In innocence and honor let her stand;
And centuries yet to come, oh, hold her in thy hand!

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

I hear the tinkling camel's bell
Beneath the shade of Ebal's mount,
And man and beast, at Jacob's well,
Bow down to taste the sacred fount.

Samaria's daughter, too, doth share
The draught that earthly thirst can quell;
But who is this that meets her there?
What voice is this at Jacob's well?

"Ho! ask of me, and I will give,
From my own life, thy life's supply;
I am the fount! drink, drink and live;
No more to thirst, no more to die!"

Strange, mystic words, but words of Heaven;
And they who drink to-day, as then,
To them shall inward life be given;
Their souls shall never thirst again!

THE GREATNESS OF LOVE.

Go, count the sands that form the earth,
Go, count the drops that make the sea;
Go, count the stars of heavenly birth,
And tell me what their number be;
And thou shalt know love's mystery.

No measurement hath yet been found,
No lines nor numbers, that can keep
The sum of its eternal round,
The plummet of its endless deep,
Or heights, to which its glories sweep.

Yes, measure love, when thou canst tell
The lands where seraphs have not trod,
The heights of heaven, the depths of hell,
And laid thy finite measuring-rod
On the infinitude of God.

Grenville Mellen.

Eldest son of Chief Justice Mellen, represented in early pages of this volume; born in Biddeford, June 19, 1799, graduated at Harvard College in 1818, settled in Portland in 1823; afterwards removed to North Yarmouth, where he remained five years; died in New York, Sept. 5, 1841, where his grave is now unknown. Author of "The Martyr's Triumph," many odes, lyrics, and a volume of tales in prose. He was the intimate of the first literary men in America, and his writings had a wide circulation and were universally popular. Mr. Mellen's first articles were contributed to the United States Literary Gazette, published at Cambridge, Mass. He was deeply and devotedly attached to his young and affectionate wife, who died within three years after their marriage, and his only child followed her to the grave in the succeeding spring. From this time his life was clouded with melancholy. Of his many poems the tribute to the courage and devotion of the early New England settlers, is one of his best.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Make your harp's music louder, higher—
And pour your strains along,
And smite again each quivering wire
In all the pride of song.

Shout like the daring men of old,
Who, facing storm and foe,
On this blessed soil their anthems rolled
Two hundred years ago.

From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found beneath a milder heaven
The home of Liberty.
An altar rose—and prayers—a ray
Broke on their night of woe,
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
Two hundred years ago.

They clung around that symbol, too,
Their refuge and their all,
And swore while skies and waves were blue
That altar should not fall.
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home, a country, and a God,
Two hundred years ago.

Oh! 't was a hard, unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas,
And persecution strove with hate
To darken her decrees.
But safe above each coral grave
Each blooming ship did go;
For God was on the Western wave
Two hundred years ago.

They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of ocean solitude.
They looked upon the high blue air
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,
Two hundred years ago.

The warrior's red right arm was bared,
His eyes flashed deep and wild;
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his wife and child?

THE POETS OF MAINE.

The dark chiefs yelled alarm and swore
 The white man's blood should flow,
 And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,
 Two hundred years ago.

But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,
 His arm was left alone,
 The still black wild which sheltered him
 No longer was his own.
 Time fled, and on the hallowed ground
 His highest pride lies low,
 And the cities swell where forests frowned,
 Two hundred years ago.

Oh! stay not to recount the tale—
 'T was bloody and 't is past,
 The firmest cheek may well grow pale,
 To hear it to the last.
 The God of Heaven who prospers us
 Could bid a nation grow,
 And shield us from the red man's curse,
 Two hundred years ago.

Come, then, great shades of glorious men,
 From your still glorious graves,
 Look on your own proud land again,
 O bravest of the brave!
 We call you from each mould'ring tomb
 And each blue wave below,
 To bless the world ye snatched from doom,
 Two hundred years ago.

Then to your harps—yet louder, higher,
 And pour your strains along,
 And smite again each quivering wire
 In all the pride of song.
 Shout like those God-like men of old,
 Who, daring storm and foe,
 On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
 Two hundred years ago.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Mount of the clouds, on whose Olympian height
 The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
 And spirits from the skies come down at night
 To chant immortal song to Freedom there!

There is the rock of other regions, where
 The world of life which blooms so far below
 Sweeps a wide waste; no gladdening scenes appear,
 Save where with silvery flash the waters flow
 Beneath the far off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
 Or eddying wildly round thy cliffs are borne;
 Where Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
 His billowy mist amid the thunder's home!
 Far down the deep ravine the whirlwinds come,
 And bow the forests as they sweep along;
 While, roaring deeply from their rocky womb,
 The storms come forth, and hurrying darkly on,
 Amid the echoing peaks, the revelry prolong!

And when the tumult of the air is fled,
 And quenched in silence is all tempest flame,
 There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
 Around the steep that bears the hero's name!
 The stars look down upon them; and the same
 Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave
 Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,
 And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave,
 The richest, purest tear that memory ever gave!

Mount of the clouds! when winter round thee throws
 The hoary mantle of the dying year,
 Sublime amid thy canopy of snows,
 Thy towers in bright magnificence appear!
 'T is then we view thee with a chilling fear,
 Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue;
 When lo! in softened grandeur, far, yet clear,
 Thy battlements stand clothed in harmonious hue,
 To swell as Freedom's home on man's unclouded view.

William Bicker Walter.

Born about 1800, and grandson of Rev. William Walter, D. D., an Episcopal clergyman of note. William was fitted for college at Wiscasset by that good man and excellent teacher, the Rev. Dr. Packard. He graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of 1818, and soon after published a small volume of poems. "Fanny," the beautiful production of Mr. Halleck, was about this time claiming popular attention, and Mr. Walter essayed an imitation in a poem which he called "Sukey." On taking the Master's degree at Brunswick, in 1821, he entertained the audience with a poem styled the "Dream of the Sepulchre." In 1822 he went into the Southern States with the view of giving lectures on poetry, etc., having given up taking orders in the Episcopal Church. He died suddenly in Charleston, S. C., in the spring of 1823. It is probable that Boston was his native place.

FAIRY LAND.

Sometimes we wander to the Fairy Land,
Where the soul dances and her wings expand;—
Fair Land!—its turf all brightened o'er with flowers,
And dewy shrubbery, and moonlight bowers,
Retreat of glittering Fancy's vagrant powers.

Fair Heaven!—where many colored clouds enfold
Bright islets floating in the sea of gold!
Proud domes and palaces are shining there,
With ivory columns, gemmed with fire-stained spar!
There wanton Zephyrs dance on budding flowers,
And waft the fragrant leaves in sunny showers;—
By sunny banks, the silver waters whirl
A wildering music o'er their sands of pearl;
And birds are singing from their star-lit bowers,
To lull the sleeping of the blue-eyed Hours!

Light things are flitting in this world of air;
Gay creatures born of thought, and dwelling there;
The Elfin race, who bathe in dews of morn,
And climb the rainbow of the summer storm,—
Floating about, in thinnest robes of light,
From meteors caught, that shoot along the night.
Crowns studded o'er with gems, their brows adorn,
Stole from the eyelids of the waking morn!
They wave bright sceptres wrought of moonlight beams,
And spears of crystal, tinged with lightning gleams!

Young naked loves are sporting on the main,
Or glide on clouds along the ethereal plain!
Their snowy breasts, floating the waves among,
Are kissed by shapes of light, and swim along
In liquid sapphire—with their humid locks
Dropping thick diamonds o'er the mossy rocks!—
The sea-green realm is all with emeralds shining,
With rainbow arches o'er the depths reclining!—

And other skies are deeply rolling under
With clouds of trembling flame and slumbering thunder!
And minstrels blow their horns of tulip flowers!
In echoes softly from their air-borne towers,
Floats back the music, with a dreamy sound,—
A dove-winged presence, hovering around!
Visions of Joy, in sun-robed garments sporting—
Dear Loves, with gay looks in green pathways courting!

Zadoc Long.

Hon. Zadoc Long, who fitted for college at Hebron Academy, was born in Middleborough, Mass., Jan., 1801, and died at Buckfield, Me., Jan. 31, 1873. He was the father of Hon. John D. Long, Ex-Gov. of Mass., and identified with the village of Buckfield from the time of his removal from Mass. to that place, in 1806. He engaged in trade at an early age, and continued in it till 1838, when he retired from active business, having acquired a handsome property. In the year named, he received a plurality of votes as the Whig candidate for Representative to Congress, and in 1840 was chosen a Presidential elector. He was a man of rare intellectual ability, a ready and fluent writer, and many of his poems were published in the papers of the day, being remarkable for their ease of versification, their simple truth and beauty, and for the tender humanity which was a marked feature of his character.

MY OLD VIOLIN.

While evening's dim folds round me gather fast,
 And the chill breezes chant a low moan,
 My fancy is busy with scenes of the past,
 As I sit by my fireside alone.

 The group that once cheered me affection recalls;
 Beloved ones I ask, where are they?
 My own voice comes back from the echoing walls,
 And sadly repeats,—*Where are they?*

 A sound like a serenade, plaintive and sweet,
 An almost inaudible strain,
 Now rises and swells into tones more complete,
 Now sinks away softly again.

 It seems like the spirit of many a lay—
 A voice from the past that I hear,
 In lingering cadences dying away,
 On memory's faltering ear.

 Or the music of dreams in the stillness of night,
 By some spirit guardian sung;—
 'T is the air through the cracks, and the vibrations slight
Of my old violin, all unstrung.

 How many a cherished remembrance it brings
 Of dear friends and pastimes of yore!
 A sorrowful touch on the heart's shattered strings,
 That soon will respond never more!

Ira Berry.

Born in New Durham, N. H., Sept. 23, 1801; apprenticed to John Mann, in Dover, N. H., 1818; came to Portland in 1824, and worked on the *Argus*, under Thomas Todd. On the same month of his marriage,—which occurred Dec. 1, 1831, at Hingham, Mass., to Lydia M. Hobart, of Hingham,—he started the “*Age*” at Augusta, with F. O. J. Smith, at the first meeting of the Legislature there. In 1834 he sold the “*Age*,” and became joint partner with Holden on the *Argus*. He published the *Gospel Banner*, at Augusta, in 1839; the

"*Argus Retired*" at Portland in 1839-40; then published the "*Amulet*" and the *Eastern Farmer*. March 19, 1844, he started the *Norway Advertiser*. In the fall of 1845 he went to Boston, and assisted in putting up the first telegraph line there and became manager of the Boston office. Returned to Portland in 1848, as manager of the Portland office, and assistant editor of the "*Daily Umpire*," starting a job office in 1853. Mr. Berry printed sheet music early in the fifties. In 1855-56 was elected Grand Secretary of the Masons, which soon absorbed all of his time, and he continues in that position to the present time, being one of the oldest in the service in the country.

THE ANDROSCOGGIN.

The "soft-flowing Avon," the "arrowy Rhone,"
 The Tweed, and the Tagus, and bright Guadalquivier,
 And many besides, have been widely made known
 By poets, each praising his own beloved river.
 The track where the sovereigns of song went ahead
 Is a puzzling position to place a poor dog in;
 Yet I deem, with submission, a word may be said,
 Or sung, in the praise of our own Androscoggin.

For rich verdant meadows, and soft, purling rills,
 Sweet copses and glades for the free forest rover—
 For beautiful villages, cradled by hills,
 And falls so majestic, with rainbows arched over—
 For scenery that just admiration commands—
 For ice, and for freshets, for milling, and loggin'.
 For rocks, ripples, rapids—for shallows, and sands,
 We surely may boast of the swift Androscoggin.

Would you view Nature clad in her freshest attire,
 Admire her gay freaks and her good-humored sallies,
 Enjoy the emotions her works can inspire,
 See her strength in the hills, and her grace in the valleys;
 Would you climb the steep mountain, ride, run, walk, or swim,
 Go ducking, or musquashing, fishing, or froggin',
 Get "gun and equipments" in sportsmanlike trim,
 And be off to the banks of the fair Androscoggin.

You'll meet not—which haply to you may seem strange—
 The smart city belle, and the dandy so tippy,
 Nor savages, such as the wilderness range,
 And lave their dark limbs in the far Mississippi;
 Nor those who—the victims of moral disease—
 Haunt bar-rooms, swap horses, blaspheme, and suck grog in,
 These are not the beings—O! nothing like these—
 Who dwell on the banks of the bright Androscoggin.

No!—men of warm hearts and free spirits are there,
 And maidens with eyes like dark flowers with the dew in 'em—
 (Let warm-blooded, "fancy free" strangers beware,
 One glance from such eyes is sufficient to ruin 'em)—

Their looks are the bright ones we love to survey;
 And in absence they often will memory be joggin',
 Their smiles must the ice of the heart melt away,
 As the sun thaws the frost from thy meads, Androscoggin.

Then, away, where so gaily the fair river flows
 Through lands decked by Nature with lovely variety—
 Hearts, warm as their sunshine, and pure as their snows,
 Shall greet you, and banish all dread of satiety;
 And Memory shall chronicle nought that offends,
 Nor the clay of regret be her wagon wheels cogglin',
 When backward she journeys, to visit the friends
 Who people the region of loved Androscoggin.

SPRING.

Hark! 't is the blue-bird's sprightly note; how blithely does he sing.
 Sweet bird, the earliest voice is thine, to hail returning Spring:
 And true to thy prophetic song, in all her charms arrayed,
 Warm from the glowing southern climes where long—too long--she
 stayed,
 She comes, o'er our less sunny realm to re-assume her reign;
 Delight and Beauty, hand in hand, trip smiling in her train;
 Around her breezes softly play, the sky is bright above,
 And all the universe seems filled with sympathy and love.

The mighty Sea's majestic waves in anger roll no more,
 But gently bow their crested heads to kiss the pebbled shore;
 The frosty-bosomed Lakes, that long the Sun in vain had wooed,
 Dissolve in tenderness, at length, by generous warmth subdued;
 The Rivers, that with icy arms embraced th' imprisoned isles,
 Relax their rigid features now, and dimple into smiles;
 The Brooks leap laughing from the hills, like some delighted boy,
 Or through the meadows playful run, and murmur forth their joy.

The Snow that held the land in thrall, in floods of grief expires;
 Stern Winter sees his reign is o'er, and sullenly retires,—
 And, watching his departing steps, 't is beautiful to see
 The timid buds peep gaily out from every shrub and tree.
 The glorious Sun looks down, benign, upon the frost-chilled earth,
 As he would warm and smile a new creation into birth;
 And, quick, beneath his genial ray, the freshening verdure starts,
 As kindness wins affection forth from pure and trusting hearts.

The Cowslip and the Violet their modest leaves unfold,—
 The Dandelion strews the globe with specks of living gold;
 The spirit of the parted year is rising from its tomb,
 And bursting forth in countless forms of loveliness and bloom.
 O! who can look around, nor feel each impulse of his soul
 Ascend in gratitude to Him who bids the seasons roll,—
 Whose power with beauty decks the field, with verdure clothes the sod?
 Sure, *he who studies Nature's book, MUST WORSHIP NATURE'S GOD.*

Rufus Hanscom.

Rufus Hanscom was born in Gorham, Maine, about Dec. 25, 1801, and died in that town, away from his home, Nov. 20, 1873. In his boyhood he attended the district school, and, later, Gorham Academy, under the preceptorship of the Rev. Reuben Nason. He became a teacher in public and private schools in Gorham and the neighboring towns. He was kind and benevolent to all, and often expended more money in books and stationery for the use of children whose parents were poor, than was profitable to himself. His old pupils, such as are now living, cherish his memory almost to a degree of reverence. He was the best mathematical scholar in Gorham, and as good as any in the State, as problems were sent to him for solution from Bowdoin College, that could not be solved there, and from other institutions of learning. He was a great admirer of poetry, and among his favorite authors were Pope, Cowper and Burns. He was a lover of the beautiful and sublime in nature, and being of a contemplative turn of mind, he often employed his pen to give expression to his thoughts and feelings in verse. The following are samples of his style:

MY NATIVE LAND.

I sing of thee, my native land,
 Where'er my feet may roam;
 Asylum of the Pilgrim band,
 And Freedom's happy home.

I sing of thee, New England dear,
 Thy mountains and thy plains;
 No monarch sways his sceptre here,
 No haughty despot reigns.

Thy forests, waving in the breeze,
 In graceful order stand;
 Thy canvas floats o'er distant seas,
 And visits every land.

Here Ceres waves the shining ear,
 O'er hills and valleys green,
 And fair Pomona's fruits appear,
 To grace the smiling scene.

No slave is here compelled to toil
 Beneath Oppression's woe,
 But freemen till the fertile soil,
 And reap the fields they sow.

Fair Science rears her temples high,
To all her light is given;
And Bethlehem's Star illumines the sky,
And lights the path to heaven.

• Till Time shall wing his flight no more,
Nor Sol the seasons bring,
Thy light shall shine from shore to shore,
And bards thy praises sing.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

'Tis woman rules with gentle sway,
And moulds the tender mind;
Her subjects cheerfully obey
Her laws by love refined.

Sweet as the strains by angels sung,
That captivate the soul,
The law of kindness on her tongue,
Sways with supreme control.

When sorrow's clouds are gathering nigh,
To veil the shining day,
'Tis hers to spread a clearer sky
And smile the gloom away.

'Tis woman cheers the vale of earth,
And bids the flowers to rise,
But man may never tell her worth,
Nor angels in the skies.

THE EXILE.

The summer sun was shining clear,
And cheerful was the day,
When slowly came an Exile near,
As on his lonely way.

I asked him why that plaintive sigh
On this bright morning clear;
He paused and made me this reply,—
No friends for me are here.

The lovely, blooming flowers I see,
The cheerful streamlet flows;
But ah! they speak in tones to me
None but the Exile knows.

No father's tender voice I hear,
 No mother's smile I see,
 No brother here, or sister dear,
 In this wide world for me!

But where are those who cheered thy path,
 In childhood's sunny hours?
 They've fallen like the Autumn leaf,
 Or like the early flowers.

Then, stranger, ask not why I sigh,
 This fair and lovely day;
 The sweet wild flowers are blooming nigh,
 But friends are far away.

The tuneful songsters cheer the grove
 With many a joyous lay;
 But I've no friends to share my love,
 Or cheer my lonely way.

William Cutter.

Son of Hon. Levi Cutter, Mayor of Portland from 1834 to 1840, inclusive. Born in North Yarmouth in 1801, his early years were spent in Portland. He graduated at Bowdoin, with the highest honors of his class, in 1821; studied theology at Andover, but left on account of a disease of the eyes; passed a winter in Guadalupe; went into mercantile pursuits in Portland, but meeting with reverses, removed to New York. Mr. Cutter, in 1828, married Margaret Dicks, of Portland. He made numerous contributions to periodical literature, was also a bank clerk, and real estate broker. As a writer his pen evinced equal fertility and grace, both in prose and verse, and in that line he was long distinguished. He wrote lives of Gen. Putnam and Gen. Lafayette, and contributed to several Annuals. For many years he resided in the rural outskirts of Brooklyn, N. Y. He died in 1867.

THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS.

What if the little rain should say,
 "So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty earth,
 I'll tarry in the sky!"

What if a shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its feeble light alone
 Is not enough for day!

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
 The cool refreshing shower?
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?

THE ONE TALENT.

"TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS SEVERAL ABILITY."

Hide not thy talent in the earth,
However small it be,
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
He will require of thee.

The humblest service rendered here
He will as truly own,
As Paul's, in his exalted sphere,
Or Gabriel's, near the throne.

The cup of water kindly given,
The widow's cheerful mites,
Are worthier, in the eye of Heaven,
Than pride's most costly rites.

His own, which he hath lent on trust,
He asks of thee again;
Little or much, the claim is just,
And thine excuses vain.

Go, then, and strive to do thy part—
Though humble it may be,
The ready hand, the willing heart,
Are all Heaven asks of thee.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

"I would not live alway!" yet 't is not that here
There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love;
The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears,
Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above;
And dark though the storms of adversity rise,
Though changes dishearten, and dangers appall,
Each hath its high purpose, both gracious and wise,
And a Father's kind providence rules over all. ■

"I would not live alway!" and yet, oh, to die,
With a shuddering thrill how it pierces the heart!
We may love, we may pant for, the glory on high,
Yet tremble and grieve from earth's kindred to part.
There are ties of deep tenderness drawing us down,
Which warm round the heart-strings their tendrils will weave,
And faith, reaching forth for her heavenly crown,
Still lingers embracing the friends she must leave.

"I would not live alway!" because I am sure
 There's a better, a holier rest in the sky;
 And the hope that looks forth to that heavenly shore,
 Overcomes timid nature's reluctance to die.
 O visions of glory, of bliss, and of love,
 Where sin cannot enter, nor passion enslave,
 Ye have power o'er the heart, to subdue or remove
 The sharpness of death, and the gloom of the grave!

"I would not live alway!" yet 't is not that time,
 Its loves, hopes and friendships, cares, duties and joys,
 Yield nothing exalted, nor pure, nor sublime,
 The heart to delight, or the soul to employ;
 No! an angel might oftentimes sinlessly dwell
 'Mid the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage given;
 And though passion and folly can make earth a hell,
 To the pure 't is the emblem and gateway of heaven.

"I would not live alway!" and yet while I stay
 In the Eden of time, 'mid these gardens of earth,
 I'd enjoy the sweet flowers and fruits as I may,
 And gain with their treasures whate'er they are worth.
 I would live as if life were a part of my heaven,
 I would live as if love were a part of its bliss,
 And I'd take the sweet comforts, so lavishly given,
 As foretastes of that world, in portions, in this.

"I would not live alway!" yet willingly wait,
 Be it longer or shorter, life's journey to roam,
 Ever ready and girded, with spirits elate,
 To obey the first call that shall summon me home.
 Oh yes! it is better, far better, to go
 Where pain, sin and sorrow can never intrude.
 And yet I would cheerfully tarry below,
 And, expecting the better, rejoice in the good.

James William Miller.

This highly gifted young man, an associate editor with John Neal, in the publication of *The Yankee*, and for a while a resident of Portland, was probably a native of Massachusetts, born in 1804. He died from the effects of a fall, in the West Indies, Nov., 1829. The following poem was written during his residence in Portland.

VOICE OF AN OLD ELM.

Stay, weary traveler, thy heavy tread,
 Whoe'er thou art, my welcome is to all!
 To all her children is Earth's bosom spread,
 On all the winds goes forth my breezy call.

An exiled wanderer from distant lands,
Com'st thou to share the blessings of the free,
Escaped from tyrant thraldom's iron hands?
Here, in God's temple, bow the grateful knee.

And turn thy eye along the reaching vale,
The verdant copse and winding river scan;
Content's mild voice is on the freshening gale,
To teach thy spirit, here is peace for man.

Or com'st thou, journeyer, from ways of toil,
And restless roaming over earth and sea,
Seeking red wealth, amidst the stern turmoil
Of life's conflicting passions?—turn to me.

Turn to me hither; I will teach thy heart
How very vain are all wealth's glittering toys;
How gold-bought pleasures, rainbow-like, depart,
And show thee Man's true wants and real joys.

Then o'er thy thought my whispering boughs shall move,
And win thy vagrant wishes back, to roam
Among the old scenes of thy childhood's love,
In the calm sunshine of thine early home.

Or, wanderer, are thy days of dreaming flown,
As summer clouds and youthful sorrows fly?
Thy hopes, o'er life's dark billows strown,
As autumn leaves on wint'ry streams pass by?

A lonely pilgrim, down the vale of years,
Through storm and sunshine, hast thou wandered far?
And gleams thy aged cheek with struggling tears,
As thine eye rests upon the evening star?

Art thou of those, who wist not where to lay
The hoary head and withered form to rest?
Whose home, and all who cheered it, passed away,
As the fair pines that watched yon hillock's crest?

Yet, pilgrim, turn, and as thy silver hair
Lifts in the breeze, thy panting toils may cease;
And, pouring forth thine humbled heart in prayer,
God give thee promise of a home of peace.

Stay, weary traveler, thy heavy tread,
Turn thee beneath my pleasant shade to rest;
And while above my sheltering arms are spread,
Sleep, son of earth, upon thy mother's breast.

Sleep thou amidst the incense of her flowers;
 Such perfume breathes not o'er the monarch's crown!
 And, straying lightly through thy fancy's bowers,
 Forget that weariness hath borne thee down.

Elijah Parish Lovejoy.

The eldest son of the late Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, of Albion, and born in that town, Nov. 9, 1802. His father was a man of great piety, and an arduous worker in the diffusion of the gospel throughout the then wilderness part of Maine. Elijah at a very early age displayed a determined resoluteness and firmness, spending all of his spare moments in study, and made remarkable progress. He graduated from Waterville College in 1826, receiving the first honors of his class, and pronouncing a poem before it, entitled, "Inspiration of the Muse." In 1827, Mr. Lovejoy removed to the West, and was engaged in teaching and editing for several years. He established a paper in St. Louis which he conducted for nearly two years, when, owing to the publication of a severe editorial on slavery, a mob was created, and eventually he was obliged to remove from the city to escape their vengeance. In June, 1836, he removed his press to Alton, Ill., where it was destroyed soon after being landed. He procured another one, and continued the publication of the "Observer;" but had been established here only a short time, when articles similar to those published in St. Louis created another mob. On Mr. Lovejoy's expressing his determination to continue to write against slavery, the office of the Observer was destroyed. Still, undaunted, by the assistance of his friends, he purchased another press, which, like the first, was destroyed by a mob, before it was put up, and, while defending it, Mr. Lovejoy was fired at, and exclaiming, "Oh God, I am shot, I am shot," expired instantly. This sad event occurred during the night of the seventh of November, 1837. He was buried on his thirty-fifth birthday, and left a wife and one little boy to mourn his tragic death.

THE LITTLE STAR.

I would I were on yonder little star,
 That looks so modest in the silver sky,
 Removed in boundless space so very far,
 That scarce its rays can meet the gazer's eye,
 Yet there it hangs all lonely, bright and high.

O could I mount where fancy leads the way,
 How soon would I look down upon the sun,
 Rest my tired wings upon his upward ray,
 And go where never yet his beams have shone,
 Light on that little star and make it all my own.

Love dwells not with us, in some happier sphere
 It makes its angel heaven to innocence so dear:
 There is, beyond this sublunary ball,
 A land of souls, a heaven of peace and joy,
 Whose skies are always bright, whose pleasures never cloy.

And if to souls released from earth 't is given
 To choose their home through bright infinity,
 Then yonder star shall be my happy heaven,
 And I will live unknown, for I would be
 The lonely hermit of Eternity.

TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother! I am far away
 From home, and love, and thee;
 And stranger hands will heap the clay
 That soon may cover me:
 Yet we shall meet—perhaps not here,
 But in yon shining, azure sphere:
 And if there's aught assures me more,
 Ere yet my spirit fly,
 That heaven has mercy still in store
 For such a wretch as I,
 'Tis that a heart so good as thine,
 Must bleed—must burst along with mine.

And life is short at best, and Time
 Must soon prepare the tomb;
 And there is sure a happier clime,
 Beyond this world of gloom—
 And should it be my happy lot—
 After a life of care and pain,
 In sadness spent, or spent in vain—
 To go where sighs and sin are not—
 'T will make the half my heaven to be,
 My Mother, ever more with thee!

Richard Hampton Vose.

Born in Northfield, Mass., 1803, and graduated at Bowdoin College, spending the next year after graduation in teaching at Augusta, in this State. He studied law in the office of Governor Lincoln, and afterward formed a co-partnership with Pliny (now Judge) Merrick, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. After two years' practice in Worcester, Mr. Vose returned to Augusta, and between 1834 and 1839, he was four times elected to the House of Representatives of the Maine Legislature. In 1840 and 1841 he was Senator for Kennebec, and president of the Senate in the year last named. After that time, until his death, which occurred in 1864, Mr. Vose adhered to his profession. His eldest son, George L., formerly professor of civil engineering at Bowdoin College, is the author of a "Hand-Book on Engineering," which is highly praised.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

I love the hour when day is spent,
 And stars are in the firmament;
 Sweet hour of night, thy shadows roll
 A heavenly calmness o'er the soul.

I love to gaze upon the deep,
 When furious storms are lulled to rest;
 How calmly sweet those billows sleep,
 And mildly smile on ocean's breast.

Oh! who can gaze upon the ocean,
 And see the moonbeams sparkle there,
 Nor feel the flame of pure devotion,
 Nor offer up one fervent prayer.

And who has marked the rainbow's smile,
 That emblem of our Maker's love,
 And did not burn with love the while,
 To join the adoring train above?

But there 's a beauty far more bright,
 Than Ocean's gems of fairest hue—
 Than starry hosts of heavenly light,
 When beaming from that sky of blue.

The glorious sky shall pass away,
 The mighty deep must cease to flow,
 Created things shall all decay—
 This is our sentence, this our woe.

Yet earth, with Heaven can boast alone,
 A brighter beauty, more refined,
 Its centre is the Eternal's throne—
 It is the beauty of the mind.

Amos Dean Wheeler.

Rev. Amos Dean Wheeler, D. D., was born in Woodstock, Vt., Dec. 13, 1803. His father dying when he was three years old, he was adopted by James Udall, Esq., of Hartland, Vt., with whom he lived until seventeen years of age, receiving instruction in the common schools and at Thetford Academy. In 1820 he went to Leicester Academy, Mass., his relatives residing in that town, and subsequently taught school until he entered Williams College, from which he graduated in 1827. He then taught the Academy at Marlboro for two years, and was soon elected principal of the Latin Grammar School in Salem. He remained in that position for three years, studying theology, meantime, with the Rev. Chas. Upham, D. D., who was then pastor of the First Church in Salem. Shortly after he spent a year at Harvard Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1833. After preaching a few months in Pennsylvania—Meadville,—he was invited, in 1834, to settle over the Unitarian Society in Standish, Maine. Here he continued till 1839, when he received a call to settle in Topsham, where he ever after lived. For fourteen years he preached in the Unitarian Church in Topsham. At the end of that time the Unitarian Society of Topsham and the Universalist Society of Brunswick were united under the name of "The Mason Street Religious Society," of Brunswick, and Mr. Wheeler was invited to become pastor of the new organization. He preached to this society until 1865, when he resigned, and was soon after appointed missionary for the American Unitarian Association to the State of Maine, and at about the same time he was elected secretary of the Maine Conference of Unitarian churches. He died June 28, 1876.

HYMN.

I.

God of the firm and solid land!
 God of the deep and restless sea!
 Here, on this wild, surf-beaten strand,
 We raise our willing thoughts to Thee.

II.

Where once the wily red man stood,
 Where once he dipped the plashing oar;
 By river's brink, and briny flood,
 We bow before Thee, and adore.

III.

Where men of wit, and men of toil,
 And Christian heroes, brave and true,
 First planted on New England's soil
 The sturdy stock from which we grew,—

IV.

Where first the song of praise was heard,
 And first the solemn voice of prayer;
 And first the reconciling word
 Was borne upon the summer air;

V.

And where the first low grave was made
 Beneath New England's wintry snows:
 And the first Christian relics laid,
 To slumber in their long repose;—

VI.

We meet and bend the knee to-day;
 Those early times bring back to view;
 We sing again the sacred lay,
 Again those ancient rites renew.

VII.

Lord! Hear us in this solemn hour;
 Accept our thanks for mercies given;
 Dispel the storms that darkly lower,
 And be our Guide to peace and Heaven.

PASING AWAY.

It is written on the rose
 In its glory's full array,—
 Read what those buds disclose:
 "Passing away."

It is written on the skies
 Of the soft blue summer's day;—
 It is traced in sunset dyes:
 "Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
 As their young leaves glist'ning play,
 And on fairer things than these:
 "Passing away."

It is written on the brow
 Where the spirit's ardent ray,
 Lives, burns, and triumphs now:
 "Passing away."

It is written on the heart—
 Alas! that there decay
 Should claim from Love a part:
 "Passing away."

Eunice Hale Waite Cobb.

This lady was born in Kennebunk, Jan. 27, 1803. She was married in Hallowell to Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D. D., Sept. 10, 1822, and was a devoted and efficient help-mate throughout his long and laborious life. Her eldest son, Sylvanus, derived much of his noted faculty for story-telling from her practice of telling him stories—often continued from evening to evening, as he sat at her feet when a child. She wrote hymns, and occasional poems, and obituary lines, which comforted many sorrowing hearts. In all her poetry a faith in God, the Universal Father, was expressed. As a public speaker she was very persuasive and convincing. She was the first female president of the Ladies' Physiological Institute, of Boston, and served it in that capacity for some fifteen years. She had always desired to die in the old rocking-chair in which her mother and grandmother died, while the Sabbath morning bells were ringing. Her wish was gratified. In East Boston, at the residence of her son, Geo. W. Cobb, on Sabbath morning, May 2, 1880, while the church bells were ringing, and sitting in the old chair she loved so much—while holding her grandson Albert's hand—she passed peacefully away. With her last breath she exclaimed, "Oh, this is glorious!" Death opened to her sight the realities of heaven, which had been the object of her steadfast faith in life.

HYMN FOR BAPTISM.

WALTHAM, OCT. 4, 1840.

Supremely blest is he who gives
 Himself, his life to God in youth;
 Who near his Heavenly Father lives,
 And walks obedient to His truth.

His mind is staid upon the Lord,
 His paths are paved with heavenly peace,
 A holy joy is his reward,
 And with his days his joys increase.

Regard, O God, these youths who come
 To be baptized in Jesus' name,
 To follow thy "Beloved Son,"
 Who did Thy boundless love proclaim.

O may Thy spirit here descend,
Like Hermon's dew from heaven above,
And Thy sweet presence them attend,
To fill their souls with heavenly love.

May many here, whose youthful hearts
Are seeking pleasures which decay,
Seek joys which Christian truth imparts,
That light the soul to endless day.

LINES.

The following lines closed a graphic description of the arrival in Boston harbor of the British steamer America, amid the thunder of artillery, the flight of rockets and the voice of song.

O pleasant thought! that England now can come
And be a part of this, our happy home;
Our Pennant wear, our Stars and Stripes display,
And join with us to celebrate the day
Which gave to us triumphant Freedom's birth,
That we might stand among the great of earth.
And may that ship which bears our country's name,
In commerce stand unrivalled for her fame,
And be protected by that unseen Hand,
Whose mighty power is felt o'er sea and land.

The following poem was written during her last sickness, and sent to her son, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

THOUGHTS ON CREATION.

When the Creator spake, and light appeared,
His great command chaotic darkness cleared.
The sun, the moon, the stars to being came,
Bathed in the glory of celestial flame!
And then, in furth'rance of His wondrous plan,
In his own image He created man.

Above all other things of living kind,
To man was given a progressive mind.—
A mind sufficient for the life of earth,
Progressing still beyond a heavenly birth.
And, as creation now before him stood,
He looked on all He'd made, and called it good!

Ages have rolled on ages since that hour,
 When once again appears the Almighty power—
 Again that great command: "Let there be light!"
 And Bethlehem's star breaks through the gloom of night.
 Man shall not die! The sleep which we call death
 Shall find a waking with angelic breath.
 A solemn joy my yearning soul enthrills;
 My waning life has triumphed o'er its ills.

William George Crosby.

Born in Belfast in 1805, and died there March 21, 1881. Governor of Maine in 1853 and 1854, by election of the Legislature. Gov. Crosby was admitted to the bar in Boston, and practiced there from 1826 to 1828, when he returned to Belfast. In 1846 Mr. Crosby was elected Secretary of the Maine Board of Education, and held this important and honorable office three years. Subsequently, on retiring from the office of chief magistrate, he resided for a while in Boston, editorially connected with Mr. Littell in some of his publications. On returning to Belfast, he resumed his profession, and held high rank at the bar. In 1866 he received the appointment of collector for the district, his last public position. He was a man of cultivated literary tastes, and his Commencement part at Bowdoin College was a poem. He published a series of fifty-two papers, entitled, "Annals of Belfast for Half a Century, by an Old Settler," and delivered one of a popular course of lectures. In 1870 he received the degree of LL. D. from the college, and was for a time on its Board of Overseers.

THE LAST LEAF.

Lone, trembling one!
 Last of a summer race, withered and sear
 And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
 Thy work is done.

Thou hast seen all
 The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,
 And the green leaves, that knew thee in their bloom,
 Wither and fall!

The voice of spring,
 Which called thee into being, ne'er again
 Will greet thee—nor the gentle summer rain
 New verdure bring.

The Zephyr's breath
 No more will make for thee its melody—
 But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
 Thy hymn of death.

Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the autumn storm,
And the strained eye, to catch thy quivering form,
In vain may gaze.

Pale autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of mortality.
The broken heart, once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief,—

Whose leaves are fled,
Whose loved ones all have drooped and died away,
Still clings to life—and, lingering, loves to stay
Above the dead!

But list—even now
I hear the gathering of the wint'ry blast.
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it is past!
And so art thou.

TRUE FAME.

Who hath not hoped for immortality?
And what is immortality?—to be
A while remembered, when the heart is cold,
And o'er the nerveless hand hath crept the mould
Of the damp sepulchre? to be heralded
By the loud trump of Fame, when life hath fled,
Until even its echo hath gone past
And perished in the abyss of ages? No!
It is to live while memory shall last,
Shrined deep within the heart—the ceaseless flow
Of centuries only adding to the sum
Of the world's gratitude! 't is to become
The embodied soul of genius!—such a one,
As the eye gazeth on—even Washington.

TO A LADY.

WITH A WITHERED LEAF.

What offering can the minstrel bring
To cast upon affection's shrine?
'T was hard thy magic spells to fling
O'er the fond heart already thine!

Thou would'st not prize the glittering *gem*,
Thou would'st but cast the *pearl* away;
For thine is now a diadem
Of lustre brighter far than they.

I will not bring the spring-tide flower,
 Reposing on its gentle leaf;
 Its memory lives but for an hour—
 I would not *thine* should be as brief.

My heart!—but that has long been *thine*—
 'T were but a worthless offering;
 The ruin of a rifled shrine,
 A flower that fast is withering.

My song!—'t is but a mournful strain,
 So deep in sorrow's mantle clad,
 E'en echo will not wake again
 The music of a strain so sad.

A withered leaf! nay, scorn it not,
 Nor deem it all unworthy thee;
 It grew upon a hallowed spot,
 And sacred is its memory.

I plucked it from a lonely bough,
 That hung above my *mother's grave*,
 And felt e'en then, that none but thou
 Could'st prize the gift affection gave.

She faded with the flowers of spring,
 That o'er her lifeless form were cast—
 And when I plucked this faded thing,
 'T was shivering in the autumn blast.

'T was the last one!—all—all were gone,
 They bloomed not where the yew-trees wave;
 This leaf and I were left alone,
 Pale watchers o'er my mother's grave.

I marked it, when full oft I sought
 That spot so dear to memory;
 I *lored* it—for I fondly thought,
 It lingered there to mourn with me!

I've moistened it with many a tear,
 I've hallowed it with many a prayer;
 And while this bursting heart was clear
 From guilt's dark stain, I shrined it there.

Now, lady, now the gift is *thine*!
 Oh, guard it with a vestal's care;
 Make but *thine* angel heart its shrine,
 And I will kneel and worship there!

Jonas Welch Holman.

Rev. J. W. Holman, M. D., was born in Canaan, Me., April 28, 1805. His parents were worthy people who, by dint of great economy and unflinching self-sacrifice, brought up a large family of children, all of whom, despite the disadvantages by which they were surrounded, acquired an education, and filled important positions in after life as clergymen, physicians and teachers. He was early taught the importance of religion. Converted at the age of thirteen, at eighteen he felt impressed to study for the ministry, and entered upon a preparatory course at Waterville. He began his life-work as an Evangelist, traveling over a large portion of Maine, preaching wherever opportunity presented itself, and meeting with great success in his labors. His first settlement was in Philadelphia, where he remained eight years. In 1831 he removed to Boston, organized the First Free-will Baptist Church in that city, and continued its pastor about fifteen years. During this period he studied medicine at Harvard, and ever afterward made good use of his medical knowledge in connection with his ministry. In 1853 he united with the Baptists and became pastor of the First Church in Norwich, Conn. From Norwich he was called to the Bloomingdale (now the Central) Baptist Church of New York City. After several years of service he resigned his charge of that church and organized the Mt. Olivet Church in the same city. He was subsequently pastor of Baptist churches in Standfordville, N. Y., Rockport and North Haven, Me., Franklin, Mass., and North Stonington, Conn. His relations with the last-named church continued until his death, which occurred in 1873. His whole ministry covered half a century, during which period he preached over 5,000 sermons, and abounded in all other Christian and philanthropic labors. He at one time published a religious journal called "The Revivalist," contributed frequently to the press; was the author of some valuable notes on the "Book of Revelation," and wrote a great many hymns and poems, some of which are widely known and highly esteemed. His life was long and useful, his character unspotted, and his end triumphant.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I stood on the hill by the green hemlock wood,
On the very same spot where the log-cabin stood,
In which I was cradled and where I had passed
The days of my childhood, too precious to last.
It seemed like a dream, as I gazed all around:
Not a trace of the cabin was there to be found;
The plough had gone over the place where it stood,
And there were the flocks, gently cropping their food.

I went by the grove where in youth I had strayed,
While I wept for the changes that time since had made.
The old leaning hemlock indeed was still there,
But its glory was gone, for its branches were bare.
I sought for the well where I often had been,
But the curb was removed, and the earth had caved in;
The axe and the fire had assailed the green wood,
And the rich barley waved where the tall cypress stood.

The bramble and hedge, where the birds built their nests,
Though dear to my childhood, had gone like the rest,—
Indeed if the gods had been reveling there,
They could not have left the old homestead so bare.
I asked for my mother, as though but a week
Had passed since she pressed the last kiss on my cheek.
"Your mother," said one, "O! 't is long since she died!
And your father, too, lies in the grave by her side!"

"And where are my brothers that loved me so well?
 And my little sister? Why do you not tell?"
 "Go down to their grave," said a sage standing by,
 "And look on the spot where together they lie."
 Thus passes the world! and ah! soon it will be,
 What is now said of them, will be spoken of me.
 Then give me a dwelling, a mansion on high,
 Where my joys shall not fade, where my friends shall not die.

THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

Oh where is my mother, my own dearest mother,
 Whose bosom so often hath pillow'd my head?
 For since she has left me, earth hath not another
 To mingle her sighs with the tears that I shed.

She has gone! but her image, as lovely as ever,
 Seems living before me where'er I remain.
 But silent as shadow; oh! say, am I never
 To hear the sweet voice of my mother again?

When weary and cheerless I go to my pillow,
 And hushed is the world in the stillness of sleep,
 I dream that I see her, like Christ on the billow,
 Approaching with smiles that forbid me to weep.

I start to embrace her, but wake from the vision,
 And weep that the blessed illusion is o'er;
 Oh death-stricken world, once thy fields were elysian;
 But shrouded in gloom, thou art lovely no more.

Though everything round me may fade like a blossom,
 And Nature in sackcloth be mournfully dressed,
 Yet, mother, thy memory shall live in my bosom,
 Till, dying, we meet in the land of the blest.

STANZAS.

Go, make me a grave by the green maple wood,
 And lay me to rest with the pure and the good,
 Where the violet blooms with the sweet scented rose,
 By the side of my loved ones, there let me repose.

I once was a child, without sorrow or care,
 With the wide world around me all blooming and fair;
 Not a thorn in my path, not a cloud in the sky,
 Not a thought in my heart of a sad by-and-by.

Through the whole merry year at the dawn of the day,
I awoke with the same childish relish for play;
Not a change in the seasons, nor sunshine, nor rain,
Could a moment my passion for pleasure restrain.

With my cap in my hand, and a smile on my face,
Whole days have I spent in the butterfly chase;
Never dreaming for once, while engaged in the strife,
That my butterfly chase was the symbol of life.

Bright hope o'er my path threw a radiant light,
While fancy was painting a future all bright;
The "good time" was coming, but long ere its dawn,
My visions had vanished and childhood was gone.

Years fled, as the dew from the grass in the morn,
Or as leaves on the swift winds of autumn are borne;
Youth, manhood, and age like the seasons went by,
Till the hour is at hand when the pilgrim must die.

And now, while I wait on the verge of the tomb,
I look on the past, all enshrouded in gloom;
But the future is bright as the unclouded sun,
And my home all prepared when my work here is done.

Then make me a grave where my ashes may rest
With the ones I have loved, that are now with the blest;
And when we awake, in the great rising day,
May we all meet with joy in our home far away.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, January 20, 1806, and died at Idlewild, near Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1867. His grandfather and his father, both of whom were named Nathaniel Willis, were well-known publishers, the former having been an apprentice in the same office with Benjamin Franklin, and the latter was the founder of the *Boston Recorder*—the first religious newspaper ever published—and also the founder of the *Youth's Companion*, the most successful juvenile publication in this, or any other country. The subject of our sketch graduated at Yale College in 1827. Prior to this he won a prize of fifty dollars for the best poem, offered by the publishers of one of the annuals. While a college student he published a series of "Scriptural Sketches" in verse. His whole life was spent in literature—editing and publishing magazines, and writing volumes of prose and verse. Mr. Willis was twice married; first in England, in 1835, to Mary Leighton Stace, a daughter of Commissary-General William Stace, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself at Waterloo, and after her death, in 1846, Mr. Willis married Cornelia, only daughter of Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Mass. The same year he and Geo. P. Morris established the "Home Journal," to which Willis contributed till his death. He was the author of twenty-seven volumes of poetry and prose. In the latter field he was also very successful, his "Letters from Under a Bridge" containing some of the most beautiful and truthful pictures of country life ever written. Sarah Payson Willis, wife of James Parton, the historian, and familiarly known as a sparkling writer, under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern," was his sister. In this

connection, the interesting fact may be mentioned that his father was the first editor who was ever imprisoned in Maine because of the freedom with which he uttered his sentiments through the press. It was while conducting the "Eastern Argus," and the fact is mentioned in Mr. Elwell's interesting work on "Portland and Vicinity." Richard Storrs Willis, younger brother of Nathaniel, a resident of Detroit, Mich., devotes his time to literary pursuits, and has published, among other works, a volume of lyrics entitled "Pen and Lute." Among instrumental pieces he wrote the "Glen Mary Waltzes," which for a quarter of a century were published by Oliver Ditson & Co. During the war he competed for a prize offered for the best national song, and his "Anthem of Liberty," to which he also composed the music, was pronounced best by the committee.

REVERIES.

AN EARLY POEM.

I am an eldest son. My years
 Have been like golden moments nursed;
 And if I ever wept, my tears
 Fro~~●~~ gentle fountains, gently burst.
 My mother's kiss came with my prayer;
 My father's blessing with my sleep:
 My sister's words like music were,
 And how could I have learned to weep?
 I did not—and have worn a brow
 Of sunshine, even until now.

Love comes to such like nature's law,
 As waters swelling to a gush;
 And thus, if light or life I saw,
 My feelings to their source would rush.
 A sunny leaf, a flitting shade,
 A tint of autumn, moonlight, aught
 By which this glorious world is made
 So beautiful, my spirit caught—
 And thrilling pleasure, and strange power
 To love and to be blest rushed by,
 And I have lived an angel's hour,
 While sadder spirits longed to die.

You well might deem that I should look
 On coming days, as looks the sun
 On leaf and tree, and find the book
 Of nature seem a brilliant one.
 Like him I looked upon the side
 The light in my own eye made bright;
 And ever found the shadows glide
 Like guilty spirits from my sight. •
 What marvel then that I should build
 The dreams this loitering tale would tell
 Of light, and that my thought should gild
 The airy elements too well?

But it is so—and I will leave
The moral to the sad and dull,
For I can never stop to grieve
While I can find the beautiful.
I have lived twenty years, and feel
The longings which come ever then,
To try, with mind, or heart, or steel,
Collision with my fellow-men;
I burn to bound from beauty's thrall,
Where others deem me idly chained,
And strike my blow for aught, or all
That o'er the universe hath reigned.
They call me boy—I feel the man—
And yet will prove how deeply set
Is that one element, "I can,"
Among the things we ne'er forget.
'Tis time, I know, that I was flinging
My rosy fetters to the wind,
And, like the desert courser, springing
Upon the proud career of mind.
But it is near—and with that hour
I looked to see my follies flee;
And sterner thoughts come on, with power
To nerve my wakening energy.
'Tis no fair dream—I look for trial,
Which every quivering sinew wrings;
For pourings from that bitter vial
Which drinks to death life's swelling springs.
But far beyond my fancy resteth
On deep, sublimed, and glorious worth:
On strength, which, like the eagle's, breasteth
The highest atmosphere of earth.
I look to rest—when fire hath tried,
And much affliction purified.

My coloring is not aye so deep—
Anticipations sometimes come
Like fancies in a gentle sleep,
And pencil sketches of a home;
And in its delicate lines I trace
The tenderness of gentle eyes,
Whose molten light might be the place
For thought's unsullied paradise.
I feel the touch of ivory fingers
Upon my forehead's swollen vein.

And meet a look, whose softness lingers
 As if it would drink up my pain.
 I hear a tone, whose silvery gush
 Thrills every fibre, sweetly spoken,
 And feel the rich tumultuous gush
 Of fountains which had else been broken.
 Beside a low bent head I kneel,
 Whose raven tresses stir with prayer,
 And hear my name, and deeply feel
 How holy is the altar there.
 And then I gaze on dewy lashes,
 And part the hair on a sweet brow,
 And watch for love's impassioned flashes
 In eyes too serious till now.
 I lay upon the wasting bed
 Of sickness, and I watch a cheek
 Whose color at my plaint has fled,
 And count the deep blue veins that streak
 Its lily whiteness; and I listen
 To tones that speak inquiringly,
 And feel, that as the tear-drops glisten,
 And fall upon me, I could die;
 For I should sink into my rest,
 So utterly, supremely blest.

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve
 Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
 Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
 Since the hot noon tide in a breathless trance—
 Her thin, pale fingers clasped within the hand
 Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast
 Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
 The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
 And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
 The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
 And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
 She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
 The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked
 Into his face until her sight grew dim
 With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
 Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
 She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
 And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
 Upon his knees, and in the drapery

Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure—and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils—and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse—and, at her mouth,
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night—

And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff—for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—
And in his looks the same mild majesty—
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power—
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
JAIRUS THE RULER. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear

Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
 Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
 Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
 Pressed it upon his lids, and murmured low,
 "Master! my daughter!"

The same silvery light,
 That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
 Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
 As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
 Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
 He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched
 The latchet, from within a whisper came,
 "Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!"
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
 And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
 Choked in its utterance;—but a gentle hand
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
 The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
 "She is not dead—but sleepeth."

They passed in.

The spice lamps in the alabaster urns
 Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
 Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
 The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—
 Not even a tassel stirring in the air—
 And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
 And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard
 The quickening division of his breath
 As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
 A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face,
 And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
 The silken curtains silently apart,
 And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
 The linen vesture folded on her breast, .
 And over it her white, transparent hands,
 The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,

The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet-lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small, round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'T was heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"Maiden, arise!" and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture, and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—**AROSE!**

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD PAYSON, D. D.

A servant of the living God is dead!
His errand hath been well and early done,
And early hath he gone to his reward.
He shall come no more forth, but to his sleep
Hath silently lain down, and so shall rest.
Would ye bewail our brother? He hath gone
To Abraham's bosom. He shall no more thirst,
Nor hunger, but forever in the eye,
Holy and meek, of Jesus, he may look,
Unchided, and untempted, and unstained.
Would ye bewail our brother? He hath gone
To sit down with the prophets by the clear
And crystal waters; he hath gone to list
Isaiah's harp and David's, and to walk
With Enoch, and Elijah, and the host
Of the just men made perfect. He shall bow
At Gabriel's hallelujah, and unfold
The scroll of the Apocalypse with John,
And talk of Christ with Mary, and go back
To the last supper, and the garden prayer
With the beloved disciple. He shall hear
The story of the Incarnation told

By Simeon, and the Triune mystery
 Burning upon the fervent lips of Paul.
 He shall have wings of glory, and shall soar
 To the remoter firmaments, and read
 The order and the harmony of stars;
 And, in the might of knowledge, he shall bow,
 In the deep pauses of archangel harps,
 And, humble as the seraphim, shall cry—
“Who, by his searching, finds thee out, O God!”
 There shall he meet his children who have gone
 Before him, and as other years roll on,
 And his loved flock go up to him, his hand
 Again shall lead them gently to the Lamb,
 And bring them to the living waters there.
 Is it so good to die! and shall we mourn
 That he is taken early to his rest?
 Tell me! oh mourner for the man of God!
 Shall we bewail our brother—that he died ?

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
 In summer and winter that bird is there,
 Out and in with the morning air:
 I love to see him track the street,
 With his wary eye and active feet;
 And I often watch him as he springs,
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,
 Till across the dial his shade has passed,
 And the belfry edge is gained at last.
 'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel—
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
 Chime of the hour or funeral knell—
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
 When the sexton cheerily rings for noon—
 When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
 When the child is waked with “nine at night”—
 When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,

Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filméd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet Bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years;
And they say that I am old,
That my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing;

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smothered call,
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
 And I shall be glad to go;
 For the world at best is a weary place,
 And my pulse is getting low;
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
 In treading its gloomy way;
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
 To see the young so gay.

Isaac McLellan, Jr.

Born in Portland, April 2, 1806; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1826, having previously attended Phillips Academy, at Andover, Mass. He practiced law in Boston for a few years, and subsequently withdrew to the country, and engaged in agricultural pursuits and field sports. He now resides at Greenport, L. I., and his poems suggested by his favorite amusement alone would make a volume. While a student he was a regular contributor to "Knapp's Boston Magazine," and to the "New York Literary Gazette," a popular journal, then edited by William Cullen Bryant, the poet. Later he was associated with the "Boston Daily Patriot," which he conducted with great ability. He was also, at different periods, connected with other Boston journals and magazines. His first volume of poems appeared in 1836. He has made a two years' tour in Europe.

MAINE.

Far in the sunset's mellow glory,
 Far in the day-break's pearly bloom,
 Fringed by ocean's foamy surges,
 Belted in by woods of gloom,
 Stretch thy soft, luxuriant borders.
 Smile thy shores, in hill and plain,
 Flower-enamelled, ocean-girdled,
 Green bright shores of Maine.

Rivers of surpassing beauty
 From thy hemlock woodlands flow,—
 Androscoggin and Penobscot,
 Saco, chilled by northern snow;
 These from many a lowly valley
 Thick by pine-trees shadowed o'er,
 Sparkling from their ice-cold tributes
 To the surges of thy shore.

Bays resplendent as the heaven,
 Starred and gemmed by thousand isles,
 Gird thee,—Casco with its islets,
 Quoddy with its dimpled smiles;
 O'er them swift the fisher's shallop
 And tall ships their wings expand,
 While the smoke-flag of the steamer
 Flaunteth out its cloudy streamer,
 Bound unto a foreign strand.

Bright from many a rocky headland,
 Fringed by sands that shine like gold,
 Gleams the light-house, white and lonely,
 Grim as some baronial hold.
 Bright by many an ocean valley
 Shaded hut and village shine;
 Roof and steeple, weather-beaten,
 Stained by ocean's breath of brine.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
 Hung round the soldier's pillow;
 In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
 Than the fight of the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
 The few that his stern heart cherished;
 They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye,
 That life had nearly perished.

They knew, by his awful and kingly look,
 By the order hastily spoken,
 That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
 And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
 And triumphed the Frenchman's eagle;
 And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
 Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
 The Prussian's camp was routed.
 And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
 His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
 At the pyramids, at the mountain,
 Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
 And by the Italian fountain.

In the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
 Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
 He led them again in his dying dreams,
 His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
 And Jena's bloody battle;
 Again the world was overrun,
 Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
 A day that shall live in story;
 In the rocky land they placed his clay,
 "And left him alone in his glory."

Robert Boodey Caverly.

This poet, who began his law practice in Limerick, Me., where he resided six years, was born in Barrington, now Strafford, N. H., July 19, 1806. He graduated at Harvard Law School, and after leaving the Pine Tree State, settled as an attorney in Lowell, Mass., where he now remains. His poetry, or authorship, may be found in his volumes of "Epics, Lyrics, and Ballads;" in his several orations; in his "History of the Indian Wars of New England;" in his legends and dramas, entitled, "Battles of the Bush," and in other works. Mr. Caverly was greatly interested in the erection of the Hannah Dustin monument, placed on the island in Penacook, N. H., where Mrs. Dustin and her companions performed that remarkable deed of daring at the midnight hour.

CLARA.

Here on this hill she wandered in her childhood,
 Briefly to dance sweet summer days along;
 While oft, in flowery vale or waving wildwood,
 She blest the bluebird with her little song.
 Now bends the cypress, weeping limb and boughs;
 Sad night comes down to lave the leaf with tears;
 Soft, gentle zephyrs sigh their wonted vows
 Unto the love of life's departed years.

Ten thousand days' bright dawn shall beam upon it,
 Ten thousand nights' sweet stars shall come with care;
 Ten thousand wild-birds' lovely warbling on it
 Shall bring oblations to my Clara fair.
 Earth's lengthened years are little in His sight,
 Who rolls the spheres in majesty above;
 Whose sun on high is but a candle-light,
 To lead frail mortals to a throne of love.

Mary Hart Prentiss Cummings.

This lady was born in Paris, Jan. 7, 1807, and was married to Whitney Cummings of West Sumner, afterwards of Buckfield, and died in the latter town in the spring of 1878. She was a frequent contributor to the *Oxford Democrat*, *Portland Transcript*, and *Zion's Advocate*, over the signature of "Oithona."

A DREAM.

I saw in dreams last night a favorite spot,
One I have seldom seen in latter years.
It was a farm upon a mountain's side,
Rough in appearance, and yet beautiful,
With all its trees and vines, its rocks and streams.
'T was there a relative I loved in life,
And mourned in death, lived out his threescore years.
I ever loved to see the tall, gray house,
It looked so like its owner, firm, upright,
As though 't were fortified by praise and prayer.

I saw it in my dream, with just the look
It wore of old; the same vine-shaded porch,
And spreading trees around the open door;
But of the numerous smiling faces there
In days gone by, but one arose to view.
It was a youthful cousin, who had grown
To man's estate beneath that sheltering roof;
But, thinking that the world had greener spots
And lovelier scenes, had wandered far away,
Long, long ago, from his paternal home.

In my night vision he was blithe and young,
As when I saw him ere he bade adieu
To beautiful New England. Just the same
Were the dark locks around his ample brow;
And in his flashing eye were mingled deep
The energy, the softness and the pride
Which blended in his character. No word
Was said between us, yet I feel to-day
As though departed years had come again,
And I was living still the hours of youth.
I bless the giver of that happy dream,
For long has been the time since I have seen
That well-remembered relative and friend,
And we, perchance, may never meet again.

I have a sprig of withered laurel leaves
He sent me from his Pennsylvania home
In token of remembrance, and I oft
Look at it now with question in my thoughts,
Whether that home is dearer to his heart
Than the rough mountain one he left behind.

REVERIES.

My child will come no more,
My ministries of love
Are changed for those above—
The little journey of his life is o'er.

I see his garments hang
In many a spot—
How can he be forgot,
Though every mem'ry brings the heart a pang !

'T is vain to change the scene—
From each sequestered nook,
His little treasures look;
I cannot wander where he has not been.

Spring's glorious sunbeams stream,
And brightly do they fall,
Alike on floor and wall;
But my lost boy looks out on every beam.

I turn my eyes above,
But tears will force their way
E'en when I strive to pray—
Is there no place of rest for earthly love?

My young and happy boy—
I see his glad step springing,
I hear his sweet voice singing,
And yet these mem'ries bring no thrill of joy.

But why these restless days?
The promises are mine;
I hear a voice divine
Call on my soul a sovereign God to praise.

Why spend my hours in gloom,
Or weep for treasures gone,
When I am hurrying on
To join them in a world beyond the tomb?

My cherished one is there,
 He spends his glorious days
 In songs of holy praise
 To Him who heard on earth his daily prayer.

Then let my heart arise
 To his bright home above,
 And to the God of love
 Look for a blessing on "earth's broken ties."

Charles Parker Ilsley. /

Charles P. Ilsley was born in Portland, Jan. 16, 1807, and lived to the good old age of eighty years, his death occurring Jan. 29, 1887, at his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In early life Mr. Ilsley followed the occupation of a book-keeper, but having a manifest taste for literature he turned to newspaper work, and as early as 1836 started a daily penny paper, the *Portland Daily Times*. The venture was in advance of that period, and was abandoned. April 12, 1837, he issued the first number of the *Portland Transcript*, and was its editor for a number of years. Had he lived a little more than two months longer he would have seen this second offspring of his journalistic ventures complete its half century of prosperous existence. Mr. Ilsley was the author of a volume of popular tales, entitled "Forest and Shore," and of many contributions in prose and verse to the periodical literature of the times. He was at one time associated with Edward P. Weston as assistant editor of the *Eclectic*, which was eventually united with the *Transcript*, now in its 52d year. Mr. Ilsley wielded a graceful and ready pen, and was more or less connected with the newspapers of Portland for a period of fifty-one years, being one of the oldest journalists of the country. He furnished a hymn, sung at the centennial celebration of Portland, and wrote a very interesting series of articles for the *Transcript* descriptive of his native city half a century ago. He wrote very smooth verse, and his tales were of historic interest and always racy. He will hold a prominent place among the authors of Maine.

THE LATTER SNOW.

Our Heavenly Father kindly doth bestow
 The "latter rain," a blessing to the earth;
 Likewise he giveth us the latter snow,
 The poor man's treasure-boon of priceless worth;
 Yet seemeth it to some a cere-cloth spread
 To veil from view the features of the dead.

Ah, this is but a counterfeit of death!
 The earth but slumbers 'neath the fleecy pall;
 Sleeping, she waits the spring's reviving breath
 To loose the frosty fetters that enthrall;
 When, once more freed, with renovated powers,
 She'll robe herself anew with fruits and flowers.

Nature sleeps not; within her depths doth work
 A vital principle that knows no rest;
 Her silent forces ever are at work,
 Strictly obedient to supreme behest,
 Keen though her vision, Science seeks in vain
 The wonder-working mystery to explain.

Breathe not a murmur at the latter snow;
 Beneath the shroud that whitens all the earth,
 Are pregnant gems, biding the process slow
 That in due time shall quicken them to birth;
 As from the latter rain and gentle dews
 The wasted soil her power from it renews.

Have patience but a little, thou shalt see
 The working of the miracle profound:
 First bud, then leaf, shall clothe the naked tree,
 And tender grass with verdure deck the ground:
 The fecund earth throughout her wide domain,
 Shall yield her treasures manifold again.

"OH, THIS IS NOT MY HOME."

Oh, this is not my home—
 I miss the glorious sea,
 Its white and sparkling foam,
 And lofty melody.

All things seem strange to me—
 I miss the rocky shore,
 Where broke so sullenly
 The waves with deaf'ning roar:

The sands that shone like gold
 Beneath the blazing sun,
 O'er which the waters rolled,
 Soft chanting as they run:

And oh, the glorious sight!
 Ships moving to and fro,
 Like birds upon their flight,
 So silently they go!

I climb the mountain's height,
 And sadly gaze around,
 No waters meet my sight,
 I hear no rushing sound.

Oh, would I were at home,
 Beside the glorious sea,
 To bathe within its foam,
 And list its melody!

HAPPY MOMENTS.

Happy moments, brief but truthful,
 When the heart was fresh and youthful—
 When the sands of life ran golden,
 In those days, alas, now olden!
 Moments that we fondly cherished—
 Moments that too early perished!

Ah, that time, so fraught with blessings!
 Time of love's first fond caressings!
 When each act, glance, tone, expression,
 Was to us a sweet confession:
 When our path was strewn with flowers,
 And joy winged the rosy hours!

Ah, could we but hoard emotions
 Kindled in our young devotions—
 Hoard them for life's latter pleasures
 As we hoard our grosser treasures—
 Then those rays that cheered life's morning
 Still would beam, its eve adorning!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

This poet, scholar and teacher, was born in Portland, February 27, 1807, of New England stock, and died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He was descended from John Alden, of Plymouth Colony fame, his great-grandfather, Stephen Longfellow, coming to Portland in 1744, as a schoolmaster, at the invitation of the town, and the family has been prominent in this place through five generations. His father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was a man of prominence in Maine, a leader of the bar, and representative in Congress. The son's early education was gained at the Portland Academy, where he was fitted for Bowdoin College, which he entered at fourteen. Even before this time he had written verses which always found ready admission into the Portland newspapers, and before graduation his reputation as a poet extended beyond the bounds of both college and State. He graduated in the class of 1825, and six months afterward was offered a professorship of modern languages and literature at Bowdoin, an office created for him. The appointment was accepted conditionally, and after studying three years and a half in Europe, he entered upon his new duties. During the next five years he wrote for the *North American Review*, and translated the "Coplas de Manrique," a work which placed him in the front rank of living poets. Since then the name of Longfellow has been a household word, and his books, both in prose and verse, have been translated into nearly every tongue. He received honorary degrees in both the New and Old Worlds, and was a member of various learned societies in several countries.

MY LOST YOUTH.

Often I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea;
 Often in thoughts go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas.
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sun-rise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o’er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering’s woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy’s brain;
The song and the silence in the heart
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

THE ROPE-WALK.

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin,
Dropping each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
 Light the long and dusky lane;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and re-ascend,
 Gleam the long threads in the sun;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
 By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing.
 First before my vision pass;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
 At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
 And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
 And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
 Drawing water from a well;
As the bucket mounts apace.
With it mounts her own fair face,
 As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
 While the rope coils round and round,
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
 Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
 Laughter and indecent mirth:
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!
Breath of Christian charity.
 Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a schoolboy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look;
Steeds pursued through lane and field;
Fowlers with their snares concealed;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless sand;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low;
While the wheel goes round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.*

Many a day and wasted year,
Bright has left its footsteps here,
Since was broke the warrior's spear,
And our fathers bled;
Still the tall trees arching shake
Where the fleet deer by the lake,
As he dashed through bush and brake,
From the hunter fled.

In these ancient woods so bright,
That are full of life and light,
Many a dark, mysterious rite
The stern warriors kept;
But their altars are bereft,
Fallen to earth and strewn and cleft,
And to holier faith is left,
Where their fathers slept.

From their ancient sepulchres,
Where, amid the giant firs,
Moaning where the high wind stirs,
Have the red men gone.

*This is the first poem Longfellow gave to the world with his name attached, some sixty-five years ago. The poem was long sought by the author, but in vain, and was brought to light in 1882. We copy it from the "Fryeburg Webster Memorial," as it has a special local interest.

Towards the setting sun that makes
 Bright our western hills and lakes,
 Faint and few the remnant takes
 Its sad journey on.

Where the Indian hamlet stood,
 In the interminable wood,
 Battle broke the solitude,
 And the war-cry rose;
 Sudden came the straggling shot,
 Where the sun looked on the spot
 That the trace of war would blot
 Ere the day's faint close.

Low the smoke of battle hung,
 Heavy down the lake it swung.
 Till the death-wail loud was sung,
 When the night-shades fell;
 And the green pine, waving dark,
 Held within its shattered bark
 Many a lasting seath and mark
 That a tale could tell.

And the glory of that day
 Shall not pass from earth away,
 Nor the blighting of decay
 Waste our liberty;
 But within the river's sweep,
 Long in peace our vale shall sleep,
 And free hearts the record keep
 Of this Jubilee.*

SONGO RIVER.

CONNECTING LAKE SEBAGO AND LONG LAKE.

Nowhere such a devious stream,
 Save in fancy or in dream,
 Winding slow through bush and brake,
 Links together lake and lake.

*This poem was written for and sung (to the air of *Bruce's Address*) at the Centennial celebration, at Fryeburg, of Lovewell's fight, May 19, 1825. Longfellow was himself present at the celebration, attending a social levee at Judge Dana's, and a ball in the evening at the Oxford House.

"WEBSTER MEMORIAL."

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and slow,
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant-knight of old,
Lost in woodland or in wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out,
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift as swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou bidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!"

"Be not like the stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.*

What say the bells of San Blas
 To the ships that southward pass
 From the harbor of Mazatlan?
 To them it is nothing more
 Than the sound of surf on the shore,—
 Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
 To whom what is and what seems
 Are often one and the same,—
 The bells of San Blas to me
 Have a strange, wild melody,
 And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;
 They have tones that touch and search
 The hearts of young and old;
 One sound to all, yet each
 Lends a meaning to their speech,
 And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
 Of an age that is fading fast,
 Of a power austere and grand;
 When the flag of Spain unfurled
 Its folds o'er this western world,
 And the Priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down
 On the little seaport town
 Has crumbled into the dust;
 And on oaken beams below
 The bells swing to and fro,
 And are green with mould and rust.

“Is, then, the old faith dead,” . . .
 They say, “and in its stead
 Is some new faith proclaimed,
 That we are forced to remain
 Naked to sun and rain,
 Unsheltered and ashamed?

“Once in our tower aloof
 We range over wall and roof
 Our warnings and our complaints;

*The last poem written by Longfellow, under date of March 15, 1882.

And round about us there
 The white doves filled the air,
 Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown
 Forgetful of their own?
 Are they asleep, or dead,
 That open to the sky
 Their ruined Missions lie,
 No longer tenanted?

"Oh, bring us back once more
 The vanished days of yore,
 When the world with faith was filled;
 Bring back the fervid zeal,
 The hearts of fire and steel,
 The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again
 We will send over land and main
 Our voices of command,
 Like exiled kings who return
 To their thrones, and the people learn
 That the Priest is lord of the land!"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
 Ye call back the past again!
 The past is deaf to your prayer:
 Out of the shadows of night
 The world rolls into light;
 It is daybreak everywhere.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, regarded by some as the greatest genius America has produced, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, and graduated from Bowdoin College in the same class with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was induced, through a promise in college to his classmate, the Rev. George B. Cheever, to write for the press, and it is said that this old friend infused into the desponding genius "somewhat of his own life and spirit." Goodrich, who was editing an annual in Boston, published the first contribution from his pen, and thus Hawthorne was set forth on his shining way. The new star was hailed with generous enthusiasm by Longfellow, who in a review of his "Twice-Told Tales" said: "The book, though in prose, is nevertheless written by a poet. What is worthy of mention, he never wrote poetry, not even a carrier's address." And yet a curious fragment of verse, we could hardly say poetry, was written by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his early youth, when he was about thirteen years of age, and residing with his mother at Raymond, Me., where she, grieving for the loss of her husband, had sought and found complete seclusion. He was a shipmaster, and died of yellow fever at Havana in 1810. A correspondent of the *Portland Transcript*, writing from Alexandria, Va., under date of June 4, 1870, while giving some interesting reminiscences of the boy life of Hawthorne at Raymond, mentions the incident of the reading of two poems by "Nat" to his

companions who thought them "terrible pretty." One of these pieces related to the Tarbox disaster, but the correspondent could not recollect a line of either. In a note by the editor he states, "We have been fortunate enough to procure the fragment given below,"—alluding to a fragment of the other poem. He then continues: "A West Harpswell correspondent, 'M. O. B.', says,—'I find it in a copy-book of my mother's, where it was written in 1819, though for some reason all the verses are not written.' Doubtless some other old copy-book will yet give up the remainder of this curious ballad. "Our readers," continues the editor of the *Transcript*, "will be reminded of what one of our correspondents said about the austere religious training of the boy, by the pious ejaculations contained in these verses." We publish a few lines of this curious fragment, simply on account of their association. The life and works of Hawthorne are too well-known to need an extended sketch. He died in the spring of 1864, while on a journey through New Hampshire, accompanied by his life-long friend, ex-President Pierce.

A MOURNFUL SONG.

On the death of the wife and child of Mr. Nathaniel Knight, of Windham, who fell off the bridge at the falls above Horse-beef Mills, on Presumpscot river, Feb. 22, 1804.

All ye kind husbands, pray draw near,
Attend to me with listening ear,
While solemnly I show to you
An awful scene, but surely true.
And loving wives, do you draw round,
To you indeed a solemn sound;
O Lord, come nigh, and help us all,
To hear this loud awakening call.
And thou, my soul, come meditate
Upon the stroke of death so late.
Lord, help my mind and pen and heart
To give to all their proper part.
This hapless man and wife so dear,
To worship God, meant to appear.
Towards His house they both did ride
With her young child held at her side;
But o'er the bridge as they did ride,
His headstrong horse he could not guide,
And springing out to hold him right,
He could not with his utmost might,
And, notwithstanding his loud "Whoa!"*
His horse and sleigh o'erboard did go.
His wife and child plunged in the deep,
While he upon the bridge did keep.
He reached his whip to his dear wife,
Which she seized fast to save her life.

*The phraseology of this line has been slightly changed by the compiler, as the copy seen is evidently not exactly like the original.

Frederic Mellen.

Son of the distinguished jurist, Chief Justice Prentiss Mellen, and younger brother of Grenville Mellen; was born in Biddeford, Maine, Dec. 3, 1804. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the same class with Henry W. Longfellow. He studied law, and opened an office in Portland, but his tastes inclining to poetry and art, he never practiced to any extent. He not only possessed a very delightful and delicate poetic talent, but bade fair to arrive at distinction in the art of painting, having a peculiar aptitude for the finest combinations of forms and colors. Some of his landscapes are still in the possession of families in Portland. He removed to Boston, and died there Aug. 13, 1834. Mr. Mellen had a happy, genial disposition, devoted to the elegant work of his choice, but careless of fame. The *Portland Transcript*, under date of Dec. 9, 1882, gave an unpublished poem from his pen.

SABBATH EVENING.

List! there is music in the air!
 It is the Sabbath evening bell,
 Chiming the vesper hour of prayer
 O'er mountain top and lowland dell.
 And infancy and age are seen,
 Slow winding o'er the church-yard green.

It is the eve of rest; the light
 Still lingers on the moss-grown tower,
 While to the drowsy ear of night,
 Slowly it marks the evening hour;
 'T is hushed! and all is silent there,
 Save the low, fervent voice of prayer.

And now, far down the quiet vale,
 Sweet hymnings on the air float by;
 Hushing the whip-poor-will's sad wail,
 With its own plaintive melody.
 They breathe of peace, like the sweet strains
 That swept at night o'er Bethlehem's plains.

And heads are bowed, as the low hymn
 Steals through that gray and time-worn pile;
 And the altar-lights burn faint and dim,
 In the long and moss-grown aisle.
 And the distant footfall echoes loud,
 Above that hushed and kneeling crowd.

And now beneath the old elm shade,
 Where the cold moon-beams may not smile,
 Bright flowers upon the graves are laid,
 And sad tears shed unseen the while,—
 The last sweet gift affection brings,
 To deck the earth to which it clings.

How beautiful those simple flowers
 Strewn o'er that silent spot now sleep;
 Still wet with summer's gentle showers,
 As if they too could feel and weep!
 They fade and die; the wintry wind
 Shall leave no trace of them behind.

The bright new moon hath set; the light
 Is fading on the far blue hills;
 And on the passing breeze of night,
 The music of ten thousand rills
 Comes echoing through the twilight gray,
 With the lone watch-dog's distant bay.

The crowd hath passed away; the prayer
 And low-breathed evening hymn are gone;
 The cold mist only lingers there,
 O'er the dark moss and mould'ring stone;
 And the stars shine brightly o'er the glen
 Where rest the quiet homes of men.

VENETIAN MOONLIGHT.

'T was moonlight on Venetia's sea,
 And every fragrant bower and tree
 Smiled in the glorious light.
 The thousand isles that clustered there
 Ne'er in their life looked half so fair
 As on that happy night.

A thousand sparkling lights were set
 On every dome and minaret,
 While through the marble halls
 The gush of cooling fountains came,
 And crystal lamps sent far their flame
 Upon the high-arched walls.

But sweeter far on Adria's sea,
 The gondolier's wild minstrelsy
 In accents low began;
 While sounding harp and martial zell,
 The music joined, till the rich swell
 Seemed heaven's wide arch to span.

Then faintly ceasing—one by one,
 That plaintive voice breathed on alone,
 Its wild, heart-soothing lay:

And then again that moonlight band,
Started as if by magic wand,

In one bold burst away.

The joyous laugh came on the breeze.
And, 'mid the bright o'erhanging trees,
The mazy dance went round:
And, as in joyous ring they flew,
The smiling nymphs the wild flowers threw.
That clustered on the ground.

Soft as a summer evening's sigh,
From each o'erhanging balcony,
Low, fervent whisperings fell;
And many a heart upon that night
On fancy's pinions sped its light
Where holier beings dwell.

Each lovely form the eye might see,
The dark-browed maid of Italy,
With love's own sparkling eyes:
The fairy Swiss—all—all that night
Smiled in the moonbeam's silvery light,
Fair as their native skies.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

This is one of the most noted American women now living. She was Elizabeth Oakes Prince, born in the city of Portland, about 1807, and was united in marriage to Seba Smith, Esq., elsewhere represented in this volume, in 1823. She is Mrs. Oaksmith by courtesy, and her sons are Oaksmiths by act of legislature. Mrs. Smith has had six sons, of whom any mother might well be proud; two of them have been married, and three of them are still living. Mrs. Smith has long stood before the public eye as Essayist, Poet, Novelist, Lecturer and Preacher. Her first poem of any length was published in 1842, under the title of "The Sinless Child," and contained some of the most beautiful passages in the English language. Mrs. Smith possesses a highly cultured and enlarged mind, has been a pioneer in more than one new field for female talent, and well deserves the position she occupies in the front rank of the gifted writers of the day. The late E. P. Whipple, Emerson, Theodore Parker, and a host of other advanced thinkers, were her life-long friends, and admirers of Mrs. Smith's literary work. We are informed by letter from Mrs. Smith that her Autobiography is well under way. Not only her own boys, but several of her grandchildren, are poets. May this estimable lady, who has lived to a serene old age, until the very last have complete control over the domain of thought and emotion.

THE AMARANTH.

Thou art not of earth, thou beautiful thing,
With thy changeless form and hue—
For thou in thy heart hast ever borne
A drop of that living dew
That nourished thee, when earth was young,
And the music of Eden around thee rung.

Thou art not of earth; no change is thine—
 No touch of death or decay;
 And the airs that fanned thee in Paradise,
 Seem over thy leaves to play;
 And they whisper still of fadeless bowers,
 Where never shall wither the blooming flowers.

Thou art not of earth; thou changest not.
 When the wintry blast is nigh,
 Though thy scattered leaves are wildly tossed
 On the wind as it rushes by;
 For even then, in that hour of dread,
 Not a hue of beauty hath left the dead.

I deem that Eve, when in terror forced
 From her Eden home to part,
 Must have sadly looked on those fadeless bowers,
 And clasped thee to her heart—
 And thou in thy exile still dost tell
 Of a changeless home where the good shall dwell.

PROGRESSION.

Hope on, hope on, O restless heart!
 Though dark the hour may be—
 For e'en in all thy struggles know
 A glory waits for thee!
 O keep thee still the dew of youth—
 Still hold thou fast unto the truth.
 What though the strong desires sent forth
 Unequal ends attain—
 And thy intensest thought result
 That all of earth is vain—
 O not in vain, if truth and right
 But arm thee with heroic might.
 Toil on, for like the pillared stone
 O'er which the moss has crept,
 And veiled the record there inscribed
 While ages round it slept—
 Thus, thou mayst on thy tablet read
 A truth to meet thine utmost need;
 Hast thou, in this unequal strife,
 But tendest to a goal,
 Whose object realized shall fill
 The vastness of the soul—
 These ardent hopes—these wishes high,
 Belong to that which cannot die.

THE SAME OLD SONG.

Mothers, out of the mother-heart,
 Fashion a song both soft and low,
Always the same dear mother art,
 Rocking the baby to and fro,
Always a lazy, loving crone,
 Hummed in a sleepy undertone.

Down the baby snuggles to sleep,
 Winking as long as wink he may;
Now with a kick he tries to keep
 The tricksy god from his eyes away.
“We-wa, We-wa,” long ago,
 The Indian mother chanted low.

“We-eng,” she said, on the baby’s brow,
 Softly struck with his wee war-club;
Astride of his nose he playeth slow
 With his little fist a rub-a-dub.
“We-wa, We-wa,” tender and low,
 Rocking the baby to and fro.

“Le-ro-la, Le-ro-la,” ever a hum,
 Like murmuring bees in the golden light.
Under the palm trees mothers come—
 Ethiope mothers, dark as night—
Chanting the same old silvery flow,
 Rocking the baby to and fro.

Mothers, too, with the snowy skin,
 “Bye-lo, Bye-lo,” tenderly sing,
And tell of the dustman coming in,
 Into the baby’s eyes to fling
Atoms of dust, to make him wink,
 And into Dreamland gently sink.

“We-wa, We-wa,” “Bye-lo, Bye-lo,”
 “Le-ro-la, Le-ro-la,” tenderly sing,
Ever the tune of the long ago.

Out of the motherly heart it came,
Born of a sense that mothers know,
Rocking the baby to and fro.

Black or white or bronze the hue,
 Always the same sweet tune is heard,
The sweetest song earth ever knew,
 Happy as thrill of the nestling bird.
Mothers, content in the twilight glow,
 Are rocking their babies to and fro.

Mothers, out of the mother-heart,
 Fashion a song both sweet and low,
 Always the same dear mother art,
 Rocking the baby to and fro,
 Always a lazy, loving crone,
 Hummed in a dreamy undertone.

TO PORTLAND.

FROM A CENTENNIAL POEM.

O City of my heart! in dreams,
 Sweet dreams, I see thee as of yore,
 And catch the light's first early beams
 Glint over White Head's roar;
 Old Ocean's Daughter! beam with smiles,
 And wear thy royal crest,
 Three hundred sixty-five green isles
 Sleep on old Casco's breast.

And each is fair and bright to see,
 With tuft of breezy pine,
 Where I have often longed to be
 In these long years of mine:
 Accept, fair daughter of the sea,
 A simple, loving rhyme.
 For thou hast always been to me,
 A tender, solemn chime,

Such as the mariner has heard
 Far out upon the sea,
 Where bell of church or song of bird
 Could never hope to be.
 But village bell and song of bird
 Had furnished memory's cell
 With many a whispered sound and word
 Remembered over-well.

* * * * *

Neal dashed his hand with daring sweep,
 And sang how Alpine snow,
 Remorseless, leaped from ancient sleep,
 And buried deep Goldeau;
 And Mellen! "Lone, imperial bird,"
 That "stooped his tireless wing,"
 By Portland poets should be heard,
 With no uncertain ring.

* * * * *

They who may never hope to reach
 The higher round of fame,
 Lay down their laurels all and each,
 At Longfellow's pure name;
 But who can tell how sad the soul
 Shrunk from the stripe away,
 As years on years, the deathless roll,
 Ignored their humble lay!

Farewell! oh, daughter of the sea,
 Right royally thy throne
 O'erlooks the isles that wait on thee,
 Where White Head sits alone;
 Thy regal head bears not a scar
 From all the perils past;
 Thine is the glory of the star,
 When skies are overcast!

*

Ephraim Peabody.

Rev. Ephraim Peabody, born in Wilton, N. H., in 1807, and who received his school training first at Dummer Academy, Byfield, was a graduate of Bowdoin College, in the class of 1827. Several members of this class published in the Senior year a periodical called the *Escritoir*, which was the only periodical of the kind that had ever been published by the Bowdoin students. Dr. Peabody was also concerned in the *Lafayette Hoax* in Brunswick, when Cleaveland played the part of Lafayette even to the most tender salutation of the ladies. Mr. Peabody became a Unitarian clergyman, and in 1846 was settled over King's Chapel, Boston, where he preached acceptably for ten years. He died in 1856.

NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

The unfathomable cope of heaven!
 The deep and silent sky!
 Through the narrow forest opening,
 Looks down its peaceful eye.
 The tranquil stars pass o'er me one by one—
 • The silver clouds rise up—float o'er—are gone.

The forest pines which circle round
 Like dark towers at my side,
 But show the depths of the dim vault,
 Where the holy stars abide.
 Unsounded void! yet deepening whilst I gaze,
 Till the eye swims that through thy clear deep strays.

The night is hushed like sleep;—the roar
 Of the great wilderness is still;
 The breeze is sleeping midst its leaves.
 The brook beneath its hill;
 On branch and leaf, and in their gloomy shade,
 The silence of eternity is laid.

The moving heavens! the Spirit's power
 In glory bids them roll;
 The music of the many spheres—
 'T is sounding through the soul!
 The Vast! the Beautiful! in mystery,
 Deep in the soul's abyss unseen they lie.

Sea—heavens—ye settled hills that lift
 Your brows into the blue,
 Like altars reared to God—the soul
 Is mightier than you,—
 Yea, gives you all your glory—gives the light,
 Which lifts you up from nothingness and night.

O God! who breathed into the soul
 A power from thine own power,
 Teach me to know the uncounted worth
 Of this celestial dower.
 O may I ne'er defile with earth and sense
 This image of thine own Omnipotence.

WEST'S PICTURE OF THE INFANT SAMUEL.

In childhood's spring—ah! blessed spring!
 (As flowers closed up at even,
 Unfold in morning's earliest beam.)
 The heart unfolds to heaven.
 Ah! blessed child! that trustingly
 Adores, and loves, and fears,
 And to a Father's voice replies.
 Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When youth shall come—ah! blessed youth!
 If still the pure heart glows,
 And in the world and word of God,
 Its Maker's language knows;
 If in the night and in the day,
 'Midst youthful joys or fears,
 The trusting heart can answer still,
 Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When age shall come—ah! blessed age!
 If in its lengthening shade,
 When life grows faint, and earthly lights
 Recede, and sink, and fade;
 Ah! blessed age! if then heaven's light
 Dawns on the closing eye;
 And faith unto the call of God,
 Can answer, "Here am I!"

Ellen Merrill Barstow.

Ellen Merrill Barstow was born in Newburyport, Mass., May 17, 1807. In early childhood her family moved to Portland, Me., where she resided the remainder of her life. In January, 1830, she married Geo. S. Barstow, of that city. Devoted to the home circle where her character shone with the greatest lustre, she yet found a large margin of time for works of more general benefit. Flowers, literature, and active benevolent organizations, each found in her an interest that never waned. During many years her facile pen made occasional contributions in prose and verse to our secular and religious papers. She was called to her "eternal home," August 17, 1873.

THE OLD SECOND PARISH CLOCK, PORTLAND.

DESTROYED BY FIRE, JULY 4, 1868.

Relic of days gone by,
 Thou landmark ancient!
 How many an anxious eye
 Looks for thy turret high,
 Dinner expectant.

 Wearied with books and care,
 And work appetizing,
 Men gaze through empty air
 On thy old face to stare,
 Thy fate unrealizing.

 Waiting with table spread,
 And viands steaming,
 The "gude-wife" opes the door
 To watch thy hands once more,
 Of old times dreaming.

 With barking notes unpaid,
 See mortals hurrying,
 And turn to scan thy face,
 To learn how much of grace,
 And time for borrowing.

 See in the daily walks
 Glances up-turning,
 Seeking in vacant space,
 For thy familiar face—
 Thy loss discerning!

There's many a veteran, now,
 Past days recalling,
 Of tardy school-boy times,
 When came thy warning chimes,
 With sound appalling.

 Many a watcher, oft,
 Night vigils keeping,
 Has blest thy cheering tones,
 Telling the morning comes,
 While all were sleeping.

 And many an eye long closed
 On all earth's seeming.
 Has watched while here below,
 Through tears of joy or woe,
 Thy face, truth beaming.

 Faithful on watch-tower high,
 To true time beating,
 No hour went idly by
 Without thy warning cry,
 Of moments fleeting.

 Borne on the midnight air
 Came thy last pealing,
 Thy work for time was done,
 Sadly the morning sun,—
 Thy wreck revealing.

THE CITY BY MY WALL.

I know of a densely thronged city,
 Where echoes no noisy footfall,
 Where in station all classes are equal,
 Just over my garden wall.

In the crowd, closely huddled together,
 Are the rich and the poor—great and small;
 Yet no one there jostles his neighbor,
 In this city just over my wall.

Here are those who bled for our banner,
 Where the deep mocked the warrior's call;
 Undisturbed now by tempest or battle,
 As they dwell with the brave by my wall.

There are those who as foes met in battle,*
 'Midst the whirr of the death-dealing ball,
 Not as victor and vanquished they meet here,
 In this city just over my wall.

They meet as meet those of one household,
 Where weary feet come at night-fall;
 Old ocean their lullaby chanting,
 As they sleep side by side, 'neath my wall.

Here are hearts which once glowed with devotion,
 From whose eloquent lips there would fall
 Thrilling words of man's sin and redemption,
 Silent teachers! are these by my wall.

And often, when earth-worn and weary,
 I turn from care's clamorous call,
 To refresh me with silent communings
 With the quiet crowd, just by my wall.

How vain here seem earthly distinctions,
 How vain seems ambition's loud call;
 Little heed these the world's fierce contentions,
 All is peace with this throng by my wall.

How vain, too, seem earth's eager grasping,
 Its hatred, or envy, when all
 An equal spot soon shall inherit
 In this city, just over my wall.

*Captains Blythe and Burrows, and Lieut. Waters, of the Enterprise and Boxer, are buried in the Eastern Cemetery, adjoining the garden of the author.

In this city, where softly the shadows
 On each weary head silent fall,
 All to one mother's bosom are folded,
 In this home of the dead by my wall.

Luella J. B. Case.

Mrs. Case, the eldest daughter of Levi Bartlett, M. D., and granddaughter of Hon. Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of our National Independence, was born in Kingston, N. H., Dec. 30, 1807, and died Oct. 30, 1857. Mrs. Case resided for quite a period in Portland, and her husband during that time was editor of the *Eastern Argus*. She frequently contributed to *The Rose of Sharon*, *The Ladies' Repository*, *The Universalist Review*, and many other periodicals, and was, in prose and poetry, alike felicitous; her diction always finding access to the heart, impressing others with the purity and exaltation of her spirit. Mrs. Case's only sister, a lady of great personal attraction and amiability of character, was the wife of Hon. F. O. J. Smith, of Portland.

MORAL MIGHT.

Thy voice rings out where regal halls
 Thrill to the clash of mind,
 Where young reform, and gray-beard wrong
 Unequal contests find.

Unswerving thou wilt ever stand
 The champion of the right,
 And listening senates yet shall feel
 Thy dauntless moral might.

Thou wilt be blest; but not as now
 Thou dost so fondly trust,
 But with the joy that ever waits
 The high-souled and the just.

For thy pure life must ever prove
 A blessing to mankind.
 And nations might be proud to wear
 The impress of thy mind.

DREAMS.

There is a bright ideal world
 Held by thy vision now,
 I read it in thine earnest eye,
 I see it on thy brow.
 I would, I would it might not pass
 From out thy manhood years,
 But thou hast Genius' soaring hopes,
 And thou must know its fears.

Too beautiful for earth—those dreams!
 They will not, cannot stay,
 And day by day, and year by year,
 Must bear their light away.
 Yet courage still! for higher things
 Are latent in thy soul,
 And manhood yet shall see their power
 In sweeping grandeur roll.

Elizabeth Smith Dyer.

Mrs. E. S. Dyer was born in Needham, Massachusetts, April 13, 1808, and obtained her education at the district school, with the exception of a few academical terms in the adjacent town of Dedham. She has resided nearly thirty years in the village of Oldtown, Maine, has been twice married, and is now a widow. Mrs. Dyer has written much, and some of her poems have appeared in various "Gift-Books" and holiday publications. She has used various signatures, chiefly that of "Lizette."

THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY.

From Plymouth Rock, on which our sires
 Zealous for God, and strong for right,
 Kindled the flame of Freedom's fires,
 Streams forth a still increasing light;
 And Liberty, baptized in blood,
 Waves high her torch o'er land and flood!

It lights the Atlantic's citied shores,
 Glows on Pacific's glittering strand;
 It gilds the sails that waft our stores
 To every sun-lit, wave-washed land.
 Proud nations own its checkless sway,
 And exiles bless its beacon ray.

Where council fires burned fierce of yore,
 Its clear, unwavering radiance falls;
 Nor fails it equal warmth to pour
 On temple domes and cottage walls.
 Where'er it shines, there brood in love,
 The flame-eyed eagle and the dove.

It gleams athwart Time's future age,—
 It glorifies our heroes' scars,
 And writes our youthful history's page,
 With rays as quenchless as the stars;
 Flakes the white wings of Peace—her breast
 Unruffled by the world's unrest.

Science, Philosophy and Art,
March cowless in its heaven-fed rays;
From sacred fanes grim shades depart,
Chased by its truth-diffusing blaze.
And, Father, where we kneel to Thee,
Burns the pure light of Liberty,

Daniel Dole.

Born in Bloomfield, now Skowhegan, September, 1808. Graduated at the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1833, received ordination in the following year, and, under appointment from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, embarked for the Sandwich Islands, arriving in the spring of 1841. He was made principal of the Punahoa School, and when it was incorporated as Oahu College was appointed its president, and held the position until 1855. He then removed to Koloa, in the island of Kauai, yet continuing his work as a teacher, in which he was highly successful. His fondness for classical study led him to prepare students for the colleges of his native land. He revisited Maine a few years since, and was warmly greeted at the Commencement of Bowdoin College. Mr. Dole died in August, 1878.

A PEACE HYMN.

Speed on, O Prince of Peace,
The long-expected day,
When fierce-embattled strife shall cease,
And the wild war-horn's bray.

Adorned in radiant hues,
That glorious day shall rise;
A lovelier bloom the earth suffuse,
A purer light, the skies.

No more shall madly rush
The warrior to the plain,
No more shall tears unbidden gush,
For the untimely slain.

Then shall as sweet a song
As hailed Messiah's birth,
In living music float along
O'er all the bliss-clad earth.

Samuel Francis Smith.

Samuel F. Smith, D. D., a graduate of Waterville College, now Colby University, was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 21, 1808. From 1834 to 1842 he was pastor of the First Baptist Church at Waterville, this State, and during the same period professor of modern languages in Waterville College. He was for several years editor of *The Christian Review*, Boston, and of the publications of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He has spent several years abroad, and now resides at Newton Centre, Mass. He is the author of the national hymn, "My Country, 'T is of Thee" (written in 1832) and the missionary hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking," (in same year) and has made many translations. He has also compiled several hymn-books, and has written valuable biographies, besides contributing to many periodicals. We take pleasure in announcing that the poem, "To a Bereaved Mother," has been specially written for "THE POETS OF MAINE."

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing.
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

SHINE ON.

Shine on, "Lone Star!"* Thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night:
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

*The Mission to the Telugus in India. Its unfruitfulness for many years led to the proposal to abandon it; but soon after this poem was written, it became the most successful mission of modern times.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray;
The lonely star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres;
Lone stars in heaven are not despised.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" Who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new "lost pleiad" from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on, "Lone Star!" The day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou:
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" till earth redeemed
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "crown the Saviour Lord of all."

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

O mourn not, fond mother, the joys that depart,
There is comfort and peace for the stricken in heart;
God has taken the spirit that basked in thy love,
"The beautiful angels" have borne it above.

The plant that you reared to brighten earth's gloom,
Had fastened its roots in the soil of the tomb;
It smiled in your garden, so gentle and fair,
It has climbed o'er the wall, and is blossoming there.

The jewel you wore with pride on your breast,
Now flashes its light in the land of the blest;
The rose is still fragrant though torn from the stem,
The setting is ruined, but safe is the gem.

Then gird thee to labor, to trial, to love,
The treasure, still thine, awaits thee above;
Be faithful, be earnest, night soon will be riven,
And the lost one of earth be thy jewel in heaven.

Ray Palmer.

Ray Palmer, D. D., author of the famous hymn, "My Faith Looks up to Thee," was born at Little Compton, R. I., Nov. 12, 1808, and died in New York City, Mar. 29, 1887, aged 78 years. From 1835 to 1850 he was pastor of the Congregational Church in Bath, and is, therefore, represented in this volume. In 1847 he made a tour through Europe, notes of which were published in *The Christian Mirror* of Portland. Mr. Palmer, during his residence in Maine, was on the board of overseers of Bowdoin College, and took an active interest in education and literature. He was the author of several religious books, most of which have been republished in London and Edinburgh.

"MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."*

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

"LORD, MY WEAK THOUGHT IN VAIN WOULD CLIMB."

Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb,
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
To find Creation's outmost bound.

But weaker still that thought must prove,
To search Thy great, eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love,
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

*Originally written December, 1830.

Be this my joy, that evermore
 Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
 Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
 And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

George Washington Light.

Born in Portland, Jan. 21, 1809, and died in Somerville, Mass., Jan. 27, 1868. Mr. Light was publisher of the *American Monthly Magazine*, in Boston, from 1830 to 1832; he also edited the *Young American's Magazine* and the *Young Mechanic*, in the same city. A small volume of his poems was published in Boston in 1853.

/ KEEP AT WORK.

Does a mountain on you frown?
 Keep at work;
 You may undermine it yet;
 If you stand and thump its base,
 Sorry bruises you may get,—
 Keep at work.

Will Miss Fortune's face look sour?
 Keep at work;
 She may smile again, some day;
 If you pull your hair and fret,
 Rest assured she'll have her way,—
 Keep at work.

Does the world lift up its heel?
 Keep at work;
 Whether it be wrong or right,
 May be, you must bide your time;
 If for victory you fight,
 Keep at work.

If the devil growl at you,
 Keep at work;
 That's the best way to resist:
 If you hold an argument,
 You may feel his iron fist,—
 Keep at work.

Are your talents vilified?
 Keep at work;
 Greater men than you are hated;
 If you're right then go ahead—
 Grit will be appreciated,—
 Keep at work.

Everything is done by labor;
 Keep at work,
 If you would improve your station:
 They have help from Providence,
 Who work out their own salvation,—
 Keep at work. /

THE SOMERSET.

While an Irishman was riding
 Over Cambridge bridge,
 Gazing at the glassy water,
 Near old Cragie's* edge,

 There he saw that luckless village
 Underneath the ground,
 Seeming tumbled topsy-turvy,
 At a single bound.

 There was sure the noble schoolhouse,
 Looking like a fool—
 Yes, the same where his young Patrick
 Daily went to school.

 Though 't was queer, he did not wonder
 That the faithless town
 Found its stubborn meeting-houses
 Whirling upside down:

 But, anear the glass-house steeple
 Stood the HOLY CROSS!
 With the CHURCH he never doubted,
 Till that wondrous toss!

 Could it be that he was seeing
 With his honest eyes!
 Or was some infernal spirit
 Filling him with lies?

 Up he sprang, and bid the driver
 Let him be his own—
 Wondering how a soul was *aisy*,
 Till the truth was known!

*The Third Ward of Cambridge, Mass., makes a village by itself, situated on what was formerly called Cragie's Point, extending into Charles River, in which it is often clearly mirrored.

When he found himself alighted,
 Feeling rather pale,
 Anxiously he fell to gazing,
 Leaning on a rail:

When, behold! above the water,
 Rose the self-same town
 He had seen, the moment previous,
 Facing wrong-side down!

"Ah!" said Pat, "*she did it nicely!*
 Let us take a wet;"
 (Pulling from his side a bottle)—
 "What a somerset!"

George Washington Snow.

G. W. Snow was born in Bangor, May 13, 1809, and lived in that city until 21 years of age, at that time going to North Carolina, where for three years, in the vicinity of Elizabeth City, he successfully taught school. He then returned to Bangor, and was employed for about one year in the office of the Register of Deeds for Penobscot County. Subsequently he was Clerk of the Common Council in Bangor for four years, and was then elected to the office of City Clerk, serving therein till 1871 (twenty-seven years). He was then chosen one of the board of city assessors, serving three years, and then became Clerk and Collector of the Bangor Water Board, which office he has filled ten years and still holds. Mr. Snow has written many pieces for celebrations, anniversaries and the like occasions, and is the author of a felicitous Masonic work entitled "The Martyrdom of Jacques de Molay."

AMBITION AND REVENGE.

How lacking wisdom is Ambition's slave!
 Though Fame's loud voice may rank him with the brave.
 Aye—and how madly blind he rushes on
 O'er bleeding hearts, until the prize be won.
 For, when his hand is stretched that prize to clasp,
 It proves a phantom to his eager grasp.

But he, within whose heart of deadly ire,
 Revenge has kindled his Gehenna fire,
 By far out-runs Ambition's swiftest fool
 In folly's race, and wins a fatal goal.
 When his intent—no longer *wish*, but *deed*—
 Is past recall, he sees the fiend that led
 Him to that goal—beholds the precipice,
 Beneath whose crags Remorse's black abyss
 Awaits his fall, while pauseless on his path
 Stalks a dread Nemesis, whose quenchless wrath
 Sleeps not, but ever, like a fiend of hate,
 Silent and swift pursues him to his fate!

Deluded fool! a demon's dupe thou art!
 Who gives thee now a scorpion in the heart,
 Whose venom poisons all life's fountain there,
 And whose sharp fangs its quivering fibres tear!

But one revengeful monarch gave no thought
 To what the path he blindly trod might lead,
 But heedless, hurried to the ends he sought.
 Revenge, Ambition, and insatiate Greed,
 The wolfish trio, regnant in his soul,
 Urged him with all their fierce, satanic power,
 With reckless haste, on to the fatal goal,
 Impatient for the long-desired hour,
 When Greed with eager hands the spoil may seize—
 Revenge gloat madly o'er his victim's pain,
 And proud Ambition crown himself with bays,
 Where coils the viper that shall pierce his brain.

THE TEMPEST DRIVEN.

Adown the gulf, adown the gulf,
 The trembling vessel flies!
 No shore or welcome haven near,
 To glad the seaman's eyes,

Adown the gulf, adown the gulf,
 She speeds her fearful way;
 The storm is dark around her track—
 No star doth lend its ray.

The billows dash with threatening roar,
 As hounds that scent their prey,
 Yet swiftly, wildly speeds she o'er
 The flashing waves away!

But now no more adown the gulf
 The lonely bark is driven,—
 Before the veering storm she reels—
 Her only sail is riven.

Across the gulf, across the gulf!
 Amid the deepening storm,
 From wave to wave she scuds away,
 Like some sea-monster's form.

Away! she may not linger there,
 For on her gleaming path,
 Like wolves that chase the flying deer,
 The billows foam in wrath.

But now away beyond the gulf,
 She finds a calmer sea,
 And clear and bright comes forth the sun,
 From tempest-clouds set free.

'Tis thus the spirit, by the strife
 Of Death relentless driven,
 Finds, far beyond the storms of life,
 A calm repose in heaven.

Benjamin Bussey Thatcher.

Third son of Hon. Samuel Thatcher, of Bangor, born in the town of Warren, Oct. 8, 1800. Entered Bowdoin College, one year in advance, at the age of thirteen years, and graduated with distinction in 1826. He adopted the law for his profession, had an office in Boston, and did enough in that line to give promise of success; but literature was more to his taste, and he soon became a contributor to the leading magazines and journals then published. He afterward edited several works, the *Colonizationist*, a volume of Mrs. Hemans's poetry, for which he wrote an eloquent preface, etc., and was author of "Indian Biography," and "Indian Traits." An article in *The Quarterly Review*, on Atlantic Steam Navigation, was contributed by him while on a visit to England. He also wrote a life of Phillis Wheatley, and one of J. Osgood Wright, a missionary. He died in Boston, July 14, 1840.

THE BIRD OF THE BASTILE.

Come to my breast, thou lone
 And weary bird!*—one tone
 Of the rare music of my childhood!—dear
 Is that strange sound to me;
 Dear is the memory
 It brings my soul of many a parted year.

Again, yet once again,
 O minstrel of the main!
 Lo! festal face and form familiar throng
 Unto my waking eye;
 And voices of the sky
 Sing from the walls of death unwonted song.

Nay, cease not—I would call
 Thus, from the silent hall
 Of the unlighted grave, the joys of old;

*A dove which a prisoner, confined from his youth, had tamed, and whose companionship he alone enjoyed.

Beam on me yet once more,
 Ye blessed eyes of yore;
Starting life-blood through all my being cold.

Ah! cease not—phantoms fair,
 Fill thick the dungeon's air;
They wave me from its gloom—I fly—I stand
 Again upon that spot,
 Which ne'er hath been forgot
In all time's tears, my own green, glorious land!

There, on each noon-bright hill,
 By fount and flashing rill,
Slowly the faint flocks sought the breezy shade;
 There gleamed the sunset's fire,
 On the tall, taper spire,
And windows low, along the upland glade.

Sing, sing!—I do not dream;
 It is my own blue stream,
Far, far below, amid the balmy vale;—
 I know it by the hedge
 Of rose-trees at its edge,
Vaunting their crimson beauty to the gale:

There, there, 'mid clustering leaves,
 Glimmer my father's eaves,
And the worn threshold of my youth beneath;—
 I know them by the moss,
 And the old elms that toss
Their lithe arms up where winds the smoke's gray wreath.

Sing, sing!—I am not mad—
 Sing! that the visions glad
May smile that smiled, and speak that spake but now;—
 Sing, sing!—I might have knelt
 And prayed; I might have felt
Their breath upon my bosom and my brow.

I might have pressed to this
 Cold bosom, in my bliss,
Each long-lost form that ancient hearth beside;
 O heaven! I might have heard,
 From living lips one word,
Thou mother of my childhood,—and have died.

Nay, nay, 'tis sweet to weep,
Ere yet in death I sleep;
It minds me I have been, and am again,—
 And the world wakes around;
 It breaks the madness bound,
While I have dreamed, those ages, on my brain.

 And sweet it is to love
 Even this gentle dove,
This breathing thing from all life else apart;—
 Ah! leave me not the gloom
 Of my eternal tomb
To bear alone—alone!—come to my heart,

 My bird!—*Thou* shalt go free;
 And come, O come to me
Again, when from the hills the spring gale blows;
 So shall I learn, at least,
 One other year hath ceased,
And the long woe throbs, lingering, to its close.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

 Oh, lightly, lightly tread
Upon these early ashes, ye that weep
For her that slumbers in the dreamless sleep
 Of this eternal bed!

 Hallow her humble tomb
With your kind sorrow, ye that knew her well,
And climbed with her youth's brief but brilliant dell,
 'Mid sunlight and fair bloom.

 Glad voices whispered round
As from the stars,—bewildering harmonies,
And visions of sweet beauty filled the skies,
 And the wide vernal ground

 With hopes like blossoms shone:
Oh, vainly these shall glow, and vainly wreath
Verdure for the veiled bosom, that may breathe
 No joy—no answering tone.

 Yet weep not for the dead
That in the glory of green youth do fall,
Ere frenzied passion or foul sin one thrall
 Upon their souls hath spread.

Weep not! They are at rest
 From misery, and madness, and all strife,
 That makes but night of day, and death of life,
 In the grave's peaceful breast.

Nor ever more shall come
 To them the breath of envy, nor the rankling eye
 Shall follow them, where side by side they lie—
 Defenceless, noiseless, dumb.

Aye—though their memory's green,
 In the fond heart, where love for them was born,
 With sorrow's silent dews, each eve, each morn,
 Be freshly kept, unseen—

Yet weep not! They shall soar
 As the freed eagle of the skies, that pined,
 But pines no more, for his own mountain wind,
 And the old ocean shore.

Rejoice! rejoice! How long
 Should the faint spirit wrestle with its clay,
 Fluttering in vain for the far cloudless day,
 And for the angels' song?

It mounts! it mounts! Oh, spread
 The banner of gay victory—and sing
 For the enfranchised—and bright garlands bring—
 But weep not for the dead!

George Burgess.

The Right Rev. George Burgess, D. D., first Bishop of Maine, was born in Providence, R. I., Oct. 31, 1809, the son of the Hon. Thomas Burgess, who was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Rhode Island, and an eminent jurist. He entered Brown University when scarcely thirteen years of age, and graduated in 1826, the youngest member of his class. He studied law in his father's office for three years, two years of which time he was tutor in the University. But, becoming dissatisfied with the legal profession, at the age of twenty, his tastes and religious views inclining him to the ministry, he sailed for Europe, and during the next three years he studied theology at Göttingen, Bonn, and Berlin. He returned to New England in the spring of 1833, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Griswold, in June, 1833, and to the priesthood by Bishop Brownell in 1834. He became rector of Christ Church (Episcopal) at Hartford, Ct., the same year, and continued in that office until October, 1847, when on the 31st day of that month he was consecrated Bishop of Maine, becoming also rector of Christ Church at Gardiner. Toward the close of his life he went to Hayti for his health, and established there an Episcopal mission. He died of paralysis at sea, while on his way to Port-au-Prince, April 23, 1866, and his remains were brought to Gardiner and buried in the cemetery there. His writings include a metrical version of a portion of the Psalms (1840), "The Last Enemy Conquered and Conquering" (1851), and "Sermons on the Christian Life" (1854). Since his death a volume of poems from his pen has been published.

THE HOURS.

1 A. M.

ONE! Lord, whose daily mercies number
My waking hours and hours of slumber,
Launched on life's everlasting sea,
I ask the gales that waft to Thee!

Two! 'Tis the watcher's loneliest hour;
The realm of night has darkest power;
O Father, let Thine angels keep
Kind watches o'er a world asleep!

THREE! Ere the dawn's first infant breath
Floats o'er the vales a chill of death;
Oh, drive these murky shades afar,
And come, thou bright and morning Star!

FOUR! And the early laborer wakes;
Gray o'er the hills the day-dawn breaks:
Oh, warm my heart, celestial ray,
And shine, and mount, till all be day!

FIVE! And beside their peaceful beds
Bow golden locks and hoary heads;
And blessings load the balmy air,
And strew the way of praise and prayer.

SIX! Night is past and day is here;
Its voices murmur to my ear—
“Twelve hours the great Taskmaster gave;
Work, and BE MINDFUL OF THY GRAVE!”

SEVEN! Give this day our daily bread!
'T is Thou the countless boards hast spread
Where households meet, and kneel, and part,
For hall and chamber, field and mart.

EIGHT! And the hours are swift of flight,
Where love, and home, and young delight,
And hope, and cheerful labor, leave
No spectres for the distant eve.

NINE! Blessings, blessings on the sound
Of humble school-bells, clashing round;
The merry sowers forth they ring,
And gray-haired men the sheaves shall bring.

TEN! Here we till no Eden's soil;
 All worthy gain is wrung by toil;
 The world's vast toil, O Father, guide,
 Thy kingdom first, then all beside!

ELEVEN! And morn has sped so soon;
 Haste, or the journey stays till noon:
 Woe, if the joyous noon-day sun
 Look down, and naught be yet begun!

TWELVE! Heaven puts on its dazzling robe,
 And festal pomp girds round the globe;
 For God is love, and life, and light,
 And joy, and majesty, and right.

I P. M.

ONE! One step downward! Oh, be mine
 The fruitful morning's rich decline,
 And faith's calm vision clear and clearer,
 As hope's bright shore grows near and nearer!

Two! Victory hovering in the West,
 The soldier craves not soon to rest;
 With wiser heart and cooler nerve,
 Content to suffer and to serve.

THREE! Shadowing clouds course o'er the plain,
 And gentle breezes curl the main;
 And sober toil is half repose,
 While day sinks lovelier than it rose.

FOUR! If along life's dusty street
 A moment pause my way-worn feet,
 May some kind angel stoop and smile,
 And whisper sweet, "A little while!"

FIVE! The long shadows of the hills,
 A pensive, pleasing music fills,
 Where Nature, with all sounds of peace,
 Gives the kind signal of release.

SIX! And the twelve hours' toil is past!
 O Father, bring us home at last!
 Home, as at eve we love to meet;
 No clouded eye, no vacant seat!

SEVEN! And as star by star appears,
 All heaven the desert wanderer cheers,
 Maps the dark pathway o'er the billow,
 And smiles on childhood's weary pillow.

EIGHT! Now the moon, with silver shield,
Pale splendor pours o'er wave and field;
Oh thus, when brighter joys depart,
Let soothing peace still fold my heart!

NINE! And our curfew! Bending low,
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;"
And Thou, whose love the long day gave,
Still pardon, succor, guide, and save!

TEN! Who would loiter in the dance,
Where pleasure hangs on folly's glance,
While night sits throned in starry blaze,
And tells us more than all our days?

ELEVEN! The sentry walks the camp;
The student lingers o'er the lamp;
The world may sleep, but I would wake,
And watch, and toil, for love's sweet sake.

TWELVE! Echoing through the midnight halls,
The knell of time to judgment calls;
O Saviour, write my daily story,
Till I shall sleep and wake in glory!

[Servant of God! *thine* "hour" has come,
The knell of time has called thee home;
While angels chant the written story,
Thy sleep is but the way to glory. A. D. E.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S DREAM.

Tired with the sultry noonday toil,
I laid me on the grassy soil,
 Where stately o'er my head,
An oak's broad branches, with the sound
 Of winds on distant errand bound,
Their fanning coolness spread,
 And, glistening through them, far on high,
The summer sun went down the sky.
 The strange, low notes that nature blends,
 Like soothing words of ancient friends,
 Came gently on my soul:
A child once more, I heard the bee,

The bird, the wind, the whispering tree,
And that unearthly harmony
 O'er all my senses stole;
Till, stretched along the hillock's side,
I dreamed, and in my dream I died.

With one short moment's bursting strife,
 My spirit upward sprung;
But on the verge of either life
 Yet one short moment hung;
Above the dead I seemed to bow,
I seemed to touch the clay-cold brow,
 And close the fading eye,
And still the murmuring branches stirred,
And, soaring still, the forest bird
 Sent out its joyous cry.

But these were like the scenes of night,
While I awoke, and bathed in light
That round me far unveiled to sight
 A world all dim before:
And life, as if an inward fount,
 O'erflowed me and upbore,
As on light plumes of love to mount,
 And journey and adore.
I was as one who, on the main,
Has caught and lost a landward strain,
That came, and broke, and came again,
 'Mid the hoarse billows' roar,
But near as now his vessel floats,
Sound matched with sound, the choral notes
 Pour warbling from the shore:
So all which e'er to joy or prayer
 Had moved my grateful heart,
Seemed in one glorious hymn to bear
 Its own melodious part.
The solemn voice of woods and streams;
The song of evening's fading beams;
 The ocean's swell and fall;
And this fair chain of living things,
From glittering clouds of insect wings,
To nations rallying round their kings;
As from ten thousand thousand strings,
 One music spread from all:
A strain of glory, heard above;
And heard on earth, a strain of love.

But oh, with what a bounding thrill
I feel the airs that never chill,
 The strength that knows not years!
No cloud in all the heaven's sweet blue;
No more of doubt, where all was true;
No death to close the longing view;
 No dream of future tears!
The way was passed; and I could stand,
As if on Jordan's farther strand;
As if, the palm-branch in my hand,
 The chaplet on my brow,
A wanderer resting at his home,

A pilgrim at the holy dome,
To Zion's mountain I were come—
 Eternity was now!
O joy, beneath the gathered sail,
To hear from far the howling gale,
 And feel the haven won!
O joy, along the well-fought field,
To see the conqueror's spear and shield
 Give back the setting sun!
All, all was mine, and battle's din,
And the wild sea of grief and sin,
No more with morn should yet begin;
 For all their work was done.

I took no note of earthly hours;
 Alike of months or moments sped:
I stretched the wing of inward powers,
 And far or near might tread:
And now it seemed as I had bowed,
Where rides in heaven some Sabbath cloud,
And still a lingering gaze had cast
On those green vales whose woes were past.
Then forth the fire of gladness broke,
And all my new-born memory spoke,
And all its raptures rushed to meet
 In yon best psalm of happiest days,
“My thought on God shall still be sweet,
 And all my being shall be praise.”
. I praised the Maker's breath that gave
 A life that bloomed not for the grave:
I praised the Saviour, that to save
 From more than mortal loss,
He was the brother of the slave,

And drank the deep and bitter wave,
 And triumphed by the cross:
 I praised the Spirit's sevenfold flame,
 That now from all my spirit's frame,
 With might that last in death o'ercame,
 Had melted all its dross.
 "And now, O Lord of life," I cried,
 "Around me spread, unknown and wide
 Thy ways, a pathless sea;
 But Thy dear love till now is tried,
 And I will go where Thou wilt guide,
 And where Thou art I dare abide,
 Forever safe in Thee!"

Henry Weld Fuller, Jr.

Born in Augusta, January, 1810. His father, Hon. H. W. Fuller, was a leading lawyer, and his mother was sister of Miss Hannah F. Gould, the poetess. Fuller graduated at Bowdoin with the salutatory, and, when made Master of Arts, had the Latin valedictory. Later, he pronounced the annual oration before the Athenaeum Society. After reading law at Cambridge, he spent several months in Florida for his health, and, soon after his arrival there, had his legal skill put to the test in the trial of an Indian chief, and prosecuted his defence with marked success. The reputation which this gave him led to his being summoned to Tallahassee to defend a negro for murder, and, by procuring the acquittal of the prisoner, he received a sufficient sum to meet the expenses of his nine months' sojourn, and furnish himself with a library. Returning to Augusta, he became partner with his father for ten years. He afterwards removed to Boston, and continued the practice of law for thirteen years, when he was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, and held the position eleven years, when he resigned, and has since then acted as trustee and treasurer for different persons and corporations. His love of horticulture and agriculture led him to purchase a farm a few miles from Boston, which he converted into the Woodlawn Cemetery. He is now vice-president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and Chairman of the Society of Arts, Institute of Technology, Boston.

THE VICTIM.

I knew her when a playful girl,
 With sunny cheek and brow—
 Her flowing hair and glossy curl
 I well remember now.

For her I plucked the sweetest flower,
 And earliest of the fruit,
 And sought rich shells upon the shore
 To string about her lute.

I saw her when the simple days
 Of childhood all were o'er,
 As unaffected in her ways,
 And perfect as before.

She was the brightest gem I met
Within the halls of mirth,
And every feature was so sweet,
I deemed her not of earth.

Her fairy form and buoyant air
Bespoke a spirit free;
And graceful as the gossamer
She passed away from me.

I saw her next in holy hour
Float up the sacred aisle,
And with the FAITHLESS kneel before
The altar-place awhile.

I saw the priest, the book, the ring,
And heard the vows they spake,
I knew he did a heartless thing,—
He vowed but to forsake.

With bounding step I saw her go
In splendor to her home,
Without a shade of present woe,
Or fear of aught to come.

But oh! a change! that once bright eye
Disclosed a burdened soul;
For he who shared her destiny
Bowed at the maddening bowl.

Ye who have seen affliction steal
The health-glow from the cheek,
When eye and brow and step reveal
What lip may never speak,—

Chide not, that o'er the early sleep
Of one so soon at rest,
I pause in sympathy to weep,
Upon the grave's green breast.

Ann Sophia Winterbotham Stephens.

This distinguished authoress, the first woman who ever received a cablegram across the ocean, and that from Queen Victoria, was born in Derby, Conn., 1810, and died in the seventy-seventh year of her age, Aug. 20, 1886, at the summer residence of her publisher, C. J. Peterson, Newport, R. I. With her the last of what may be called the first generation of American female authors passed away. She began writing at the early age of 17, taking her first story to the office of John Neal, at Portland, for his opinion. He describes

her as a "woman of great original genius, with poetry in her blood, patient, industrious, and full of impassioned enthusiasm." The number of her novels has been stated as high as fifty, and one of them, "Fashion and Famine," had the most extensive sale of any story of the day—paralleled only by Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." One of her historical novels, "Anne Boleyn," was also very much liked. Three different translations of "Fashion and Famine," were made into French. Mrs. S. was editor of *The Portland Magazine* for the year 1835-6. She received \$3,000 from Peterson for a prize serial story. Mrs. Stephens left a son and daughter, both, we believe, born in Portland.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

Dearest, I'm dying:—bend thee down
 One little moment by my bed,
 And let the shadow of thy hair
 Fall gently o'er my aching head.

Oh, raise me up, and let me feel
 Once more the beating of thy heart;
 And press thy lips again to mine
 Before in midnight death we part.

Nay, tremble not; but fold me close,
 Pillowed upon thine own dear breast,
 I fain would let my struggling soul
 Pass forth to its eternal rest.

She stoops, and on her bursting heart
 His drooping head is resting now,
 While white and trembling fingers part
 The damp hair from his pallid brow.

And there, upon its cold, white front,
 With quivering lips the kiss was given;
 And pressed as if 't would draw him back;
 Back from the very gates of heaven.

There, like a dying bird, his soul
 Lay panting out its quivering life;
 And still his almost lifeless arms
 Clung fondly to his pale young wife.

One look he gave her, and it seemed
 An angel had from heaven above
 Shaded with wings of tenderness
 The troubled fountain of his love.

A holy smile came o'er his face,
 As moonlight gleaming over snow,
 One struggling breath—one faint embrace,
 And lifeless he is lying now.

The setting sun with golden light
Was flooding all the room and bed,
Enfolding with his pinions bright
The fainting wife, the marble dead.

Rufus Tukey.

Born in Portland, July 11, 1810, and died in Minneapolis, Dec. 1, 1874. For several years a compositor on the *Eastern Argus* and *The Portland Tribune*, and for eight years on the *Portland Transcript*.

THE MIND.

There is a mystery in the passing breeze—
In the deep music of the storm-lashed sea—
In woods and glens, in birds and flowers and trees,
But more than all, in that which lives in me.

The human mind—oh, in that mighty power
For good or ill, what fearful mysteries dwell;
Man counts the stars, dissects the simple flower,
But who the source of human thoughts can tell?

See yonder orb—who made that brilliant sun?
Who gave that distant world such power to shine?
Can human wisdom scan what God has done,
Or human thoughts his simplest acts define?

Great Fount of Love, in Thee we place our trust,
To Thee we look, for Thou art all in all—
Man in his might is but a thing of dust,
And at Thy feet in humble hope should fall.

Suppress the anxious, feverish fears that rise—
The doubts that gather in thy troubled breast;
Renounce the tempter—grasp the golden prize—
Immortal life and everlasting rest.

Daniel Clement Colesworthy.

Daniel C. Colesworthy was born in Portland, July 14, 1810, the son of Daniel P. and Anna Colesworthy. He became a printer, having served an apprenticeship in the office of Arthur Shirley, beginning at the age of fourteen years. He early became the editor and publisher of a young people's paper called at first *The Sabbath School Instructor*, and afterwards *Moral Reformer*, and *Journal of Reform*, which, however, was not of many years duration. In June, 1840, he commenced the publication of a small semi-monthly paper called *The Youth's Monitor*, which he continued for about two years.

In 1841 he printed the first number of a weekly literary paper, *The Portland Tribune*, which he continued for four years and ten weeks, and in June, 1845, sold his interest in the paper to John Edwards, who was publisher of the *Portland Bulletin*. The two papers, becoming united, were called the *Tribune and Bulletin*. Mr. Colesworthy kept a book-store on Exchange street, and for awhile in the basement of the old Mariners' Church Building, corner of Fore and Moulton streets. He afterwards, and before 1851, removed to Boston and opened a book-store on Cornhill. He is still proprietor of that store, and of another in the immediate vicinity, having his home in Chelsea. He is a voluminous writer, both in prose and verse, seeking to instruct as well as amuse his readers. Among his publications are several volumes of poetry, which we name in the order of their publication: "The Opening Buds," "A Group of Children," "The Year," and "School is Out," the latter appearing in 1876, with copious notes, valuable for their biographical and historical data.

KIND WORDS.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

BENEVOLENCE.

Give, although your heart may never
To a grateful tear respond;
Deeds of kindness bless forever,
Reaching to the world beyond.

Do you see the air that closes
When the arrow speedeth by?
Or the scents that rise from roses?
Or the spirit's glancing eye?

So you never may discover
Where a kindly act shall fall,—
Nor the angel hosts that hover,
Watching and directing all.

Give not grudgingly but freely,
With a heart allied to God,
And your alms will prove to be the
Winglets scattering love abroad,

CASCO RIVER.

**Of the rivers bright and golden,
Rolling onward to the sea,
In their beauty and their grandeur,
Thou the dearest art to me.**

**I have seen the Juniata
Sweep its verdant banks along;
Listened to the Rappahannock
In its rudest, wildest song;**

**I have watched the broad Ohio,
Swelling from a thousand streams,
And the quiet, meek Scioto,
Brighter than a poet's dreams;**

**Heard the roaring of Niagara,
Wonder of the western world;
Seen the towering, icy mountains
In its "hell of waters" hurled;**

**Stood beside the Susquehanna,
And the rolling Merrimack;
On the noble Mississippi
Marked the Indian's arrowy track;**

**By the beauteous Androscoggin
In a trance of glory stood,
Listening to a thousand echoes
From the deep, surrounding wood;**

**In Penobscot's verdant valley
Lingered with the savage wild,
Till I seemed to catch the spirit
Of untutored nature's child;**

**On the banks of sinuous Nonesuch
Lingered many a sunny day,
Till the evening shadows tore me
From my peaceful joys away;**

**Sailed upon the glorious Hudson,
Floated on old Congin's breast;
But such beauties never stirred me
As on Casco's bosom rest.**

**Golden river! well I love thee—
Heaven of childhood's happy day,
When upon thy sparkling waters
I was wont to leap and play.**

**Gone are schoolmates; cot and palace
Crumbled by the tooth of time;
But thou rollest in thy beauty,
Filling me with thoughts sublime**

**Generations come and linger
For a season and are gone,
But, unchanging and forever,
Gloriously thou rollest on.**

John Greenleaf Adams.

Rev. J. G. Adams was born in Portsmouth, N. H., July 30, 1810. He became a convert to the Universalist faith, and his first sermon was preached in Westbrook, Me., Jan. 29, 1832. After preaching and studying most of that year, he removed from Maine to Rumney, N. H., where he was ordained. He worked as a missionary in the northern part of New Hampshire until the autumn of 1836, when he became pastor of the Universalist Church in Claremont, and, after a ministry of fifteen months there, he removed to Malden, Mass., where he had a pastorate of fifteen years. During his residence in New Hampshire he was editor of the *Star in the East*, a Universalist weekly, issued at Concord, for three and a half years. From Malden he removed to Worcester, Mass., where he ministered seven years; thence to Providence, R. I., where he tarried five years; thence to Lowell, Mass., where, after a ministry of six and a half years, he resigned, and was a minister at large during one or two years. After a pastorate of three years in Cincinnati, Ohio, he returned to New England, and settled in his own home at Melrose Highlands, Mass., where he died in the spring of 1887. He had five years of supply preaching after his return from the West, in Allston and East Boston. In addition to his constant work as a pastor, Mr. Adams published fifteen volumes of different sizes, besides pamphlets and tracts, and edited Sunday School periodicals for twenty-two years.

STRIVE TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER.

Strive to make the world better!—this, this is the duty
 Proclaimed to each mortal in truth every hour;
 Call not its wrong, right,—its deformity, beauty;
 In the midst of its weakness, remember God's power.
 And, though in a minute no wrong can be righted,
 Think not of contentment with just what you see:
 The world needs repentance, where souls are so blighted;
 And what it is now is not what it must be!

“Take the world as it is!” To be sure, if such taking
 Will win you the heart of a brother, or lend
 A soft word or kind look that shall, haply, be making
 Some ruin-bound pilgrim his life-ways amend;
 If to praise it shall call thee, or suffering, or prayer,
 To discipline such as may strengthen thy heart,—
 Be thankful for this, every way, but beware
 Lest thy world-taking lesson be learned but in part.

“Take the world as it is!” So the world's honored sages
 Of many a clime have consented and taught;
 So walked with mankind the true Guide of all ages;
 So lived His apostles, and labored and wrought;—
 Yet not to be easy with present attainments,
 Assenting to evil in lullaby song,
 But rather, to startle, with Truth's strong arraignments,
 The victims of sin and the lovers of wrong!

“Take the world as it is!” How the slothful and sleeping
 Have ever consented these words to obey!
 Conservator dolts still their sluggish steps keeping,
 And fearing the angel Reform in their way!
 The selfish observer of manners and men,
 Who would never offend by his arrant fault-finding,
 Provided his own ends are answered—and then
 All the world is but good, and its faults not worth minding!

Strive to make the world better! How true to this aim
 Have the heroes of Right kept their way in the past:
 'Mid the world's accusations, through dungeon and flame,
 Abroad have the seeds of their greatness been cast!
 And we have the harvest,—their word have we, too,
 That the seed-time for us is to-day! Let it be
 That the world we now have, though so goodly to view,
 Is not that improved one to-morrow shall see!

Mark Trafton.

Rev. Mark Trafton was born in Bangor, Me., Aug. 1, 1810, his maternal grandfather, Jacob Dennett, being one of the first company who built their log huts in that wilderness, and his father, Maj. Theodore Trafton, settled there in 1795, being the first blacksmith who rang the "Anvil Chorus" in that region. When 15 years of age, the subject of this sketch was apprenticed to Benjamin Weed to learn the trade of a shoemaker. After three and a half years of service, he "bought his time," and went to Kent's Hill school for a single term, then, in 1831, joined the Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a traveling preacher. Was stationed in Boston in 1842-43. In 1855 was elected member of Congress from the 11th district in Massachusetts; beside this he has been in the ministry up to this time. He is now retired at the age of 77 years, and is engaged in literary work mainly. He has never published a volume of poetry, but is the author of "Rambles in Europe," a treatise on "Baptism," "A Safe Investment," and "Sums in My Life." Miss Flora Trafton, his talented daughter, has also written some fine poems, printed in the *Portland Transcript* and other family sheets.

THE LOST GEM.

A ship sailed out on a summer's day,
And the breeze blew fresh and free,
A woman, bent over the quarter-rail,
Dropped a gem in the deep blue sea.

She saw it flash as it sank from sight,
"His last pledge," she cries, "to me;"
But never again will it gladden her eyes,
That gem that is under the sea.

A maiden sat by her lover's side,
And said, "It can never be;"
A heedless word, but it left from his heart
A gem that is under the sea.

A youth went forth from his childhood's home
To the city, with heartful glee;
The siren sang; his honor now
Is a gem that is under the sea.

In the halls of state a proud man stood;
His ambition a leader to be,
The bribe touched his palm, he sold for naught
A gem that is under the sea.

A rich man looks with a father's pride
On the boy caressed on his knee;
He passed to his hope the ruby wine—
That gem is under the sea.

So many there are with sweat and moil
A house would build, to be
A family famed; change lifts her wand—
That gem is under the sea.

So in every heart there's a vacant place
 To be filled by that Eden-tree,
 But the serpent's trail is on every leaf,—
 'T is a gem that is under the sea.

And so hath it been through my toilsome life,
 With the gift that should come to me;
 Now I linger, and reach with weary hands
 For a gem that is under the sea!

Yet I muse and hope, when death shall clip
 The bond that sets me free,
 I may find, in some distant and brighter clime,
 That gem that is under the sea.

WAITING.

Waiting, only waiting, by the river dark and cold,
 Which, between the seen and unseen, its mist has ever rolled;
 While the evening shadows gather, as the day is closing fast,
 Filling all the near horizon and shading all the past.

Waiting, only waiting, stranded on life's wreck-strewed shore,
 With the ruins all around me of my loved and treasured store;
 While fate's unfeeling billows, breaking on the shifting sands,
 Mocking all my heart's endeavors to unite those severed bands.

Waiting, only waiting, while the sun sinks in the west,
 Listening for the Steward's summons from life's labor to its rest,
 When the sowers and the reapers, their golden sheaves among,
 Shall gather with the Master, and the "harvest-home" be sung.

Waiting, only waiting; yet they serve who stand and wait,
 To do, or suffer, ready whichsoe'er may be their fate;
 The true, heroic spirit, be its lot or smiles or tears,
 Youth or age, will march to duty when the signal cross appears.

Waiting, only waiting, for the last few sands to run,
 The stern life-battle ended, and the set task fully done;
 Then joy shall crown the victor and sweet peace fill the breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Francis Barbour.

Francis Barbour, son of Joseph Barbour, Esq., of Gorham, was born in 1811, and graduated at Bowdoin College, in 1830, and afterwards pursued the study of law, and still later, that of medicine. Not satisfied, however, with these pursuits, he determined to devote himself to the art of painting, for which he had an early taste. He visited Boston and New York, to receive instruction in his favorite pursuit, but, unwilling to endure the drudgery imposed on the beginner, he returned to Gorham to pursue his chosen art by himself. Mr. Barbour is remembered by his college friends and other acquaintances,

as "gentlemanly in his deportment and graceful in his manners,—generous, high-minded and honorable in his intercourse with his fellow-men; independent in thought, word, and action," and at the same time governed by that "kindness and good sense that never allowed his independence to degenerate into obstinacy." He passed slowly and silently into the grave. His disorder, consumption, did not wholly interrupt his studies until the day of his death. On the preceding day he was engaged upon a portrait which he left unfinished. He left, in his portraits and other paintings, evidence of no common genius. Mr. Barbour died at his father's residence in Gorham, March 1, 1839, aged 28.

VESPERS.

The hour of prayer!

Within the crowded chancel, while the shroud
Of night comes down upon the poor and proud,
Low bended there!

Perchance there be
Some lowly worshippers at even-tide,
Breathing their humble prayer, on some hillside
By the deep sea:

Or in the drear
And rayless coverts of the pathless woods,
With scarce a stream to glad their solitudes,
Or light to cheer.

And suppliant now,
At altars beaten by tempest's shock,
At some rude cross upon the rifted rock,
They humbly bow.

A chastening power
Falls like the coming of an angel spell,
O'er the calmed spirit, when the shadows tell
The evening hour.

Thus at the close
Of life's short day, may its receding light,
Which led us on, be peaceful, calm and bright,
As when it rose.

And may no fear
Upon our hearts a trembling record trace,
And may we go to our long resting-place
Without a tear.

FROM "THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS."

Hark! from the mountain rock
Is heard the voice of prayer;
The hearts that seek the battle shock
Are bowed in meekness there.

The armory of war is round,
Where once in peace they trod,
But nought is heard of the war's wild sound,—
They bow before their God.

The voice of youth is sweet,
Coming like music thence;
It is a holy place, and meet
For the prayer of innocence.
As flowers which usher in the spring
More fragrance will impart,
Thus fresh and fair the offering,
From childhood's fervent heart.

Manhood has bent his strength,
In supplication now,
The fire of battle has at length
Fled from his noble brow;
His might has failed, but he sheds no tears,
Though earthly hopes are riven;—
Nor hosts of earth, nor aught he fears,
Save the holiness of heaven.

"There are men of whitened brow"
A mong that mountain clan,—
The knee is bended now
That never bent to man,
Though o'er their sires' once happy soil
A cloud of darkness rolls,
Yet tyranny and age and toil
Cannot subdue their souls.

William Henry Storer.

William H. Storer, son of Ebenezer and Catherine (Stephenson) Storer, of Gorham, Maine, and grandson of Capt. John and Tabitha (Longfellow) Stephenson, was born in that place, in 1811, and died Aug. 22, 1878, aged 67.

THE POET'S HOME.

INSCRIBED TO R. H.

The sun had now set o'er the landscape away,
That so lately rejoiced in his smile;
And nought was there heard save sweet Philomel's lay,
As the eve star shone brightly the while.
But soon came the sound as I wandered along,
That proclaimed to the heart when it neared,
As of old the rock rivulet breathing its song,
'Neath the hill where the mansion appeared.

'T was then on the bridge as I silently gazed,
O'er the past would the memory roam:
And many a picture there fondly I raised,
Of the Poet who once had a home.
Has Fate then, I sighed, with her shears cut the thread
That was spun in so classic a mould,
And the scholar consigned to oblivion's dead,
There to vengeance and calumny sold?

Now shadows flit o'er as the twilight grows dim,
Still they paint the Academy hall,
Where the youth of each sex were instructed by him,
And his knowledge respected by all;
For a heart so fine spun no exactations allowed,
As a well-spring it ceased not to flow,—
Liberality glowed, for he taught all the crowd,
And charged nothing, or else very low.

He worshipped not Mammon, and thus was to blame,
And so judged by a pitiless race;
Though many he taught to get wealth, earn their fame,
Now of late have averted their face;
At misfortune he laughs, for Pride he well knows,
Reigning Fashion and Mammon in hand,
Will ride o'er the poor, though from poverty rose,
And would starve, or them banish the land.

Thus much were my thoughts as I went up the hill,
From the bridge where I musingly stood;
Till I fronted the mansion, so ancient and still,
Once the home of the learnéd and good.
But Destruction now worked at the Temple of Fame,
And sapped were its pillars so fair;
A tenantless shrine, though 't is not without name,
For the fame of the Poet is there.

'Tis ever the fate, here I said to myself,
Misfortune the poor will attend;
And the Sage with the Poet is laid on the shelf,
Though mankind he himself would befriend.
Still an Exile, he sings of his dear native home,
Of his childhood that smiled on him fair,
Of the scenes of his labors when schooldays had come,
And the loved ones bestowed on his care.

The sun through the day lights the old mansion still,
And the stars keep their watch in the night;

O'er the rocks by the bridge flows the serpentine rill,
 Here and there as it glances in sight;
 But Despair haunts the place, for its spirit has gone,
 And her arm to the air wildly flings,
 As she points o'er the wreck crumbling fast and alone,
 Listens sadly as Philoinel sings.

Thus I mused with myself for the Exile so lone,
 Sure his genius rewarded will be;
 And that Time must ere long rear the Poet a stone,
 His kind soul from base calumny free;
 For the crown that from Dante and Petrarch was torn,
 Still breathed in its laurels their song,
 And Tyranny quailed for a race yet unborn,
 Rose in vengeance,—atoned for the wrong.

In darkness I strove, but serene was the ray,
 That enlightened the shrine of the past,
 As the harp, that is swept by the winds for its lay,
 Still echoes and thrills to the last.
 For the sun of to-morrow paints trembling the sound,
 At its rise glowing Memnon with fire,
 So the breath of true genius undying is found,
 And will march till the world shall expire.

Adown in the vale his sweet music I hear,
 And the solitude wakes from its rest;
 The landscape shakes off with a smile the cold tear,
 At the pathos so warmly expressed.
 For already Aurora has ushered the morn,
 And her roses she strows for the sun,
 Whilst he sighs at the thought of his life's rosy dawn,
 Or the thorns that his victory won.

This tribute is due, though the world view it not,
 Would the heart's sacred fount even seal;
 Yet the tear of true sympathy ne'er is forgot,
 Nor with Charity ceases to feel,
 As the banner of Hope gaily catches the breeze,
 And sweet friendship discloses its ray,
 Oh, who can then paint as the wretched he sees,
 Press the hand and smile sorrows away?

Nathaniel Gorham Sturgis.

Son of Rev. Nathaniel Sturgis, a Free-will Baptist minister, was born in Danville, now Auburn, June 30, 1811, and died Feb. 1, 1880. He was one of the most active and earnest of the early Abolitionists, and was a member of the first City Council of Auburn. Mr. Sturgis frequently contributed articles to the *Morning Star*, then published at Dover, N. H. The following hymn was composed by him, and sung at the dedication, May 11, 1842, of the Danville and Poland Free-will Baptist Church, of which he afterwards became a deacon.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Great God! our everlasting friend,
Who art enthroned in worlds above;
Let Thy good spirit now descend,
And fill our hearts with peace and love.

Dear Lord! we've reared this earthly frame,
In which to meet and worship Thee;
To praise Thy great and glorious name,
That name which makes Thy children free.

We dedicate this house to Thee,
Accept our offering at our hand;
And may we ever humble be,
Whene'er we in this temple stand.

And wilt Thou deign to meet us here;
Within these walls make Thine abode.
And may each heart, in humble prayer,
Find free acceptance with our God.

And when Thy servant here shall meet
His flock for humble praise,
O with Thy gospel guide his feet,
And fill his heart with heavenly grace.

Whene'er Thy children shall arise
To sing Thy praise in sacred song;
Make them in understanding wise,
And with Thy spirit move their tongue.

Dear Lord! whene'er we cease to stand
In earthly temples here below;
Then raise our souls to Thy right hand,
Where ceaseless praises ever flow.

Sarah Stephens Mower.

Born in Farmington, Sept. 14, 1811, and died in Jay, Dec. 21, 1858. Her ancestors, on both sides of the family, were Maine people. For more than 25 years Miss Mower was a confirmed invalid, and was denied the privilege of meetings or social intercourse with her friends abroad. She was the authoress of a little work entitled "The Snow-Drop." "Winds, as they played through groves that surround her aged father's retired and humble dwelling, sweet songsters, as they caroled from spray to spray, and the ripple of the Androscoggin, as it glided past, to her ear, were nature's sweet minstrels that cheered her heart in solitude and inspired her, too, to attempt the artless strains of nature."

THE SNOW-DROP.

Sweet little unassuming flower,
It stays not for an April shower,
But dares to rear its tiny head,
While threat'ning clouds the skies o'erspread.

It ne'er displays the vain desire
To dress in flaunting, gay attire;
No purple, scarlet, blue, or gold,
Decks its fair leaves when they unfold.

Born on a cold and wintry night,
Its flowing robes are snowy white;
No vernal zephyrs fan its form,—
It often battles with the storm.

It never drank mild summer's dew,
But chilling winds around it blew;
And hoary frost his mantle spread
Upon the little snow-drop's bed.

I love this modest little flower;—
It comes in desolation's hour,
The barren landscape's face to cheer,
When none beside it dares appear.

Just like the friend, whose brightest smile
Is spared, our sorrows to beguile,
Who, like some angel from the sky,
When needed most, is ever nigh—

To pluck vile slander's envious dart,
To soothe in grief the bleeding heart,
And raise from earth the drooping head
When all our summer friends are fled.

Edward Henry Thomas.

Edward Henry Thomas, born in Portland, January, 1812, fitted for college under the well-remembered Deacon Joseph Libby; studied law with the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, and was admitted to practice in the bar of that city. He opened an office in Portland, where, as he writes under date of 1858, with characteristic humor, he "had but one case for some time, and that was his book-case." He removed to Harrison, where he hoped for cases "not so wooden," and was not wholly disappointed; where, as he states, he "played the flute in the singing seats on Sunday, at times putting in considerable execution on the psalmody," as his college friends, recalling his peculiar taste and skill, will readily suppose. Not entirely satisfied with his prospects, he not long after returned to Portland, speculated somewhat in wild lands, but "found that such speculations were much more serious in their consequences than metaphysical speculations." He set out for the great West in 1838 with a friend, settled in Wapello, Iowa, and practiced law until 1851. In 1844 he was appointed district attorney for the middle district of the then Territory of Iowa, comprising eight counties, and served in the office two years; as he writes, "sending few convicts to the penitentiary, and not getting all my pay till several years after." In 1851 he returned to Portland, and engaged in the land-warrant business, and "made some money, which I sank in the late financial storm." In 1853 he visited Europe. In 1854 he returned to Iowa and engaged in the business of banking. In 1855 he married, "following in the line of safe precedents," he declares, Miss Charlotte A. Dubois, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Mr. Thomas has for some years endured the calamity of almost total blindness, but retains his cheerful spirit and characteristic humor. We are indebted to the pen of the late Prof. Packard for the above sketch. Mr. Thomas's wife died Dec. 28, 1861, leaving one son, Chas. W. Thomas. Mr. Thomas's father was chief clerk in the Custom House for 20 years, and State Treasurer for four years.—

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT.

Fair Queen of the night! I love thee well,
 In thy realms of light would I ever dwell;
 But I know that on earth this cannot be,
 Yet I love to sit and gaze at thee,
 As with silver clasp thou dost unite
 The parting day and coming night.
 And I love to stroll along the shore,
 When day and all its cares are o'er,
 And behold thee rise from out the sea
 And come across the waves to me,
 In one broad band of silver ray,
 Following my steps where'er I stray,
 As if thy tranquil glory shone
 Not upon others, but me alone.
 'Tis then thy light my soul doth fill,
 And bids its troubled waves be still;
 And whispers of that heavenly shore,
 Where moons shall wax and wane no more—
 That better land beyond the sky
 Where night comes not and God is nigh.

FROM "THE NEW YEAR."

In seeming death the year is born,
 When all the world lies hushed in sleep;
 When midway 'twixt the eve and morn
 The stars their silent vigils keep;

When wintry snows enrobe the earth
 As if they were its winding sheet.
 'Tis thus the glad New Year has birth;
 'Tis thus the glad New Year we greet;
 But winter's snows shall melt away;
 The frozen glebe shall smile again;
 All fragrant with the breath of May.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe.

This famous woman, sister of Henry Ward Beecher, and wife of Rev. Prof. C. E. Stowe, was born at Litchfield, Conn., 1812. She was married to Prof. Stowe in 1832, and their removal to Brunswick, in this State, seems to have been an epoch in its history. They lived in the house which had been the home of Parson Titcomb, and here, without even a servant to aid her in the care of house and children, Mrs. Stowe wrote a serial tale for the *Washington Era*, and this tale, republished in book form, under the title of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," soon carried her name to the farthest corner of the earth, and gave her a place among the great authors of the day. Maine has also the honor of being the scene of Mrs. Stowe's delightful story, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," which island is the middle one of the line at Harpswell, and here she has spent many summer months, and declares that the scenery is "of more varied and singular beauty than can ordinarily be found on the shores of any land whatever." In 1853, Mrs. Stowe published a key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and made a visit to Europe, where she was received with distinguished consideration. She has written several other books, all of which are well known, and was at one time joint editor of *Hearth and Home*. Charles E., one of her sons, was for three years pastor of the Congregational Church in Saco.

THE OLD PSALM TUNE.

You asked, dear friend, the other day,
 Why still my charmed ear
 Rejoiceth in uncultured tone
 That old psalm tune to hear?

I've heard full oft, in foreign lands,
 The grand orchestral strain,
 Where music's ancient masters live,
 Revealed on earth again,—

Where breathing, solemn instruments,
 In swaying clouds of sound,
 Bore up the yearning, tranced soul
 Like silver wings around;—

I've heard in old St. Peter's dome,
 Where clouds of incense rise,
 Most ravishing the choral swell
 Mount upwards to the skies.

And well I feel the magic power,
 When skilled and cultured art
 Its cunning webs of sweetness weaves
 Around the captured heart.

But yet, dear friend, though rudely sung,
That old psalm tune hath still
A pulse of power beyond them all
My inmost soul to thrill.

Those halting tones that sound to you,
Are not the tones I hear;
But voices of the loved and lost,
There meet my longing ear.

I hear my angel mother's voice,—
Those were the words she sung;
I hear my brother's ringing tones,
As once on earth they rung;

And friends that walk in white above
Come round me like a cloud,
And far above those earthly notes
Their singing sounds aloud.

There may be discord, as you say;
Those voices poorly ring;
But there's no discord in the strain
Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the blest,
The calm and glorified,
Whose hours are one eternal rest
On heaven's sweet floating tide.

Their life is music and accord;
Their souls and hearts keep time
In one sweet concert with the Lord,—
One concert vast, sublime.

And through the hymns they sang on earth
Sometimes a sweetness falls
On those they loved and left below,
And softly homeward calls,—

Bells from our own dear fatherland,
Borne trembling o'er the sea,—
The narrow sea that they have crossed,
The shores where we shall be.

O sing, sing on, beloved souls!
Sing cares and griefs to rest;
Sing, till entranced we arise,
To join you 'mong the blest.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
 A world we do not see;
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye
 May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
 Amid our worldly cares,
 Its gentle voices whisper love,
 And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitates the veil between
 With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
 They have no power to break;
 For mortal words are not for them
 To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
 So near to press they seem,
 They lull us gently to our rest,
 They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
 'Tis easy now to see
 How lovely and how sweet a pass
 The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye, and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
 And, gently drawn in loving arms,
 To swoon to that—from this,—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still;
 Press nearer to our side;
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

Edward R. Place.

E. R. Place, the only son of Rev. Mr. Place, a Methodist clergyman, was born in Portland, about 1812, while his father was preaching on this circuit. His mother, a native of Great Falls, N. H., died when Edward was quite young, and his father, remarrying, the subject of this sketch was reared by his maternal uncle, at Great Falls. He attended school at Kent's Hill, with the intention of entering the ministry, but subsequently learned the book-binder's trade, and entered the bindery of Sanborn & Carter, on Exchange street, in Portland, where he worked many years. He married, for his first wife, Miss Sarah Hedman, of Portland, by whom he had one daughter and three sons; his second wife was Miss Susan Chandler, of Auburn, who taught school many years in Bangor. His two oldest sons died of consumption before reaching manhood. Many of Mr. Place's poems show his strong faith in Spiritualism, and he was also, especially in the last years of his life, greatly devoted to the labor question. He was a prolific writer in prose as well as poetry. His wife survived him but a few months. Mr. Place died in Cambridge, Mass., and, as a last message to a particular friend, said, "I am almost there, my mind's eye undimmed."

O DO NOT GRIEVE.

O do not grieve for friends ascended;
 More truly than before,
 Their lives and ours are fondly blended,
 With no dividing shore.
 Yea, they are with us yet, and nearer,
 Unfailing still their love;
 The wiser guardians seeing clearer
 Our pathways to the Above.

All hail, the great awak'ning glory,
 A new world's golden morn;
 Farewell, ye hollow myths and hoary,
 In ancient darkness born.
 Now languid Hope, dull-eyed and pining,
 Feels her dim torch aspire,
 While angel groups, in white robes shining,
 Send down Celestial Fire.

No night unstarred, no valley dismal,
 Awaits the pilgrim worn,
 O'er whom is shed the flaine baptismal,
 From shore supernal borne.
 O bleeding heart! thy deep affliction
 Is but the summer shower;
 In peace receive its benediction,
 Of sweetness and of power!

HEAVENLY TRUST.

While every path is dim with gloom,
 And earthly hope with fears;
 Though every step be near a tomb,
 And every smile through tears,—

One anchor hath the troubled soul,
Untouched by mortal rust:
O surer than the magnet's pole,
Its all-sustaining Trust.

God loveth us; His fatherhood
Enfolds us in His care;
He sends our famished souls the food
Celestial regions bear.
Away, ye weeds of drifting doubt!
Through billows high or hail,
The cable of my soul is out,
'T is fast within the vail.

When fade from sight the scenes below,
And this frail body dies,
Ye'll bear it hence, all still and slow,
Perchance with weeping eyes.
I am not there! Ye lay not me
To slumber in the dust;
The soul ascends, a spirit free,
Serene in Heavenly Trust.

Robert Cassie Waterston.

Robert Cassie Waterston was born in Kennebunk, Maine, in 1812. His father, Robert Waterston, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, came to America early in this century, and his mother, a daughter of the Lord family of Maine, gave to their son an inheritance of rare qualities. While yet a child, his parents removed to Boston, Mass., with which city he was ever after connected. His father, being a parishioner of Rev. Dr. Channing, the son was brought up under the influence of that remarkable preacher. Mr. Waterston began his public work early, as Superintendent of the Bethel Sunday-school, of which church, Father Taylor, the celebrated preacher to the seamen, was the pastor. This school attracted many remarkable men as teachers, among others, John A. Andrew, then a young man from Maine, afterwards the great War Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Waterston pursued his studies at the theological school, Cambridge, until 1839, when he was appointed pastor of the Pitts Street Chapel, connected with the ministry at large. In this field of labor, among the poor, he continued for six years; afterwards, connected with various religious societies in Boston and elsewhere. Mr. Waterston was very active in all benevolent and educational objects; among others, he was deeply interested in the Natural History Society, and was a member of the Boston School Committee for ten years. As chairman of that committee he wrote an elaborate report in 1867. In 1841, Mr. Waterston published a work, entitled "Moral and Spiritual Culture," which was reprinted in America and also in England and Ireland. As a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he published, by their request, memoirs of Charles Sprague, George Sumner, William Cullen Bryant, and George B. Emerson, a son of Maine, of whom she may well be proud. Mr. Waterston's poetical writings were principally suggested by special occasions, and many hymns and brief poems, a few of which will be found in this volume. In 1851, Mr. Waterston delivered an address at the dedication of the Preble Chapel in Portland, appropriated to the work of the ministry at large. In 1852, he was called to Augusta, Maine, by the death of the gifted Sylvester Judd, and took charge of the parish left bereaved in the loss of such a pastor, who was also his classmate and friend. This place he held for six months. During his residence in Augusta, he visited many parts of the noble State of Maine, and might well be proud of being one of her sons. Mr. Waterston's rare gift of extempore speaking caused him frequently to be called to address public meetings in and out of the pulpit. He gave two courses of "Lowell Lectures," and frequently lectured in other places. His love for nature and art was gratified by several years in Europe, and he also travelled extensively in his own country. Such a busy life contained more of interest than can be entered upon here, but at its close he is honored to be enrolled among the sons of Maine.

NATURE AND THE SOUL.

In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see
Freshly uttered words from God!

Had we but a searching mind,
Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things!

God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine
Every form that meets the eye.

Nature, with eternal youth,
Ever bursts upon the sight;
All her works are types of truth,—
Mirrors of celestial light!

But the soul, when veiled in sin,
And eclipsed' with fear and doubt,
From the darkened world within,
Throws its shade on that without.

While to those who, pure in heart,
For the Truth their powers employ,
She will constant good impart,
And diffuse perpetual joy.

If the mind would Nature see,
Let her cherish Virtue more;
Goodness bears the golden key
That unlocks her palace door!

NEW ENGLAND.

Here,—(where the East unbars the Gates of Day,) Love, Liberty and Law, hold genial sway; While Patriots see, with honest joy and pride, The Schoolhouse and the Church, stand side by side!

Here,—Poetry has swept her golden lyre; Here,—Eloquence has breathed,—in words of fire; Here,—Heaven-born Worth a favored home has found; Till the whole land seems consecrated ground!

Here,—Adams,—Quincy,—Otis,—Hancock stood,
Defying danger, for their country's good;
Bravely they spoke, in fortune's darkest hour,
And kingdoms shook before their words of power!

Where through the past was there sublimer fame,
Than that connected with the Pilgrims' name?
What could a people have, or wish for, more
Than the immortal Rock on Plymouth shore?

Swift,—may each hallowed influence expand,
In ever-widening circles, o'er the land;
Till the fine Seed of Life, the "Mayflower" brought,
Sows the vast continent with Noble Thought!

THE DEPARTED.

Genius for us has wrought,
Martyrs have bravely died midst flood and fire,
And patriots gladly sought,
Within our souls fresh valor to inspire!

Their voice is on the air;—
They speak in every breeze where'er we roam,
They bid us guard with care
The virtues of our country and our home!

Their influence fills the past
With noble thoughts, and generous deeds sublime!—
Rich legacies! to last
From sire to son, throughout all coming time.

The present hour is theirs;—
Of half our good are they the primal cause;
Their struggles, hopes, and prayers,
Have given to us, both liberty and laws!

The nations have their dead:—
Brave souls that like the stars of light do shine;
Great spirits who have led
Benighted millions on to life divine.

And saintly forms above,
Gentle and fair, may hover o'er the earth,
And bend in holy love,
O'er each sad heart that mourns departed worth.

O might some heavenly hand
Draw back the shadowy curtains of the sky,
That once the glorious band
Of bright angelic souls could meet the eye.

But they are with us still
In thought and deed:—yes, they are with us here;
To elevate the will,
To soothe each grief and calm each idle fear.

At the soft sunset hour,
When evening splendors melt along the sky,
We feel their hallowing power,
To kindle faith and raise the heart on high.

The mystery of life!—
O who can sound its depths? Its bliss? Its woe?
Its fears? Its hopes? Its strife?—
Their hidden depths—not *men*—but *angels* know.

We are fast hastening on;—
Soon must the paths of death by us be trod:—
When life's great work is done,
May we be with heaven's host, and with our God!

Our faith,—our works of love,—
Our charity within the haunts of woe,—
When *we* shall soar above,
The memory of *these* must live below!

The memory of the just
Will still be dear, whate'er their earthly lot;—
Dust may return to dust,
But virtue lives, and cannot be forgot.

Sylvester Breakmore Beckett.

Born in Portland, May 16, 1812; died in this city, Dec. 2, 1882. Author of "Hester, the Bride of the Islands," a long, narrative poem, containing many fine descriptions of the scenery of Casco Bay, published in Portland, 1860. At an early age Mr. Beckett became an apprentice to the printing business in the office of the *Christian Mirror*, published in his native city, and remained as a compositor in the office, contributing in prose and verse to various journals and magazines of the day. He was for many years connected with the press of Portland as editor and contributor, was long chairman of the Board of Assessors of the city of Portland, served on the School Committee, of which he was secretary, and was an active member of the Society of Natural History, giving much attention to ornithology.

O LADY! SING THAT SONG AGAIN!
O lady! sing that song again;
Sweet visions of the past
Are wakened at the plaintive strain—
Sing on and bid them last!

Thou hast the voice of one who sleeps
 Beneath the willow tree,
 Who oft in bygone, happy hours,
 Hath tuned those notes for me.

They bring to mind the home of youth,
 Beneath the old oak's shade,
 Each breezy slope, each rock and tree,
 Each darksome forest glade;
 And forms familiar rise to view,
 To whom my heart would cling,
 All clothed with beauty, gladness, youth,
 Sing on, kind lady, sing!

Sad was the day when I went forth—
 And death came in my stead,
 And they are scattered through the world,
 Or in their "narrow bed;"
 But as I listen to thy voice,
 In fancy blest I roam,
 Amidst the green and peaceful scenes
 Of my forsaken home!

THE DYING GIRL.

* * * * Just where the sun
 Had sunk behind the hills, a scarf-like cloud,
 Bright as the plumage of some tropic bird,
 Slept on the lap of eve—one only cloud,
 As 't were a seraph lingering on the wing,
 To bear the maiden's spirit to her home.
 Long did she gaze, until at length her thoughts
 Found utterance in her brother's bended ear:

Brother, to part with you
 Is death indeed! Yet doth the time draw near,
 When I must bid thee, and these friends so dear,
 A long and last adieu!

Blest visions throng before
 My brightening mind; and Sharon's lovely rose
 Is bending, in its sweetness and repose,
 On the celestial shore—

Thither to welcome me;
 Yet do my poor affections strangely cling
 To this, my home of doubt and suffering,
 Kind brother, and to thee!

Fairer the green land seems,
More beautiful and pure the sky's lone deeps,
Calmer the sunlight on those distant steeps,
And on the far, bright streams.

Sweeter the free birds lay,
And fresher blows the zephyr round my brow;
The world than ever seems more lovely now,
So soon to pass away.

And this they call a waste!
A weary bourn! Oh, it hath been to me
Ever a world of strange sublimity,
With every beauty graced;

Yet must I not deplore
My fate, but calmly meet what Heaven wills;
Then fare ye well, green fields and swelling hills,
Farewell!—forever more!

Yet, brother, do not mourn—
'Tis but to change a world of doubt and gloom
For Immortality,—beyond the tomb
I see the blessed bourn!

And voices, like the strain
Of wind-touched harps, come floating on my ear,
To beckon me away—dry up the tear—
We part to meet again!

Charles Horace Upton.

Born in Salem, Mass., August, 1812. His father was an active and energetic merchant, and a resident of Belfast when the son entered Bowdoin College. Notwithstanding an infirmity of the eyes, which came on after graduation, Charles contributed articles for the press, and had success as a journalist. In 1835, he removed with the family to Virginia, near Alexandria, where he resided several years. In 1861, at the opening of the Rebellion, he was elected member of Congress from the county as a protest against the right of a State to forbid the election. During the war his property was destroyed, his house sacked, and his family more than once compelled to flee for their lives. He rendered valuable service to the Union cause; but his health was much impaired. In 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln, Consul at Geneva, and held that position, at the time of his death, in 1877. During his service he was repeatedly appointed minister *ad interim*, and at the time of his decease was active *charge d'affaires* for Switzerland. He was a contributor to the "Bowdoin Poets."

THE RAINBOW.

Ethereal diadem! whose blended rays
From no meridian splendor won—
Yet burst, full-formed, upon the wondrous gaze,
A frontlet braided by the sun.

Celestial smile! beneath whose beams the dove
 Afar the olive branch descried,
 And bore the emblem of returning love
 Across the water's ebbing tide.

Resplendent arc! whose prism-blended hues
 First dwelt above with One alone,—
 Till He the holy effluence did diffuse
 Around the footstool of His throne.

Sign-manual of God! inscribed on high,
 In characters of glowing light—
 Where, on the tablet of the vaulted sky,
 None but Divinity could write!

Josiah D. Bangs.

Josiah D. Bangs was born in Springfield, Mass., in the year 1810. Early in life he came to Maine and married his wife, Pauline A. Brooks, daughter of John Brooks, who resided in Augusta. For fifteen years the greater part of his life was spent in Maine, and much of the time was occupied in teaching in the common public schools; while thus engaged, he wrote many poems and stories for newspapers and magazines. In 1843, he went to New York City, and engaged with Horace Greeley, and some other publishers of newspapers, in reporting local news, and had the credit of making one of the best reporters of that time. During the year 1850, he bought into the *Sunday Courier*, of which he was publisher and editor until his death, which occurred in 1858. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, New York City.

MERRY OLD HOUSEHOLD FIRE.

I love the fire, the clear wood-fire,
 With its merry old honest blaze,
 As its light beams forth, like a glance of mirth
 From a friend of the olden days.
 The fire!—the fire!—the bright-browed fire!
 With its voice like a pleasant lay,
 And its laugh outright at the frosty sprite,
 And storms of old Winter gray!

They may drag the coal from its dusky hole,
 Like an imp from the pit of shame,
 And the cold, rich walls, 'round the palace halls,
 May glow with its sullen flame;
 But the cheek will pale as a sickly veil
 Were over the features thrown;
 And the eye grow dim, unnerved the limb,
 At the glance of the burning stone.

Yet never you fear the wood-fire clear,
As it leaps from the hearth-stone high—
As it sparkles and spits, and sings by fits,
Will sadden the cheek or eye.
Oh, no! not so!—but a rosier glow
O'er the blushing cheek spreads free,
And the eye grows bright with a merrier light;
In the blaze of the green-wood tree.

I love the fire—the old wood-fire—
'Neath the humble roof that gleams—
As a welcome warm from wind and storm,
For the weary and sad it beams.
For the houseless poor, at the palace door,
Need seek no sheltering dome,
While never as yet hath the wanderer met
Repulse in the poor man's home.

That pilgrim band, as they touched the strand,
'Mid the gloom of the tempest dire,
They kindled it then, those stern-browed men,
The merry old household fire.
And the stout tall trees that had braved the breeze,
Long ere the Mayflower came;
Their forms still bow to feed e'en now,
That homely but hallowed flame.

And I love that fire—the household fire—
For it speaks of the olden time,
When the voice and look were an open book,
And true to the heart's deep chime;
When the simple prayer that was uttered there,
In the calm, still hour of even,
Though the words on earth might have their birth,
The thought seemed fresh from Heaven.

Oh! ne'er may it die, as a thought gone by,
That gleam on the hearth-stone free;
But aye let it leap, and sparkle, and sweep
'Round the heart of the green-wood tree.
Forever the same may its bright broad flame
Shine out with a cheerful blaze,
And around it still fond feelings thrill,
As they did in the olden days.

Pauline A. Bangs.

Pauline A. Bangs was the wife of Josiah D. Bangs, at one time editor and publisher of the *Sunday Courier*, New York City. She was the daughter of John and Susan Brooks, of Augusta, Me., and a graduate of the Congregational Female Academy. Early in life she exhibited much interest in, and talent for, literary work, and wrote not a little for magazines and newspapers as a regular correspondent. This she continued to do long after she was married. In 1840, she wrote regularly for the *Saturday Courier*, Philadelphia, Milliken & Holden, publishers, which she continued to do for a number of years—mostly short poems and religious articles—signing “Ella,” or “Pauline.” She also furnished a few poems for the *Kennebec Journal* as early as 1831, and, in 1843, for the *Franklin Register*, Farnington. She lived nearly all her life in Maine, but died a few years ago in the town of Kingston, Wis., at the home of one of her sons, aged 70 years.

TO MYSTIC.

Soft mellow August is with us once more—
 Wild-flowers and sweet-scented blossoms appear;
 And many a bright little warbler doth pour
 His silvery wood-note—but *thou art not here!*

Low-sighing breezes the branches are wooing—
 Flute-like sounds breathing, our spirits to cheer—
 Filling the air with fragrance, while strewing
 The sweet-scented blossoms—but *thou art not here!*

Through white fleecy clouds the bright sun is beaming,
 Gladd’ning in silence the varying year,
 And waking to beauty the maple, while gleaming
 Through its shadowy foliage—but *thou art not here!*

The green mossy banks the streamlets are kissing,
 And charming to life each leaf that was sere;
 Their soft murmurs mind me of one that is missing—
 The cherished, the loving—but *he is not here!*

Thy own brilliant skies with sunset are glowing;
 Thy woods ring with wild-song so silvery clear,
 Even tears from the fount of affection are flowing,
 From a distant home calling to one that is dear.

Soft accents murmur within thy lone dwelling,
 And thrill through this heart as they fall on my ear;
 Their young, cheerful notes, so joyfully swelling,
 Make this lone heart more lonely—since *thou art not here!*

Yet, while thou the soft scenes of pleasure art wooing,
 Bright visions of Fancy still picture thee near;
 And the silence of slumber, the phantom pursuing,
 Dispels all my sorrows—for then *thou art here!*

Matilda Parker Carter.

This lady, wife of Mr. John S. Carter, former publisher of the *Eastern Magazine*, the first Maine magazine, and daughter of the late Nathaniel Parker, Esq., was born and educated in the valley of the Penobscot. Hampden was her native town, where she first saw the light, July 9, 1813. She died at the early age of 23 years, after a protracted and distressing illness of more than sixteen months. Through the kindness of Mrs. M. A. Laughton, the venerable and venerated mother of Mrs. Frances L. Mace, the now celebrated poetess, we have been favored with a copy of the *Maine Monthly Magazine*, containing an obituary notice of Mrs. Carter. From this we learn that this young writer was not a precocious child, but developed rapidly at about 15 years of age. While not obtrusive in her manners, she was at the same time very brilliant in conversation when the subject interested her. She was not only literary in her tastes, but her mind was able to take hold of and discuss all the great questions of the day. Poetry was her delight; and what she has left of her own composing, sufficiently evinces that she early imbibed the very soul of song. Had she lived to the full maturity of her powers, and had she cultivated her mind with the same assiduity she did while her health remained unbroken, she must have attained distinction in letters. It is well worth remembering that Mrs. Carter was the first editress of the first Maine magazine.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO MY HUSBAND ON OUR BIRTHDAY.

My own, another year, its round
Has silent gone;
And marked of joys and griefs the bound,
As it has flown—
On some have lowered misfortune's blight
And cold earth's frown:
And then—my life—'t is not all night,
I am thine own.

My little bark of life was cast
Ten years behind,
On life's broad sea, with thine to be
Tossed by the wind,
How frail! the world's deceitful tide,
To meet alone!
Thou took'st the weak one to thy side,
To be thine own.

And I will be thy brightest star,
When earth is light;
And mine the task, dearer by far,
In sorrow's night,
To soothe thy brow of care, and bring
The joys of hope,
Or songs of other days to sing,
To cheer thee up.

And there are other eyes to speak
The words of love,
And there's another voice, how sweet—
Thine own eyes prove;

And childhood's joy is dancing now,
 Upon her lips,
 Like honey-bee from every flower,
 The sweets she sips.

Then is life all a blank?—O no,
 I feel that thou
 Wouldst change thy lot with none;
 And that e'en now
 The past with cloudy sky
 And storms has flown;
 And *Hope*, thy Babe and I
 Are all thine own.

WASHINGTON.

"Washington will never be conquered." "Why," inquired his companion. "Because the old man, 'I have just seen him in the woods praying; and if such a one as Washington prays, he must be invincible.'—*Weems' Life of Washington*.

He stood alone—o'er the chieftan's head
 No banner of stars was waving;
 Nor round were the hosts he was wont to lead,
 Where clashed the arms, and the battle steed,
 In blood, his hoofs were laving.

His head was uncovered; and near him there laid
 The sword, for his country's redeeming;
 And the winds hushed their voice; and the trees o'er his head
 Laid their leaves still, and quiet, as if half afraid
 To wake that high soul from its dreaming.

Where, where are his thoughts? for a startling tear
 Down the cheek of the warrior is stealing;
 Ah! the woes of his country have called it: for dear
 Is his land to the soldier's bosom, and drear
 Is the vision the future revealing.

Ah! he is the hope of his country; and he
 Feels a mortal's weakness o'er him,
 But he turns to his God, who erst through the sea
 Led his chosen, and feels he will fight for the free,
 And the Christian is kneeling before him.

Hush! hush—'t was the zephyr: no voice from on high
 The stillness of nature hath broken;
 But gratitude now claims her tear, for his eye
 Is fixed, in high confidence now, on the sky,
 Which hideth the presence of Him who passed by,
 And peace to his spirit hath spoken.

Where, where, was he great? on the red battle-field,
 Where thousands his nod were obeying?
 Even there, for there victory was graved on his shield;
 And the fate of his country in glory was sealed,
 While tyranny's hosts they were slaying.

Yet more! he was glorious! when in the deep glen,
 He knelt midst the shadows of even;
 And cast off the dark world's defilement and sin;
 While, far from the noise, and the folly of men,
 He communed with his Father in Heaven.

John B. Hague.

Rev. John B. Hague, pastor for ten years at Eastport, was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1813, and was a graduate of Hamilton College, in the class of 1832. He pursued his theological studies at Newton, graduating in 1835. His ordination took place at Eastport, Me., where he remained several years, as above stated. He has devoted the larger part of his life to teaching young ladies. He has had schools in Jamaica Plain and Newton Centre for six years, at Hudson, N. Y., for ten years, and at Hackensack, N. J., whence he removed in 1870, and where he still resides.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

O thoughtless and gay one, where, where dost thou stray?
 Thy footsteps are treading destruction's broad way;
 The world hath deceived thee; beware of its art;
 Come now to the Saviour, and give him thy heart.

O wandering disciple, where, where hast thou been?
 How couldst thou return to thy folly and sin?
 With Christ thy Redeemer, O how couldst thou part?
 Return to thy Saviour, and give him thy heart. •

O weary and wounded and sin-burthened soul,
 Wouldst thou of thy pain and thy grief be made whole—
 Have relief from thine anguish, and ease from thy smart?
 Then come to the Saviour, and give him thy heart.

O come, one and all, while yet there is room;
 Christ waits to be gracious; he bids you all come.
 Blest Jesus, I come, with thee never to part,
 And freely, most freely, I give thee my heart.

Cyrus Augustus Bartol.

/ Dr. C. A. Bartol was born in Freeport, April 30, 1813. At the age of ten he removed with his parents to Portland, where he attended the Grammar and High Schools, and, at the age of fifteen, he entered Bowdoin College. On his graduation, he became a student in the Divinity School, Cambridge, and at the expiration of his theological studies, began at once to preach. He became minister at large in Boston, in 1836, and on the first of

March, 1837, was settled at West Church, as colleague with Dr. Charles Lowell. This pulpit he has filled for fifty years, and the semi-centennial of his settlement was commemorated, March 1, 1887. Besides the special and abundant labors of the ministry, he has been active in the philanthropic movements of the day, and fruitful in literary work, having given to the press several volumes of sermons, besides pamphlet discourses and contributions to periodicals. His volume, entitled "Secular Religion," has been widely read and admired. As a pastor and a man, he has the high respect and warm affection of his people and the public.

WILD ROSES.

On Nature's clock that runs a year,
Whose hands steal on to strike no bell,
Wild roses once again appear,
Winsome as poets cannot tell.

But where is she who loved these flowers,
For whom I plucked them every day?
The dial numbers all her hours;
What is their charm, her bloom away?

Do they not miss their steadfast friend?
Without her, on each lonely stem,
Their fragrance to the breeze they lend,
Which with them sings her requiem.

In vain does every leafy fold—
My once fond sacrifice—put on
Tints ruddier than virgin gold—
The sanctifying temple gone!

Better than Cain or Abel brought,
My firstlings from the ledgy field;
I miss the punctual shrine I sought:
The altar sinks, the tomb is sealed.

O faithless heart, the roses say,—
As to his band, the master said,—
The soul in dust will never stay!
Have we not risen from the dead?

Are there no pastures o'er my fence,
Clearings and groves I cannot spy?
Far as may go this glassy sense,
Untraveled windeth still the sky.

Each plant's ascension here below
Foreshows full paradise above;
An upper spring for truth we sow,
A blossom from each grain of love.

ON VISITING MY HOME AFTER FORTY YEARS.

Entranced among the rocks and trees,
I wander to and fro,
In sweet oblivion with the breeze
And forty years ago.

My birthplace works the charm of power:
Boyhood alone I know;
My life is crowded to an hour,
'T is forty years ago.

I have not bought, I have not sold;
Yet breathes, with whisper low,
Wonder newborn from stories told
Me forty years ago.

No weight I feel of care or sin;
My sorrows off I throw:
Remorse has fled, doubt has not been;—
'T is forty years ago.

I am no husband, father-priest,
No rival see, nor foe;
I sit the smallest at the feast;
'T is forty years ago.

The timid thrush sings where I tread;
Roses fresh welcome blow,
And swing their censers o'er my head,
As forty years ago.

The sea and sand,—the brook, the shore,
Hill-top and meadow low,
I find no atom less or more
Than forty years ago.

O'er Alpine pass, through halls of art,
How can my memory flow,
While present glory fills my heart,
From forty years ago.

O maze of joy, from mates at play,
Or learning in a row,
War's distant thunder rolls away,
With forty years ago.

Will He who shines through all life's gloom,
And heightens all its glow,
In dateless heaven not find some room
For forty years ago?

Elijah Kellogg.

Well has it been said of this man, "He is a welcome guest at every fireside, and he has a name which will be a tradition where he has lived." Son of a well-known and talented clergyman, of the same name, Elijah was born in Portland, May, 1813, and graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1840, entering the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., where he graduated in 1843, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in Harpswell. He was afterwards chaplain of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, and held that position ten years. Resigning that office, about 1865, he has since devoted himself, for the most part, to the preparation of juvenile works, of which some thirty volumes have been issued, mostly, we believe, by the enterprising firm of Lee & Shepard, Boston. He has also been a favorite in lyceum lectures, and has read poems at the anniversaries of literary societies in various States. His bronzed and earnest face attracts attention wherever it is seen, and although he has reached threescore years and ten, his step is still elastic, and his eyes have the merry twinkle they possessed in college days. His labors in the ministry are still bearing fruit in Harpswell, Rockport, Mass., and other places. A sailor before he fitted for college, and cherishing peculiar attachments for the sea and seamen, he had singular qualifications for the work of his chaplaincy. Mr. Kellogg married a daughter of the late Rev. Thaddeus Pomeroy of Gorham, and has three children.

PORTLAND).

/ Still may I love, beloved of thee,
My own fair city of the sea!
Where moulders back to kindred dust
The mother who my childhood nurst,
And strove, with ill-requited toil,
To till a rough, ungrateful soil;
Yet kindly spired by Heaven to know
That Faith's reward is sure, though slow,
And see the prophet's mantle grace
The rudest scion of her race.

And while around thy seaward shore
The Atlantic doth its surges pour,
(Those verdant isles, thy bosom-gems,)
May Temples be thy diadems;
Spire after spire in beauty rise,
Still pointing upward to the skies,
Unwritten sermons, and rebukes of love,
To point thy toiling throngs to worlds above.

EXTRACT FROM THE DEMON OF THE SEA.

Ah! tell me not of your shady dells,
Where the lilies gleam and the fountain wells,
Where the reaper rests when his task is o'er,
And the lake-wave sobs on the verdant shore,
And the rustic maid with a heart all free,
Hies to the well-known trysting-tree;

For I'm the god of the rolling sea,
And the charms of earth are nought to me.
O'er the thundering chime of the breaking surge,
On the lightning's wing my course I urge,
On thrones of foam right joyous ride
'Mid the sullen dash of the angry tide.
I hear ye tell of music's power,
 The rapture of a sigh,
When beauty in her wizard bower
 Unveils her languid eye.—
Ye never knew the infernal fire,
The withering curse, the scorching ire,
That rages, maddens in the breast
Of him who rules the billow's crest.
Heard ye that last despairing yell
That wailed Creation's funeral knell,
When young and old, the vile, the brave,
Were circled in one common grave?
While on my ear of driving foam
 By moaning whirlwinds sped,
O'er what was joyous earth I roam,
 And trample on the dead.
This is the music that my ear
Thrills with stern ecstasy to hear!
I love to view some lonely bark,
The sport of storms, the lightning's mark,
Scarce struggling through the freshening wave
That foams and yawns to be her grave!
I saw a son and father fight
For a drifting spar their lives to save;
The son he throttled his father gray,
And tore the spar from his clutch away,
Till he sank beneath the wave;
 And deemed it were a noble sight.
I saw upon a shattered wreck
All swinging at the tempest's beck,
A mother lone, whose frenzied eye
Wandered in hopeless agony
O'er that vast plain where nought was seen,
The ocean and the sky between,
And there all buried to the breast
In the hungry surf that round her prest—
With feeble arms, in anguish wild,
High o'er her head she raised her child,
Endured of winds and waves the strife,
To add a unit to its life.

Eunice Cary

The name of Eunice Cary Blake should be a source of pleasure to many. Born at Otisfield, Nov. 5, 1813, her rural scenes which were best calculated to awaken education and training were of the best. Her father's cultivated men and women of the vicinage, and her mother which resulted in the upbuilding of a character which can say nothing of its effect upon others. Few fragrant flowers she advanced in years and, in a new sphere, began to sing to others, her productions assumed a deeply religious character; she was seldom satisfied with its results, the spirit which inspiring strain of one of her poems, could never be content; and when, in April, 1887, her earthly cares were laid aside, that henceforth her poetical longings would be satisfied.

THANKS—AN ACROSTIC.

Father, we thank Thee for the glorious light,
Each morning new, and for the sacred night,
Showing Thy love in planet, moon, and star,
Swiftly reflected, mirrored thus afar;
Even so Thine attributes, all wise and good,
Never are seen, never so understood,
Devoutly felt, as when some master mind,
Earnest to bless and succor all mankind,
Nearest reflects Thy goodness unconfin'd.

ORDINATION HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. GEORGE LEON WALKER IN 18

Bless, O Lord, thy youthful servant,—
At Thy call he waiting stands,
Consecrated, ready, earnest,
To fulfil Thy last commands.

Trusting in the sweet assurance
Thou wilt be his strength and stay;
Can he fear when Thou hast promised
Thou with him wilt be alway?

Bless each crystal drop he sprinkles,
When baptismal vows are said;
Show Thyself, Redeemer, Saviour,
When he breaks the mystic bread.

Touch his lips with fire celestial,
To his teachings, truly wise,
Win the weary, heavy-laden,
To the rest of Paradise.

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE MAINE PRI
ASSOCIATION, 1879.

Growth of four centuries of thought and skill
Since that great day, upon the banks of Ill,
When Gutenberg, with little thought of fame,
Carved out in type his gentle Anna's name;
Now spread abroad o'er nations far and wide,
Man's many-voiced companion, teacher, guide,
Fraught with the lore of all the ages past—
Each generation wiser than the last—
The mightiest kings its warning words attend;
The humblest peasant finds in it a friend;
No wit so gay, no oracle so sage,—
The sceptred sovereign of the present age.
Up yonder stairs, remote from idling men,
Behold the sanctum of the types and pen.
Two dingy pictures grace the dingier wall,
Twelve ancient cobwebs from the ceiling fall;
Tables and chairs stand round in disarray,
Strewn with the various journals of the day;
The desk with piles of manuscript o'erspread,
Books and reviews still waiting to be read,
Paste-pot and scissors smeared with inky stains,
Sometimes an editor's chief stock of brains,
A well-thumbed Webster lying on the floor,
And a waste-basket full and running o'er,—
Hither the master thoughtfully ascends,
And to his wonted task assiduous bends.

* * * * *

Types were regarded once with faith devout;
The saying, "True as print," dispelled all doubt.
What change, alas, in modern times succeeds!
'T is now, "One nothing knows by what he reads."
To-day the papers say the Pope is dead;
To-morrow, that he's only sick-a-bed;
The next day, that he's not been sick at all,—
'T was but a hoax to cause the funds to fall.
In politics, especially, we see
How strangely facts and statements disagree.
Look o'er the land,—show me the public man
Who e'er for office or employment ran,
Whose every action, motive, sentiment,
The party press does not misrepresent.
Show me a thing one party strives to do,

One public measure, either old or new,
Which its opponents do not brand as evil,
A plot and instigation of the devil.
Once on a time, two politicians sat
Discussing, pro and con, affairs of state;
Some project of the government just then
Was making much excitement among men.
One was defending it, as partisans do,
The other cursing it and Congress too;
Each to his favorite newspaper referred,
To prove on its authority his word.
This only to the strife new food supplied,
Each said the other's dirty paper lied;
Nay, that the party which each sheet sustained
With fraud and falsehood through and through was stained.
At last, to end the quarrel, waxing high,
They asked an honest farmer, standing by,
For his opinion. With a Yankee oath,
"I vum," he answered, "I believe you both!"
Next, all their readers will agree, I'm sure,
These printed pages should be ever *pure*.
Why should a virgin sheet so fair and white
Come from the types all foul with moral blight,
With innuendoes and suggestions reek,
Forcing a blush on innocence's cheek?
Why gather up the filth of city slums,
And pour the sewage into all our homes?
Why haunt the purlieus of our courts and jails,
For stuff to fashion into ribald tales?
Why in emblazoned type spread all abroad
Each hideous crime of cruelty and blood,
Of arson, burglary, and theft, and rape,
In every vile, disgusting mode and shape?
What are all such but lessons that we frame
To teach the young the ways of sin and shame?
Tell how some skilful burglar picked a lock;
Describe his tools, punch, jimmy, bit, and stock;
Show how some faithless clerk contrived to steal
By a false check or counterfeited seal,—
To many a rogue it will a challenge be
To be as smart, and get as much as he.
'T is true, you may give vice its real name,
May warn of all its danger, sin and shame:
The allurement, still, before him he will set,
The crime remember,—your advice forget,
Think this short way to gain he may pursue,

And if 't is *guilt*, it's *gilt* without the *u*.
Bear with me still. Nor truth, nor purity
Alone can make the Press what it should be.
There is a character which all commend,
In which all pleasing traits harmonious blend.
Speech, dress, and manners, graceful and refined,
Reveal the kindly heart, the cultured mind,
That make the gentleman, God's noblest work,
In whom no covert vices meanly lurk.
Let us transfer this personal quality,
And say the Press should *gentlemanly* be.
What though your envious rival o'er the way
Assails with coarseness everything you say,
Do not, in turn, with aspect fierce and grim,
Disgrace yourself in trying to blacken him,
Threaten his dastard blood forthwith to spill,
Like the famed editors of Eatanswill.
If that notorious slanderer, common fame,
Breathes calumny against some good man's name,
Be not too swift to credit it at first,
And of two motives charge him with the worst.
In grave discussions of both things and men
Let courtesy and fairness guide your pen;
Your diction pure, by no false taste beguiled,
Drawn from the well of English undefiled,
Avoiding slang, that leprosy of speech,
And fraught with sense in all you say and teach,
Worthy in language and in thought to mould
The words and sentiments of young and old.

May I say one thing more? The Press should be
The fearless champion of *morality*.
Let it not give its columns to defend
Whate'er is false, whate'er is base befriend.
Let it inculcate honesty in trade,
Denouncing frauds of every sort and shade;
Insisting on fidelity to trust,
On laws humane, impartial, wise, and just,
Scorning the demagogue's insidious tricks,
Who boasts that all is fair in politics,
And makes his way where low ambitions call,
As venomous serpents wriggle, hiss, and crawl.
Let it guard well the sanctity of home,
Where strife and jealousy should never come,
And brand a villain of the deepest dye
Him who corrupts a woman's purity.

Let it not shrink to teach man has a soul;
 That sense and show are not of life the whole,
 That virtue's aims the noblest joys impart,
 That the best treasure is an honest heart,
 The happiest man is he, to virtue given,
 Who walks beneath the conscious smile of Heaven,
 Whose days grow brighter as his years increase,
 And life's last evening sets in cloudless peace.

You say I preach; what else should you expect
 If you a preacher-poet do elect?
 Let him, for once, enjoy the occasion rare,—
 A congregation where no sinners are,—
 Who know but little of the faults he paints,
 Even if a few are not precisely saints!
 Such may the Press of Maine forever be,
 Guardian of truth, of right, of purity,
 True to the proud "Dirigo" of her shield,
 Leading her sister States in every field.
 May all her *Journals* faithfully record
 Whate'er is best in act and thought and word;
 Her *Farmers* sow good seeds in fruitful soil,
 And reap rich harvests for their care and toil;
 The State's bright fortunes fill her *Chronicles*,
 Better than those the ancient record tells;
 Her *Press* and *Argus* guard her chiefest port,
 Like the twin bastions of a well-armed fort;
 Her *Transcript* be, as now, far in the van;
 Her *Democrat* a good Republican;
 And thy bright radiance such, O polar *Star*,
 That none again need "wonder what you are."
 These, and all others, whether small or great,
 That make the "Press" of our beloved State,
 Like gems that in the firmament appear,
 A constellation be, serene and clear.
 Then to whatever side her *Mirror* turns,
 Its face shall catch the light from golden urns;
 Naught false, impure, corrupting, shall it see,
 And only pleasing its *reflections* be.

Charles Wood Upham.

Son of Timothy Upham, Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H.; was born Sept. 9, 1814, and received his name, in part, in memory of a gallant friend of his father—Lieut. Col. Wood, of the Engineers—who was killed near General Upham, at the sortie from West Erie. In 1829, young Upham entered the Freshman Class in Bowdoin College, and shortly after selected the Christian ministry as his profession. While in college, he maintained a

high rank in his class, distinguishing himself particularly as a writer, and gained the lasting esteem of all. At the close of his Sophomore year, he left college to become an assistant in a large female seminary in Canandaigua, N. Y. In the autumn of 1832, by the upsetting of a stage, he sustained an injury of the spine, which, though not perceived at the time, shortly after occasioned a severe illness, and rendered the whole residue of his life a period of weakness and intense suffering. Most of his poems were written at about the age of eighteen years, and found their way into the public prints after his decease. He died in December, 1834.

ANDRE.

Beside his path the beauteous Hudson rolled
 In silent majesty. The silvery mist,
 Like the soft incense of an eastern fane,
 Went sparkling upward, gloriously wreathing
 In the sunlight. And the keen-eyed eagle,
 From his high aerie mid the crags, looked down
 In majesty, where stood the lonely one,
 In silence, musingly—

“Would it were thus
 With me. My spirit shares not now, as wont,
 In the wild majesty of nature here.
 Methinks there is some weight within, sinking
 My better thoughts. Would now that I might lead
 Some gallant battle charge—where the wild trump
 Enkindles valor, and the free winds swell
 My country’s banner.”

* * * * *

It was a lowly room;
 And the stern, heavy tread, that by the door
 Went to and fro, told it the captive’s cell.
 And he was there; the same, with his high brow,
 And soul-disclosing eye;—and he was doomed:—
 But on his face a smile seemed gathering,
 And the fixed gaze marked that a wakeful dream
 Had borne him far away. And now he saw
 His father’s home, in its old stateliness,
 Amid the bending trees; and the bright band
 Of his young sisters, with their voices gay,
 Echoing there, like some glad melody.
 And then another form, bewildering
 Each thought, came rising up in peerless grace,
 But dimly seen, like forms which sleep creates.
 His breath grew quicker, and his only thought
 Dwelt upon her, as seen in that last hour,—
 Her full dark eye on his, and the closed lip
 Just quivering with a tender smile, with which
 The proud young thing would veil her parting grief,
 And check her trembling voice, that did outsteal,

Like witching tones upborne upon the wind
 Of summer night—telling of her high trust.
 But suddenly a change was on his face,
 And then he paced the room in agony
 At one dark thought. 'T was not that he must die;
 But that he should not die a soldier's death:
 Alas, and shall *she* hear it, that bright one
 That ever saw him in her dreams rise up
 Like the young eagle to the sun?

* * * * *

The morning came,
 And he stood up to die;—the beautiful
 And brave—the loved one of a sunny home—
 To die as felons die;—yet proudly calm,
 With his high brow unmoved. And the full soul
 Beamed in his eye unconquered, and his lip
 Was motionless, as is the forest leaf
 In the calm prelude to the storm. He died;
 And the stern warriors, to his country foes,
 Wept for his fate. And who, that e'er had hopes,
 Weeps not for him, meeting such misery
 In glory's path?

James Upham.

All the Uphams in North America are descendants of John Upham, born in England in 1597; came to this country in 1635; settled first in Weymouth, Mass., and a few years later in Malden, as one of its founders. His gravestone is still to be seen there. Prof. James Upham was born in Salem, Mass., Jan. 23, 1815, being son of Dea. Joshua Upham, for forty years deacon of the First Baptist Church in that city. James was fitted for college by a three years' course in the famous Salem Latin Grammar School; entered Waterville College, now Colby University, at the age of sixteen; the first term, was converted, and baptized in the Kennebec; graduated in 1835. The fall after graduating, he took charge, as principal, of the Farmington Academy. During the second year, his health seriously failed, and he returned home. He never fully recovered his health. It having at length somewhat improved, he went to Newton, and spent several months in general reading, and in studying German and the Latin Fathers, under Prof. Barney Sears, and entered the seminary in the fall of 1837. During his Senior year, he left, without graduating, to accept a professorship in the Baptist Theological Institution, Thomaston, Me. Finding the Institution had no adequate basis, nor was likely to have, he resigned in January, 1842, and became successively pastor of the First Baptist Church, Manchester, N. H., and of the Baptist Church in Millbury, Mass. In 1845, he accepted a professorship in the theological department of the New Hampton Literary and Theological Institution, at first located in New Hampton, N. H., and subsequently in Fairfax, Vt. He retained his professorship—including also the presidency for the last five years—from 1845 to the close of 1866. For a number of years he had also sole charge of the Latin and Greek in the Literary Department. In December, 1866, he came to Boston, as editor of the *Watchman and Reflector*, now *The Watchman*, retaining the office until 1876. In 1877, he became associate editor of the *Religious Herald*, Richmond, Va., and Health editor of the *Youth's Companion*, Boston. The former position he resigned in 1883; the latter he still retains. Prof. Upham has written in all, including occasional communications, in prose and poetry, nearly three thousand articles. His public work divides itself into three portions,—pastoral, for three years; educational, for twenty-four, and editorial for twenty-one; the last still continuing.

THE FIRST SMILE.

O ray divine, pure gleam of love,
Like glimpse of glory from above,
Sweet, blessed smile, my baby's first—
'T is morning out of darkness burst!

Now is the bliss the mother knows;
Now at full tide affection flows;
At length I feel, and ever will,
My inmost, deepest being thrill.

Now conscious union has begun;
Henceforth our spirits shall be one;
My dearest Lord the type shall be—
"Thou art in me and I in thee."

Baby, I'd make thy life all smile;
Ward off all woe; each care beguile;
And, as we go the way along,
Would have thee overflow with song.

And as for me, I ask but this,
To find my blessings in thy bliss,—
Thy bliss a fountain deep within,
Unclogged with earth, unstained with sin.

But, darling, I now ask too much;
The "life to come" ne'er comes to such;
Not hopes alone our lot, but fears;
Not always smiles, but often tears.

Thy highest bliss will be to bless—
To help the weak, relieve distress,
The lost bring back, the fallen raise,
To do God's will in all thy ways.

Then, when at last thy Lord shall call,
He still will be thy all-in-all;
And so, henceforth, all smile and love,
Shall be thy life in climes above.

THE LIFE TO COME.

To the grave my feet long tending,
Now, at length, are near the ending.
They who linger, oh! how few,
Dearly loved, and loving, too.

Less the partings, more the meetings;
 Less the farewells, more the greetings—
 This is now the prospect here,
 Looking toward the heavenly sphere.

Most who helped life's load to lighten,
 And its many pathways brighten,
 Stand upon the further shore,
 Waiting for my coming o'er.

They whose lives have been the longest,
 And whose loves have been the strongest,
 Shall, at length, think most of meeting,
 Where no farewell follows greeting.

Oh! the friendships of forever,
 Marred by sin and sorrow never,
 Which my faith beholds above,
 In the native clime of love.

John Babson Lane Soule.

John B. L. Soule, a native of Freeport, Me., the youngest son of Dea. Moses Soule, was born April 4, 1815. He prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, N. H., and graduated at Bowdoin in 1840. He completed a course of law studies, but never entered upon the practice. After ten years engaged in teaching in Maine and Indiana, he spent several years as a journalist in a Western city. Having for some time held a license as a minister of the gospel, he gave himself to that work in charge of churches in Indiana, Wisconsin and Illinois. Elected Professor of Ancient Languages in Blackburn University, Illinois, he filled that office for eleven years, when he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Highland Park, a suburb of Chicago. After seven years in this position, he resigned, and retired from active public duties. Twenty-three years of his life have been spent in the teacher's chair, and twenty-five in the pulpit. Many of his sermons and lectures have been published, and a private edition of his poems printed. The honorary degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Divinity have been conferred on him by different institutions of learning in the West. Mr. Soule was designated as the first State Superintendent of Schools in Indiana—in 1847—and as Register of the Land Office for the Territory of Oregon, but felt obliged to decline these positions.

LEFT BEHIND.

A flock of singing birds,
 We met together in life's sunny spring,
 With tuneful hearts and voices carolling,
 In song unknown to words.

What time the blushing dawn
 Rose from her early couch of golden mist,
 And, wrapt in robes of pink and amethyst,
 Unlocked the gates of morn:

Or when the evening sun
 Sank bright and glorious to his royal rest,
 Among the purple pillows of the west,
 When the long day was done:

Our late and early song
 Was breathed where spreading beech and whispering pine
 Their soft and trembling shadows intertwine
 With branches broad and long.

Ofttime the laughing hours,
 Hand-linked, allured us to sweet-scented plains,
 Or meadows billowy with the bending grains,
 Or hill-sides starred with flowers.

But borne on happy wing,
 Each songster long hath flown to sunnier skies,
 To chant new joys in other melodies,
 Of higher loves to sing!

And, left behind among
 November's leafless boughs, I list in vain
 For the sweet cadence of that choral strain
 Our hearts together sung.

The pine's sad monotone
 Still breathes its tender anthem as of yore,
 But those sweet psalms of memory o'er and o'er,
 Wing-broke, I sing alone.

FAREWELL.

There is an hour—an hour of bliss,
 A moment rich with happiness,
 When cares and sighs depart;
 When they that love, approach to meet
 The mutual welcome; and the sweet
 Response of heart to heart.

There is an hour of sadness, too,
 When o'er our joys that dread adieu
 Falls like a withering blast;
 When hands are linked and fondly pressed,
 With heaving sighs and throbbing breast—
 Those traitors of the past.

When bitter thoughts arise so strong,
 And kind affection lingers long
 To meet the last farewell;
 When flowing tears are freely sent
 From struggling souls, more eloquent
 Than words, those thoughts to tell.

'T was thus we parted—but a thrill
 Of joyful hope pervaded still
 The grief-impassioned heart,
 Which told of brighter hours, to be
 From doubt and disappointment free,
 When bound in sweetest sympathy
 We meet—but not to part.

Andrew Dunning.

This gentleman was born in Brunswick, July, 1815, and after graduating at Bowdoin College, he entered upon a course of theological study in Bangor Seminary, where he graduated in 1840. He was first settled over a Congregational church and society in Plainfield, Conn. In 1860, he was installed over the church in Thompson, Conn., where he ministered until his death, in 1872. He was a man of ability and culture, much respected and beloved.

ST. JOHN IN EXILE.

AN EXTRACT.

Death was decreed, or banishment, to all of Christian faith,
 And he stood before the Roman power, for exile, or for death.
 The weakness of declining years was all forgotten now;
 He stood erect with fearless eye, and an unquailing brow.
 Though storms might break in darkness round, there was an arm to save;
 Through faith he trod the lifting seas, for Christ was on the wave.
 Amid the war of elements, he saw the rainbow dyes
 Arching in bows of promise sure, across the frowning skies.
 The clouds hung heavy o'er his head, but sunlight in his soul
 Darted athwart the fearful gloom, and richly tinged the whole.

He gazed upon the soldier guard, with spear and waving crest;
 And the thronging mass of bloody men that round him thickly prest;
 Calm and undaunted was his gaze, and through the troubled air,
 Went up, from his confiding heart, the spirit-whispered prayer.
 His heart was fixed,—his faith was firm, for he leaned upon the breast
 Of his beloved Saviour still, and felt the promised rest.
 The stern decree of banishment to Patmos' lonely shore,
 Was circled with celestial light, and tints of glory bore.

'T was joy to leave a treacherous world, 't was happiness to meet,
 Far from the faithlessness of man, a solitude so sweet.
 'T was joy to share the angry scorn by persecutors poured
 Upon that consecrated band, the followers of the Lord.
 He would not shield his aged frame from vengeance or from death,
 By coward act of perfidy—denial of the faith.

* * * * *

And he who left the city's throng, to seek his island home,
 Left but a wilderness behind, through paradise to roam.
 He stepped upon the rocky strand, and bade the world farewell;
 Angels, and heaven, and God, came down with him on earth to dwell.
 Nature in all her varied charms to him was given yet,
 The marvels and the pomps of heaven, with earth's in concord met.
 Far in the bosom of the deep, "Greece, living Greece," appeared,
 And there the "clustering Cyclades" round, their forms of beauty reared:—
 Vibrations of a thousand strings in music met his ear;
 The glorious canopy of stars, the sky serenely clear:
 The winds and waters whispered peace upon the lonely shore,
 And white-winged spirits of repose brooded its stillness o'er.

* * * * *

The New Jerusalem appeared, in dazzling splendor crowned;
 Bright jasper walls, with gates of pearl, encircled it around.
 This was the exile's solitude—celestial visions given;
 Communion with the world denied, communion held with heaven!

Sarah Bridges Winslow Seavey.

Sarah Bridges Winslow Seavey, born Aug. 11, 1815, at Westbrook, Me. Married Dr. Marcian Seavey, July 10, 1864. She resided in Westbrook several years, but was a resident of Portland most of her life.

THE INNER VOICE.

Too near thy trusting heart
 Have memory and hope their fledglings lain—
 And thou hast watched them one by one depart,
 Despite thy prayer, despite thy heart's deep pain;
 Till all the sunlight in thy heart grew dim,
 And filled thy cup with sorrow to its brim.

Hath fallen from lips, whose smile
 Gave light and gladness, words that chill—
 And through thy stricken heart the while
 Pierced like a dagger's point, and rankling still
 Within its deepest cell, the reeking blade,
 Its fresh, warm life-blood, flowing unallayed!

Still cherish, and still love—
But hope thou not, nor ask for its return;
And the warm sunlight, shining from above,
Flowing within thy spirit's inmost urn,
Thy cup of grief with gladness soon shall fill,
And through thy heart shall echo, "Peace, be still."

Lift thou thy thoughts above;
To the filled chambers of thy inmost soul
Gather the meekness and the might of love,
And to its majesty yield full control;
Gather it there, where He, thy Father fills—
All discord it makes peace, and all unquiet stills.

Listen! the inner voice,
From that deep life whose yearnings thou canst feel
And ever offers freely to thy choice,
Hath potency life's every ill to heal;
From the full fountain of eternal life
It urges down its way, with blessings rife.

Learn of the meek, low flower,
Whose beauty through thy soul hath sent a thrill
Of joy and reverence, with power,
Whose voiceless eloquence shall never still;
Learn of the flower!—if crushed beneath thy feet,
The odor from its cup is then exhaled more sweet.

FOR THE HARVEST.

The summer is passed, and the harvest,
The reapers have gathered the grain;
In the sunbeams the bare branches shiver,—
The dead leaves are strewn o'er the plain;
The hoar frost is scattered like ashes,
And soon will the snow fall like wool.
See, all is prepared for the winter,
The barns and the store-houses full.

Yet, ever I hear a low whisper—
A reaper's abroad in the field,
Who ceaseth not, summer nor winter,
Whatever the sown seed may yield,
To gather and bear to the garner,
And treasure with faithfulest care,
Till summons goes out to the toiler,
The fruit of his labor to share.

From fields of the spirit, this reaper
 Binds sheaves at the close of each day,
 Nor needeth the aid of a gleaner
 To follow the steps of his way;
 He beareth it all to the Master,
 The chaff with the beautiful grain,
 That when ye shall cease from the toiling,
 Its fruits shall all meet you again!

Soul! soul! what hadst thou for this reaper,
 The days and the weeks of thy years?
 Hath stern self-denial wrought patience,
 Whose baptismal dews were thy tears?
 Hath honor and truth been thy pole-star—
 Deeds, noble words, kindly and true?
 Lies no mildew or blight in the garner
 Where the life-harvest waiteth for you?

Edmund Flagg.

Hon. Edmund Flagg, the only son of the late Edmund Flagg, of Chester, N. H., was born in the town of Wiscasset, Nov. 24, 1815. He graduated with distinction at Bowdoin College, in the class of 1835, and immediately went West with his mother and sister, passing the winter at Louisville, teaching the classics to a few boys, and contributing largely to Prentice's *Louisville Journal*. Later he published a work entitled "The Far West," and, in 1838, edited the *St. Louis Daily Commercial*, bringing out in the fall of that year the work above mentioned in two volumes, from the press of the Harpers. He was reporter of debates to the Constitutional Convention of Missouri in 1846, and of the courts of St. Louis; was secretary of Hon. M. Hannegan, Minister to Berlin, United States Consul at Venice, and a fruit of his position was "The City of the Sea," a history of Venice, two volumes; was in charge of the bureau of statistics, and prepared, under Secretary Marcy, a report on the relations of the United States with foreign nations, highly commended; was librarian of copyrights. Mr. Flagg has also published several prize novels, and also several dramas. In 1853 and '54, a series of sketches referring to the West, from his pen, were contributed to the "United States Illustrated." For several years past Mr. Flagg has resided on a farm at Highland View, near Falls Church, Va.

SMILES OFT DECEIVE US.

Ah, do not say the heart is light,
 And free from every care,
 Because the eye beams calm and bright,
 And only peace is there.
 Around the monumental stone
 The gayest flowers may creep—
 The breast may wither chill and lone,
 Yet smiles the brow may keep.

Unseen—unknown—the electric dart
 Sleeps in the rolling cloud—
 So sleeps within the stricken heart
 The grief it most would shroud.

The sunniest smile may often glow
 Where sorrows gloomiest lower—
 Upon the sky will hang the bow,
 Though all is shade and shower.

The mountain-oak oft seems most sound
 When yielding to decay—
 The breast may hide a deadly wound,
 While lip and cheek are gay.
 Along the crushed and tumbling tower
 The ivy-leaf may steal—
 So laugh and jest in pleasure's bower
 The wasting heart conceal.

Soft summer's leaves are fresh and fair,
 But not so bright are they,
 As when on Autumn's misty air
 The forest-rainbows play.
 Fair on the cheek is beauty's blush,
 Where rose and lily meet,
 And yet consumption's hectic flush,
 Though sad, is far more sweet.

'T is not—'t is not the clam'rous groan—
 The querulous complaint—
 The gushing tear—the frequent moan
 That speaks the soul's lament.
 Sorrow's a proud—a lonely thing,
 And never stoops to mourn—
 The Spartan's mantle o'er the fang
 It clasps,—and bleeds alone.

There oft is woe which never weeps—
 Tears which are never shed—
 Deep in the soul their fountain sleeps,
 When hope and joy are fled.
 Yet who would ask the stagnant breast,
 Which chills not—never glows?
 Who would not spurn that waveless rest
 Which neither ebbs nor flows?

Then, think not, though the brow is free
 From shade of gloom or care,
 The breast is as a summer sea,
 And happiness dwells there.
 Ah, think not, though the sunny glance
 Upon the cheek may play,
 And on the lip the jest may dance,
 That grief is far away.

FARE THEE WELL.

Aye, be it so! The clouds around me bending,
 Thy sunnier lot in life must never shade:
 Hope's withered wishes on the heart descending,
 Must never cause that smiling lip to fade;
 Enough that we have met, though sad the parting—
 Enough, if I have shrined within thy heart
 One simple thought—ah, but one lingering feeling,—
 With which, without a sigh, thou wouldest not part.

Then fare thee well! whate'er the fate betiding—
 Whate'er of grief, or joy, may chance to me—
 Oh, may Love's rainbow, ever o'er thee bending,
 Hallow a life of bright tranquility.
 And, when of me all memory hath perished,
 If chance—as chance it may—thou hear'st my name,
 Think 'tis of one whose thoughts of thee are cherished
 Who—dead to love—had lived alone for fame.

Michael Wentworth Beck.

Michael W. Beck was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 29, 1815. At the death of his father he was adopted by his uncle, Gideon Beck, editor and publisher of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, and at an early age Michael began an active business life as a practical printer. Soon after completing his apprenticeship in the office of the *Gazette*, in 1832, he went to Boston, and worked in the office of Tuttle & Weeks, printers. While at work there he often contributed poetry to the columns of the *Boston Post*. In 1837 Mr. Beck came to Saco, in this State. He purchased, in company with another, the *Maine Democrat*. In the management of this paper he was both printer and editor, and so intense was his application to the business of the establishment, that his physical constitution became affected by a disease, which early terminated his earthly career. His intellectual powers were strong and active, and, for one of his years, well matured. His reputation as a political writer stood deservedly high. He died at Portsmouth, N. H., March 9, 1843.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

This world is not so bad a world
 As some would wish to make it;
 Though whether good, or whether bad,
 Depends on how we take it.
 For if we scold and fret all day,
 From dewy morn till even,
 This world will ne'er afford to man
 A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth's as good a world
 As e'er was known to any
 Who have not seen another yet
 (And these are very many;)

And if the men and women too
 Have plenty of employment,
 Those surely must be hard to please,
 Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world,
 In rain, or pleasant weather,
 If people would but learn to live
 In harmony together;
 Nor seek to break the kindly bond
 By love and peace cemented,
 And learn that best of lessons yet,
 To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,
 And pleasant folks were in it;
 The day would pass most pleasantly,
 To those who thus begin it;
 And all the nameless grievances
 Brought on by borrowed troubles
 Would prove, as certainly they are,
 A mass of empty bubbles!

A. D. Woodbridge.

Miss A. D. Woodbridge was born in Penobscot County, about 1815, but in what town we have not been able to ascertain. She is included in "Read's Female Poets of America," in the "American Female Poets," by Caroline May, and in "Native Poets of Maine," published in 1854, but none of these books give a biographical sketch from which we can glean any definite information. In 1847, an elegant, illustrated volume, entitled "The Rainbow," was published in New York, in which her name appears. She also for several years contributed to the most popular Annuals then published, and for ten years was connected with the Albany Female Academy, as a teacher, where she was highly esteemed for purity of character and superior talent. In 1846 she removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became connected with the new seminary there. Her writings are characterized by a deep religious purity and earnestness.

LIFE'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

How strangely, in this life of ours,
 Light falls amid the darkest shade!
 How soon the thorn is hid by flowers!
 How Hope, sweet spirit, comes to aid
 The heart oppresed by care and pain,
 And whispers, "all shall yet be well!"
 We listen to her magic strain,
 And yield the spirit to her spell.

How oft when Love is like a bird
 Whose weary wing sweeps o'er the sea,
 While not an answering note is heard,
 She spies a verdant olive-tree;
 And soon within that sheltering bower,
 She pours her very soul in song,
 While other voices wake that hour,
 Her gentle numbers to prolong.

Thus, when this heart is sad and lone,
 As Memory wakes her dirge-like hymn,
 When Hope on heavenward wing has flown,
 And earth seems wrapped in shadows dim;
 O then a word, a glance, a smile,
 A simple flower, a childhood's glee,
 Will each sad thought, each care beguile,
 Till joy's bright fountain gushes free.

To-day, its waters softly stirred,
 For Peace was nigh, that gentle dove!
 And sweet as song of forest-bird,
 Came the low voice of one I love;
 And flowers, the smile of heaven, were mine,
 They seemed to whisper, "Why so sad?
 Of love we are the seal and sign,
 We come to make thy spirit glad."

Thus ever in the steps of grief
 Are seen the precious seeds of joy,
 Each "fount of Marah" hath a "leaf,"
 Whose healing balm we may employ.
 Then midst Life's fitful, fleeting day,
 Look up! the sky is bright above;
 Kind voices cheer thee on thy way,
 Faint spirit! trust the God of Love!

Nathaniel L. Sawyer.

N. L. Sawyer, who was born in Greene, about 1815, graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1838. His friend, C. C. Nutter, Esq., in the History of Bowdoin College, speaks of Mr. Sawyer as a man whose "natural abilities were of a very high character, and enabled him easily to excel in every department of college study. As a writer, both in prose and poetry, he exhibited great originality, strength of thought and vigor of style. He was admitted to the Kennebec Bar, and practiced a short time in Gardiner, and in this brief period exhibited such a devotion to the duties of his vocation, and such capacity to excel in all its various branches, as gave gratifying assurance that, had his life been spared, he would have attained to a very eminent rank in his profession." He died in Greene (1845) of consumption.

MUSIC AND MEMORY.

AN EXTRACT.

Oh! music hath a magic power,
That serves to soothe a weary hour,
When perished hopes and fortunes lower;
From present care and toil it weans,
And wafts us back to halcyon scenes
Of boyhood, when the pulse ran wild,
And every vision undefiled
Beamed on the waking slumberer bright,
Instinct with ever fresh delight.

There's music in the lone cascade,
That having swept the upland glade,
Now dashes down where years have made
A deep and wild ravine;
It minds us of life's opening spring,
Joys early ripe thick-clustering—
And mimic hopes on golden wing,
Glancing the while between!

The steeple bell that fills the air,
The organ in the house of prayer,
With voices chanting, all declare
In Sabbath morning hour,
'Mid shadows of a greener year—
The friends whose lessening forms appear
With undiminished power.

The Switzer dreams of Father-land,
While captive Judah's mourning band
By Babel's willowy stream
Hang up their harps. From palace dome,
To cottage thatched, where'er we roam,
Soft music turns the exile home,
Where passed his young life's dream.

The stars of heaven that o'er us beam,
The murmur of some gentle stream,
Will open memory's cell—
And lead the wanderer back through years
Of woes and pains and wasting fears,
And joys that flash through streaming tears,
And leave him there to dwell
With youthful haunts and school-boy plays,
And hills and streams and sunny days—
Where memory ever fondly strays.

Ay! thus I thought, as one lone eve
 The balmy air came whispering by,
 And nature's spirit seemed to grieve,
 And still above, the azure sky
 Seemed weeping silent tears of dew,—
 While far adown night's sombre hue,
 Pale Lunar's beam came wandering through
 The star-paved firmament of blue.

'T was then my thoughts were hurried back,
 Along life's deviating track,—
 'T was then I felt that music's power
 Could soothe to peace the troubled hour,—
 'T was then I struck my harp anew,
 Music and Memory, unto you.

Joseph Ashton Homan.

Joseph Ashton Homan, born in Marblehead, Mass., Jan. 12, 1816, served his apprenticeship as printer in Boston; came to Augusta, December, 1837; married in 1840; published the *Gospel Banner* from 1843 to 1858, and the *Maine Farmer* from 1858 to 1878. Since then retired from active business, and now spending most of his time in trying to make "two spires of grass grow where one grew before." A brief record of a long and useful life.

THE MEN OF AULD LANG SYNE.

SUNG AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN AUGUSTA, JULY 4, 1854.

Come join in Freedom's roundelay!
 Let voice with voice combine
 To celebrate in song the deeds
 And days of "auld lang syne."
 The glorious deeds—heroic deeds
 And days of auld lang syne,
 We'll cherish the remembrance yet
 Of auld lang syne.

We've met to mingle incense here,
 To lay on Freedom's shrine
 An offering worthy those who bled
 In Freedom's cause, lang syne.
 The men whose blood flowed free for right,
 The patriots of lang syne;
 We ne'er can pay the mighty debt
 Of auld lang syne.

There needs no proud, heraldic boast,
 No long ancestral line,
 To stamp with tinselled blazonry
 The names of auld lang syne.
 The storied names, immortal names,
 The names of auld lang syne;
 True worth alone ennobles them,
 The names of auld lang syne.

A brighter halo crowns their deeds,
 More gloriously shine
 On Fame's illumined chronicles,
 The names of auld lang syne.
 Reveréd names, time-honored names,
 Those names of auld lang syne;
 A nation's glory crowns the names
 Of auld lang syne.

Yes, this is Freedom's natal day,
 And round her holy shrine
 We yield the grateful homage due
 The names of auld lang syne.
 The venerated ones of old,
 The men of auld lang syne,
 Earth's annals boast no prouder ones,
 The names of auld lang syne.

Then let each voice go up in song,
 And let our fingers twine
 The wreath for Freedom's champions,
 The men of auld lang syne.
 The lion-hearted men whose deeds
 Have treasured been, lang syne,
 A nation's love embalms the names
 Of auld lang syne.

ODE TO THE SNOW.

Hail, feathered visitant! with joy again
 I mark in airy flight thy downy flakes,
 Blithe harbingers of hoary Winter's reign!
 And though thou bringest with thee colds and aches,
 Nipped ears and noses, cramps and ague-shakes,
 Yet ever welcome to me is the sight
 Of thy pale countenance; thy coming wakes
 The heart to kindly feeling, and delight
 Beams in the eyes that scan thy spotless garb of white.

Pale, pale as wan consumption, thy caress,
 If fascinating, is not fatal too;
 Thou bringest health and ruddy happiness
 In thy bleak train; not the deceitful hue
 With which disease in siren guise doth woo
 Its charméd victims to an early tomb;
 Thy cool breath sends the quick blood thrilling through
 The leaping arteries, dispels the gloom
 Which clouds the brow and tints the hueless cheek with bloom.

On lighter wings than pinions of the dove
 Thou visitest our dark terrestial sphere,
 And evanescent too, as woman's love,
 Yet like that love, with all its frailty, dear;
 And I might almost deem thy grief sincere,
 When envious Sol, with his dissolving ray,
 Doth bid thee hence; for then the crystal tear
 Bedews the cheek of one who, bright and gay,
 Hath come to us in joy, and weeping goes away.

And thou, O Snow, as poets feign, art chaste;
 Pure as Pygmalion's statue, ere the fire
 Of life and passion thrilled the heart and traced
 Expression on the brow. Thoughts that inspire
 The soul with burning love and soft desire
 Are silent in thy breast; stern as the knell
 Which tells of blighted hopes; not e'en the lyre
 That Orpheus touched of yore with magic spell
 Can with emotion make thy frigid bosom swell.

The moon is not more chaste; and *apropos*
 Of her, I have a new hypothesis,
 Which, singing of thy chastity, O Snow,
 Reminds me of; something, I ween, like this;
 Methinks yon lovely orb, whose cold beams kiss
 The hills, the sea, and bathes far, far along
 With her pale flood the waving wilderness,
 Is one vast snow-ball, frozen mid the throng
 Of worlds, for some dark sin, some unforgiven wrong.

Perchance a sharer in the same high crime
 Which banished the lost pleiad from the skies,
 In endless expiation, until Time
 Shall be no longer, sorrowing she lies

Upon her way, a warning to the eyes
 Of pitying sister spheres! a quaint conceit!
 That may be laughed at by the over-wise;
 But sense and knowledge do not always greet,
 And Folly sometimes sits in vaunting Wisdom's seat.

GOOD-BYE!

Good-bye! how sadness mingles with the word;
 With what a tone it trembles on the ear;
 How, when its echoes hath the heart-strings stirred,
 And moments precious then grow doubly dear,
 How will the feelings we have sought to smother
 Burst into flame; how will the changing cheek,
 The throb of hearts that closer press each other,
 Betray a language which no tongue can speak;
 How at that word the mist of gathering tears
 Bedims the brightness of love-lighted eyes;
 How in the bosom will foreboding fears,
 Like the dread phantoms in our dreams arise,
 And dark futurity's mysterious scroll,
 Where destiny hath writ, lie open to the soul!

David Barker.

This well-known poet was born in Exeter, Sept. 9, 1816, and died at the house of his brother, Mark Barker, Esq., in Bangor, Sept. 14, 1874, at the age of fifty-eight years. In early life he devoted himself to a course of self-education, and, by a thorough and arduous research, acquired what was then considered a superior education. Such proficiency did he make in the excellent Academy at Foxcroft that, after a time, he was employed in it as an assistant. After leaving Foxcroft he became a very popular teacher at Eastport and elsewhere, and later, as a law student, entered the office of the Hon. Samuel Cony, at Exeter. Mr. Barker was in successful practice in his native town until within two or three years before his death. As a poet he obtained a distinguished reputation, and many of his metrical gems are destined to live. An elegant volume of his poems, with a biographical sketch by the Hon. John E. Godfrey, and which has passed through several editions, has been printed at Bangor. Mr. Barker's poetical fame brought to him the degree of A. M. from Bowdoin College, and Judge Godfrey truly says that this poet's "touching references to his mother, in several of his poems, will endear him to all who maintain their regard for the filial sentiment, and they are legion."

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

One night, as old Saint Peter slept,
 He left the door of Heaven ajar,
 When through, a little angel crept,
 And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
 Of morn approached, my blushing bride
 Awakened from some pleasant dreams,
 And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
 That when he leaves this world of sin,
 He'll wing his way for that blest shore
 And find that door of heaven again.

TRY AGAIN.

Should your cherished purpose fail,
 Never falter, swerve, nor quail;
 Nerve the arm and raise the hand,
 Fling the outer garments by,
 With a dauntless courage stand,
 Shouting forth the battle cry,
 Try again!

Is your spirit bowed by grief,
 Rally quick, for life is brief;
 Every saint in yonder sphere,
 Borne through tribulation here,
 Whispers in the anxious ear
 Of each mortal in despair,
 Try again!

What though stricken to the earth,
 Up, man, as from second birth;
 Yonder flower beneath the tread,
 Struggling where the foot has gone,
 Rising feebly in its bed,
 Tells the hopeless looker-on,
 Try again!

Guided by the hand of Right,
 With Hope's taper for a light,
 With a destiny like ours,
 And that destiny to choose;
 With such God-created powers
 And a heaven to gain or lose,
 Try again!

FROM "MY FIRST COURTSHIP."

When, for the first time in your life
 You dream of those strange words, *a wife*,
 And from your mother's cupboard go,
 And the first time in earnest throw,
 In kind of bashful, leisure haste,
 Your green arm 'round a green girl's waist;
 If like the mariner, when tossed

On wave, with chart and compass lost,
 Who trusts his helm, when tempest-driven,
 To the old dipper-star in heaven,
 She, in her new and girlish bliss,
 Will trust your first, raw, country kiss,
 Then look as happy's though she knew
 She'd got one hard week's washing through,—
 And if it gives your nerves a twist,
 And sends a prickling through the wrist
 Much like a tunk upon the point,
 Or apex of your elbow joint,
 Brings from your stomach long-drawn sighs,
 And pumps up water through the eyes,—
 Then bet that you are both in love,
 And that the match was made above,
 That you and she, through smiles and tears,
 Will live and love through life's long years,—
 She turning with her wealth of soul,
 As turns the needle to the pole,
 And clinging through your rise and fall,
 As clings the ivy to the wall,—
 Unless some fancy, curl-haired fop
 Wades in and breaks love's crockery up.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

Distrust not every form without,
 Than live through life such living death,
 In the betraying fiend of Doubt
 Have Faith.

Though through a blind-man's-buff we're led,
 Or though in dusky paths we grope,
 In a blest *something*, just ahead,
 Have Hope.

The treacherous blocks we may not see
 O'er which our stumbling brothers fall,
 So then have God-like Charity
 For all.

With these—the three—we may be blest,
 And leave behind us when we go,
 Around Life's sunset in the west,
 A glow.

Then onward press, though for the grave,
 And calmly meet the closing strife,—
 Death is the only proof we have
 Of life.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

Tell the fainting soul in the weary form
 There's a world of the purest bliss
 That is linked as that soul and form are linked
 By a covered bridge with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the other shore
 We must pass through a transient gloom,
 And must walk unseen, unhelped and alone
 Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
 For the universal toll
 Is the outer garb which the hand of God
 Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim and the bridge is dark,
 And the river it spans is wide,
 Yet faith points through to a shining mount
 That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet, in the next day's march,
 To climb up that golden ridge,
 We must all lie down for a one night's rest
 Inside of the covered bridge.

WHAT IS TRUE POETRY?

How many squander off their hours
 In rhyming *flea* with *tea*,
 And fondly dream it constitutes
 The soul of poetry!

It is not poetry to frame
 A line that ends with *chink*,
 And stretch another at its side
 That ends with *bobolink*.

True poetry is never decked—
 It always lives undressed,

But has a fire to warm itself
 Concealed within its breast.

Its joy is this: to find the key,
 And keep it in control,
 Which fits the lock that closes up
 The chambers of the soul.

And then it labors long and well
 To learn the magic art
 Of throwing on a screen the lights
 And shadows of the heart.

THE LION AND THE SKUNK.

A DREAM.

I met a lion in my path,
 ('T was on a dreary autumn night,)
 Who gave me the alternative,
 To either run or fight.

I dare not turn upon the track,
 I dare not think to run away
 For fear the lion at my back
 Would seize me as his prey.

So, summoning a fearless air,
 Though all my soul was full of fright,
 I said unto the forest king,
 "I will not *run* but *fight*."

We fought, and as the fates decreed,
 I conquered in the bloody fray,
 For soon the lion at my feet
 A lifeless carcass lay.

A little skunk was standing by
 And noted what the lion spoke,
 And when he saw the lion die,
 The lion's tracks he took.

He used the lion's very speech,
 For, stretching to his utmost height,
 He gave me the alternative
 To either run or fight.

I saw he was prepared to fling
 Fresh odors from his bushy tail,
 And knew those odors very soon
 My nostrils would assail.

So, summoning an humble air,
 Though all my soul was free from fright,
 I said unto the dirty skunk,
 "I'll *run* but will not *fight*."

—
MORAL.

As years begin to cool my blood,
 I rather all would doubt my spunk,
 Than for a moment undertake
 To fight a human skunk.

STEAMBOAT KNITTING.

On the 24th of August, A. D., 1853, an aged widow, fully clad in mourning, sat quietly and busily engaged in knitting a stocking in the saloon of the steamer Penobscot, on her passage from Belfast to Bangor. I observed, to my astonishment, two young women gorgeously decked, pointing and laughing at the old lady with her knitting-work. One of the maidens referred to had a large hole in the heel of her stocking. The foregoing incident suggested the following lines :

Knit on—let “moderns” giggle if they will—
 Knit on, nor squander thine allotted time;
 Knit on, old matron, and my poet’s quill
 Shall tell thy virtues in these measured rhymes.
 Despite of idiot laugh and pointless joke,
 I love to see thee at thy knitting-work.

Thou ‘mind’st me of those stormy days, old dame,
 When toil like thine was honored more than now,
 When stockingless, through blood and frost and flame,
 Our fathers won fresh laurels for the brow;
 When “Mother Bailey” raised her warring notes,
 And furnished wadding from her petticoats.

When girls were made to “draw” with handle mop
 In “water colors” o’er unfinished room,
 And taught, on washing day, a “waltzing hop,”
 And learned their “music” at the wheel and loom;
 When silk or satin, or the flaunting gauze,
 Was bad to milk in when the cows were cross.

When man of brain could triumph o’er his birth,
 When all but monkeys shaved their upper lips,
 When *error* met by truth was “crushed to earth,”
 When lodge-room was the only place for “grips,”
 When boys had *fathers* (now they have a “Pa,”)
 And lived a space ’twixt nursing and cigar.

I hate to see the meanest reptile die,
 I hate a fop, I hate a mincing prude;
 I hate the fret of sawdust in my eye;
 I hate a thief, I hate ingratitude; !
 But from mine inmost soul far worse than all
 I hate a sneering o’er the sweat of toil,
 And worse than sin I hate the wretch that leads
 The van to taunt a widow in her weeds;
 I loathe the wretch—if for no reason other,
 I have myself a stricken, widowed mother.

Charles H. Porter.

Charles H. Porter was born (probably in Portland) Dec. 6, 1816, and died, in New Orleans, in 1841. He was the son of Samuel Porter, who lived in Portland and Freeport, Me., and whose wife was Nancy, or Anne, Storer. Samuel Porter and his brothers, Seward and William, carried on shipbuilding at Porter's Landing, in Freeport; they built the privateers, America and Dash, during the War of 1812. Mr. Porter's talents were of a high order, as will be seen by the following:

TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

I cannot blame what every age hath shown
 Is nature's weakness, that, while Fortune smiled,
 Friends flocked around me, but when she had flown,
 The most forsook adversity's lone child.
 And thou of the warm heart and feelings true,
 How did I watch thy bark's retreating sail,
 That bore thee far across the waters blue,
 To brave the surges' wrath, the sweeping gale;
 Nor thought that thou in a far distant land
 Mid strangers' graves, unknown, unmarked should lie,
 That I should never grasp again thy hand,
 Ne'er more should meet thy kindly beaming eye.
 Perchance the cypress o'er thy grave is waving
 Its pensive branches 'neath the evening sky,
 Emblem of him whose bosom still is heaving
 For thee, thou long departed one, the sigh.

LOVE'S BLIND.

"Love's blind," they say,—an olden rule—
 But he who made it was a fool;
 And they who trust him are not wise,
 Love rather hath a thousand eyes.

"Love's blind," they say:—who think they find
 Truth here, but prove themselves are blind;
 If so, how could his arrows fly
 With such unerring certainty?

I thought so, till from Stella's eye
 The villain let an arrow fly;—
 It came so straight I could not flee—
 And proved full well that Love can see.

Then all beware:—that Love's a rogue,
 He'll either come to you incog,
 Or else he'll say to you "I'm blind,"
 And thus an easy entrance find.

Susan Francis Preston Clapp.

Susan Francis Preston was born in Norridgewock, June, 1817. She was a niece of Lydia Maria Child. Not long after her school-girl days, her family removed to Bangor. There she was married to Rev. Dexter Clapp, a Unitarian clergyman, who was settled at one time in West Roxbury, Mass., and afterwards was the successor of Rev. Dr. Flint, of Salem. She died in 1858.

BON AVENTURA.

Bonaventura, four miles from Savannah, Ga., is the resort of all strangers who visit the city. Trees and moss constitute the charm of the place. Long rows of oaks form avenues, radiating from a common centre, whose intertwining boughs at once suggest the idea of Gothic arches. Long, gray, fibrous moss hangs thickly from all these trees, frequently trailing on the ground in its luxuriant growth, making the daylight dim, and producing effects of still and solemn beauty, impossible to be revealed in words.

How eloquent are all thy silent trees
 O Bonaventura! Not the faintest breeze
 Stirs the long moss from all thy ancient boughs,
 That such monastic beauty o'er them throws,
 So calmly there in rich profusion hung,
 As if its graceful drapery had been flung
 From heaven, by unseen angel hands, to screen
 From din and dust of earth, this lovely scene!

Through all thy long, cathedral aisles, I hear
 Echoes of life and truth, that draw me near
 To God and my own soul: silent I stand
 In holy temple, reared by Nature's hand;
 Without the voice of priest, or chain of form,
 Grateful I worship, till my heart grows warm
 With love to Him who made thy trees, thy moss and me,
 And brought me here to-day to look with joy on thee.

THE MILL STREAM.

The mill stream flows o'er common ground,
 Yet wandering there, I stand spell-bound;
 And dreamy thoughts will o'er me steal
 While listening to the water-wheel.

As round it rolls, I hear a chant
 Whose music grows significant,
 Till my whole being is possessed
 With something of the wheel's unrest.

Mine ear hath caught an undertone
 To which my soul makes answering moan;
 Two plaintive voices seem to meet,
 In murmuring eddies, at my feet.

Vague longings, when answered here,
Foreshadowings of another sphere,
Now join the water's plaintive flow,
As onward, onward still they go.

Forever striving to be free,
My soul is in strange sympathy
With the waters basely bound
To turn the mill-wheel round and round.

Within man's limitation set,
The troubled waters foam and fret,
But left unfettered in their course,
Glide on serenely to their source.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

'Our asking hearts must meekly wait,
Nor strive to lift the curtain cloud
Which he of Nazareth did not raise,
Though unto death his head He bowed.

No word from out the heavens will come,
Yet are we taught by Hope and Love,
That He whose hand upholds the stars,
Builds for our dead fair homes above.

Caroline Fletcher Dole.

Mrs. Dole, (Caroline Fletcher) born in Norridgewock, July 22, 1817; attended such schools as the village afforded till 15 years old; afterwards, for a time in school elsewhere. Married, June 16, 1843, Rev. Nathan Dole, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Brewer; afterwards editor of missionary periodicals in the Missionary House in Boston. After Mr. Dole's death, which occurred in 1855, she returned with her two sons (one little daughter having died) to the early home—her residence since.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

'T was in our country's early days,
She first beheld the sun;
And sweet and simple were her ways,
Till all her days were done.

In her fresh years the wheel and loom
Could her deft hand attest;
Varied her tasks, and yet no gloom
Life's tasks for her possessed.

Fair little maiden, blue her eyes,
With flossy, chestnut hair,
Cheeks that the rose had lightly touched,
Lips full of smiles so rare.

The scanty schooling of the times
She treasured with such zest,
That ever as the bravest climbs,
So she outstripped the rest.

Methinks we see the bright, young face,
Prompt in the rural school,
So full of eagerness to trace
Each lesson and each rule.

But years passed on—and then, a bride,
She formed a happy home;
Herself its truest joy and pride—
None cared from her to roam.

The heart of husband and of child
In her could safely trust;
To her dependants she was mild,
And steady, firm and just.

'T was hers to wipe the orphan's tear,
To aid the weak and poor;
She had for woe an open ear,
And sought each woe to cure.

Griefs came to her—but tenderer made
The heart so kind before;
And graces new around her played,
Hiding the wounds most sore.

Husband and little ones she saw
Laid in the grave away;
But Christ had wrought in her his law,
"Thy will be done," to say.

So patience, like a beauteous crown,
From day to day she wore;
And God from his high place looked down,
Pleased with the fruit she bore.

At length old age came stealing on,
Gentle, serene, and sweet;
We knew the goal was almost won,
The rounded life complete.

And now her very features took
Expression saintly, pure;
Engraven deep in memory's book,
A picture to endure.

But as the full and ripened sheaf
Is to the garner borne,
So with a warning, gentle, brief,
God came and took his own.

'T was on the holy Sabbath day,
In the bright summer time,
She passed beyond our sight away,
And reached the heavenly clime.

Then children's children rose and said,
"Her memory shall be blessed;"
And blessed be the sainted dead,
Endless and sweet her rest.

AN EASTER SONG.

Sun of this morn, uprising,
Shine forth with thy brightest ray;
Lilies bloom out, surmising
'T is the blessed Easter Day!

Early, my heart, awaken,
Thy glorious King to meet;
Be earthly cares forsaken,
For thought of His presence sweet.

Put on thy beauteous garments,
All spotlessly white and fair;
Open thy closed apartments
To breezes of heavenly air.

For lo! the King immortal
Comes forth from the open tomb;
He has lighted death's dark portal,
And has scattered all its gloom.

Waken, O earth, in gladness,
Greet Him with music and song;
Put off thy shadows and sadness,
And rapturous praises prolong.

Welcome, O King of glory,
Thou conqueror of the grave,
With joyful tears and lowly
We bow, and Thy feet we lave.

WORK FOR CHRIST.

"What can I do for the Master?"
I said in sadness one day;
"I should work much better and faster,
For life is fleeting away."

I thought of the poor, marred tissue,
Wrought for his critical eye;
And I prayed for a fairer issue,
Of the shuttle yet to fly.

Tears dimmed my eyes, and fell thicker,
But I needed, for avail,
A faith that should burn and not flicker,
A love that should never fail.

"What shall I do for the Master?"
Again to myself I said;
"I must use much better and faster
The rest of life's precious thread."

And a small, wan child now waited,
For my aid, outside the door,
Like a fluttering bird, belated,
And finding its nest no more.

Then shortly, a dusky figure
Peered in, on my startled sight;
And he asked, with sad, pleading gesture,
For the Way, the Truth, the Light.

But ere I applied my lesson,
Lo! down the old shaded street,
(Did I dream?) a vast procession
Came onward, with weary feet.

I could never paint it truly,
With skilfulest painter's brush,
Or portray the dark shadows duly,
I saw in that twilight's hush.

What a mass of upturned faces,
So wild, and haggard, and low;
Bearing plainly the fearful traces
Of sin, and disease, and woe!

Ah me! how it swelled and lengthened!
"Will it never end?" I said;
But at eve it was only strengthened,
And I heard its heavy tread.

"See, here is work!" said the Master,
"Think you it can bear delay?
Yes, rise and work better and faster,
The rest of life's fleeting day."

"Inasmuch as for these ye labor,
I accept it as to me;
In thy poor and thy needy neighbor,
Thy Lord, and thy Master see!"

Then I rose, and wrought in life's tissue,
Some fair, bright colors for these;
And light and joy was the issue,
As my Lord I sought to please.

And I said, "O dearest Master,
Strengthen thy laborer's hands,
To work the better and faster,
Heeding Thy blessed commands."

Livy Penney.

The subject of this sketch was born in Shapleigh, Aug. 5, 1817, his father's name being John Penney, and his mother's maiden name, Jane Hasty. Mrs. Penney was a woman of vivid imagination and an ardent admirer of good poetry, and it was from her that Livy inherited his poetic ability. Our author's educational advantages in early life were limited, and as soon as his strength would allow, he was obliged to assist in the support of a large family of brothers and sisters, of whom he was the oldest. Mr. Penney has, however, been a frequent and valued contributor to many of the Maine publications, and some of his poems have been quoted in lecture courses given in his section of the State.

TIME.

Eternal Time! thy boundless reach
Transcends all power of finite thought,
Cycles and centuries, millions each,
With thee contrasted count as naught.
No sum of years, however vast,
Numbers the ages yet to be;
The eternal round of ages past,
A Deity alone can see.

One tick of Time's eternal clock,
And nodding oaks their branches toss,
Where erst the barren granite rock
Bore but the lichen and the moss;
Another tick, and cities shine
And busy hands the valleys till,
Avarice explores the sparkling mine;
It ticks again, and all is still.

Mute as the silence of the grave,
While countless ages vanish by,
Mountains spring smoking from the wave
And lift their foreheads to the sky.
The forest rears its leafy tent
Where once the rock-built city stood,
And o'er its ruins, gray and rent,
The timid partridge leads her brood.

Where now is Babylon's lofty wall,
Its glittering spires and temples grand?
Wrapt in oblivion's coal-black pall,
Beneath a waste of shifting sand.
Its mighty hosts, by Time subdued,
Have vanished with their joys and woes;
Euphrates rolls in solitude
Beside the spot where they repose.

Even the soil whereon we tread,
The meadow, field and flowery glade,
Was once the ocean's oozy bed,
Where saurian monsters fought and played.
And just such fields are forming now
Beneath the ocean, fathoms deep,
Where hands, now dust, shall guide the plow,
And coming nations sow and reap.

Ah, who shall solve the problem right,
Whence we came, or whither we go,
To dark oblivion's dreamless night,
To endless years of joy or woe?
Despite all theories, I ween,
One fact is clear as morning light:
The Mind that runs this vast machine
Has ample power to run it right.

When science and religion meet
And walk together hand in hand,
And men sit humbly at their feet
The laws of God to understand,

No blood-stained chief his crimes shall vaunt,
 Nor armies rush with foaming steeds,
 And man, released from priestly cant,
 Shall worship God by righteous deeds.

Thomas Hill.

Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D., was born in New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 7, 1818; took A. B. degree at Harvard, 1843, and graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School, in 1845; settled as pastor, Waltham, Mass., 1845; succeeded Horace Mann as president of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, 1859-62; and was president of Harvard College from 1862 to 1868. Dr. Hill was settled over the First Parish Church in Portland in 1873, where he still remains. He took the Scott premium of the Franklin Institute, for an instrument which calculated eclipses and occultations; and also invented the nau trigon for solving spherical triangles. He accompanied Agassiz around South America in 1871 and 1872. Dr. Hill appears as a poet in several recent collections of British and American poetry; and a small volume of his verse under the caption "In the Woods and Elsewhere," for private circulation, was printed at Portland, in 1887.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

I hear a gentle tapping at the door.
 Be still my soul! and listen to the word
 Of Him who knocks, and pleadeth evermore
 For entrance; 'tis thy Saviour and thy Lord.

Oh, why so slow in answering His call?
 Why thus reluctant to admit thy guest?
 All springs of happiness are scant and small,
 Beside His loving presence in the breast.

'Tis love alone which brings Him to thy door;
 'Twas love divine which sent Him unto men;
 'Tis pardon, peace, and joy forever more,
 He freely gives. Refuse Him not again.

Oh, quickly open, at His gracious call,
 And gladly welcome so divine a guest.
 Return thy love for His; the gift is small;
 While He gives bliss untold and endless rest.

THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR.

From the midnight of the grave,
 All victorious, strong to save,
 Comes, resplendent as the sun,
 Jesus, God's anointed One.

Darkness he has driven away;
 He has brought immortal day;
 Death and Hades strive in vain
 Night and chaos to retain.

Hail! thou mighty Conqueror!
 Wonderful and Counselor!
 King of Glory, Prince of Peace!
 Never shall thine empire cease.

Jesus, from among the dead,
 Raises his triumphant head;
 Sing the glad, exultant strain:
 Hell is conquered, Death is slain!

THE EARLIEST FIRE-FLY.

Fearless little pioneer,
Leader of thy race this year!
Tiny spark of wondrous light,
Wandering through the darksome night,
Strangely pleasant is the sight
Of thy vague, erratic flight.

Soon thy light will be but lost,
Mid thy fellows' brilliant host,
When the meadow lands shall be
Gay with mimic galaxy.

Finches prophesy the spring,
Bobolinks its blossoms bring;
But thy race, with bolder cheer,
Say that summer now is here.
Now the wild grape fills the air
With a wealth of perfume rare;
Roses bloom beside the way,
Joy and fragrance fill the day;
Now the sunlight's lengthened hours
Ring with song and glow with flowers.
Leader of the glittering band,
Soon to follow thy command,
Welcome, then, thou tiny spark,
Seen against the woodland dark.

Who had taught thee, underground,
Ere thy wings thou yet hadst found;
Who had taught thee thus to soar,
Thus to flit the meadows o'er,
Ere as yet thy cheering flame
From its hiding places came?

Never yet another's light
Having met thy new-born sight,
How wilt thou the difference know
'Twixt a mate's and rival's glow?
How distinguish, in the dark,
Either from a glow-worm's spark?
Wonderful the mystery—
What shall safely pilot thee,
With unerring thread of fate
To thine only rightful mate?

Wanderer! thus, unto my sight,
With more than stellar lustre bright!
Ah! how gladly would I share
Courage which can boldly dare
Thus to mount on untried wing;
Boldly thus thyself to fling,
Whither heart within thee leads,
Toward higher life and nobler deeds.

Thus thou op'nest to mine eye
Scenes above this star-paved sky.
He who guides thy feeble race,
Pours on man a richer grace.
Outward eye hath never seen
Canaan's fields of living green;
Outward senses hear no song
Sung the eternal choirs among;
But the Son of God inspires
In his saints, those warm desires,
And that strong, unconquered will
Which the heart with rapture fill.
When He calls, they soar away,
Freed from all this mortal clay,
Finding true the joyous word:
"Still together with the Lord."

ANTIOPA.

At dead of night a southwest breeze
Came silently stealing along;
The bluebird followed, at break of day,
Singing his low, sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone-wall;
It wakened the butterfly there;
And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stony, rifted heart,
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine
The chambers of my soul;

With gentle words of hope and faith,
By lips now sainted spoken;
With vows of tenderest love toward me,
Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
And glowed with faith anew;
The buds that perish swelled without,
Within, the immortal grew.

Orricy R. B. Hemmenway.

This philanthropic and noble woman was born in Pittsfield, March 1, 1815, fifth in descent from George Brown, of Scotland, who came to Boston in 1667. Her industry as a writer, both in poetry and prose, were of a superior order. Her influence over young people was sweet and powerful. An intelligent young woman of Brigadoon, in doubt as to the right or propriety of an action, would in anxiety say,—“What would Mrs. Hemmenway think it would be right for me to do this?” Mrs. Hemmenway died at Pittsfield, March 7, 1878. The text at her funeral was from words she used often to repeat—“There shall be no night there.”

WEAR THE SMILE OF GLADNESS.

**Ye who with youth and beauty beam,
Come wear the smile of gladness ;
From lips and eye let sunlight gleam
Unmixed with care and sadness.**

The light and joy of that bright ray
Some saddened eye may borrow,
To dry the tear and drive away
The gloomy cloud of sorrow.

**And you upon the noon of life,
With courage high, unbending,
Be hopeful, zealous, in the strife,
The right and truth defending.**

You're blest indeed, who daily share
The smiles of those you're shielding;
Will you to discontent and care
Like weaker ones be yielding?

No—while fond words, all free from guile,
Are round your fireside breathing,
Then let the smile that answers smile,
Your eyes and lips be wreathing.

**And you, whose heads are bowed with age,
Be cheerful, unrepining,
And when you're treading life's last stage,
Let love your souls be fining.**

As radiant falls the sunset's glow,
The hill-tops all adorning,
So calmer smiles may grace your brow,
Than when in youth's bright morning.

A DREAM THAT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM.

The shades of night were drawn around my pillow,
But sleep refused to bless my weary head;
I heard the winds sweep through the weeping willow,
While my sad spirit walked above the dead.

I paused a moment o'er an infant sleeper,
On whose pale brow my earliest tear-drops fell,
And as I thoughtful stood, my grief grew deeper
For that sweet flower my childhood loved so well.

I sought the parents where I left them leaning
With tearful eyes above that little bed;
But newer graves bespoke the solemn meaning,
They too were slumbering with the unconscious dead.

And further on was early manhood lying,
A mother's staff, a father's hope and pride,
Who chilled the life of those he left when dying,
But now they're calmly sleeping by his side.

I read the names of mothers long departed,
Where moss had gathered through the distant years,
Where helpless children, husbands broken hearted,
Had oft bedewed their silent bed with tears.

And other stones the truthful tales were telling,
That all their tears in death's long sleep were dried;
I wandered on and passed the silent dwelling
Of many a friend reposing side by side.

Thus did I roam beneath the mournful willow,
Till life looked worthless, as its joys are brief,
When in kind slumbers on my tear-wet pillow,
I found a balm for all my helpless grief.

No more I walked where cypress branches quiver,
To weep o'er treasures in the dark, cold tomb,
But, lo! I stood beside a crystal river,
Where trees were waving in immortal bloom.

The glorious forms around the throne were bending,
 In robes of white with golden harps in hand,
 And joyful voices in those strains were blending,
 Of sinless groups around that happy land.

I heard blest souls with thankful voices telling
 To those who reached that blessed land before,
 How much they suffered in their earthly dwelling,
 Not knowing then why such great griefs they bore.

But oh! what bliss had crowned their life of trial,
 Now the rehearsal of their severed love,
 Their nights of weeping, days of self-denial,
 But served to heighten all their joys above.

And blessed saints through faith in Christ, ascending,
 Were ever swelling that unnumbered throng,
 Where all the harps and all the tongues were blending
 In one glad strain, in one triumphant song.

Then ceased my tears for those I'd long been weeping,
 And sorrow fled like morning clouds away,
 And left a halo round my loved ones sleeping,
 That changed death's night to bright, immortal day.

O what is love, and all the sweet communion
 That faithful friends in joy or grief have known,
 Compared with that which in a sweet reunion
 Blest spirits taste around God's glorious throne.

John Albion Andrew.

John A. Andrew was born in Windham, May, 1818, and was fitted for college at Gorham Academy, under Rev. Reuben Nason. He graduated at Bowdoin College, in the class of 1837, pursued legal studies in the office of the late H. W. Fuller, Esq., of Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar. His college life was "the flow of generous impulses and noble purposes, rather than the display of brilliant talents and extraordinary scholarship. Indeed, as may be said of many others, his public career developed more shining qualities and higher traits of genius than his early friends anticipated." As is well known, his is a conspicuous name in the political annals of Massachusetts. In 1859 he was in the lower house of its Legislature, and in 1860 was elected Governor of the State at a critical emergency in State and Nation, and through his uncommon ability and fitness, by general consent, acquired the title of "the great war governor." On retiring from office, in 1866, he declined various honorable and lucrative positions, resuming the practice of law, which became extensive and remunerative. On the evening of the 30th of October, 1867, he was seized with apoplexy while sitting with his family, and survived but a few hours. His remains were interred in Hingham. A statue of marble has been placed in the State House at Boston. A writer in the *Portland Transcript* recurs to an early reminiscence of Gov. Andrew. "It was the custom of the graduating members," he writes, "in our day, at Bowdoin, to pass round the college album for autographs, not confining the mission exclusively to those of the same class, but extending it to other circles *ad libitum*. Among the only relics left by the ravages of two destructive conflagrations in Portland is one of these albums, in which this early friend thus autographs his genial character, no less than his penmanship:"

ALBUM TRIBUTE.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW, OF THE JUNIOR CLASS, 1836.

May years of gladness, friend, be thine,
 Few tears of sorrow dim thy joy;
 Few be the weeds that you may twine
 'Round memory's wreath, in sad alloy.
 Of life's best pleasures, bright and pure,
 That poets sing, in sweet-toned lays,
 And hopes fulfilled, friends true and sure,
 Be the bright sunshine of thy days.

Frances S. Osgood.

Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, known in literary circles as "Una Locke," was born in Maine, probably Saco, in 1811. She was the daughter of Joseph Locke, and was regarded as one of the most gifted authors of her time. She wrote several volumes of poetry, among them "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." Mrs. Osgood died in 1850.

MAY DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Can this be May? Can this be May?
 We have not found a flower to-day!
 We roamed the wood—we climbed the hill—
 We rested by the rushing rill—
 And, lest they had forgot the day,
 We told them it was May, dear May!
 We called thee, sweet wild blooms, by name,
 We shouted, and no answer came!
 From smiling field, or solemn hill—
 From rugged rock, or rushing rill—
 We only bade the pretty pets
 Just breathe from out their hiding-places;
 We told the little, light coquettes
 They need n't show their bashful faces—
 "One sigh," we said, "one fragrant sigh,
 Will soon discover where you lie!"
 The roguish things were still as death—
 They would n't even breathe a breath.
 Alas! there's none so deaf, I fear,
 As those who do not choose to hear!
 We wandered to an open place,
 And sought the sunny butter-cup,
 That so delighted in your face
 Just like a pleasant smile looks up.
 We peeped into a shady spot,
 To find the blue "Forget-me-not!"
 At last a far-off voice we heard,
 A voice as of a fountain-fall,

That softer than a singing bird
Did answer to our merry call!
So wildly sweet the breezes brought
That tone in every pause of ours,
That we, delighted, fondly thought
It must be talking of the flowers!
We knew the violets loved to hide
The cool and lulling wave beside:—
With song, and laugh, and bounding feet,
And wild hair wandering on the wind,
We swift pursued the murmurs sweet;
But not a blossom could we find;—
The cowslip, crocus, columbine,
The violet, and the snow-drop fine,
The orchis 'neath the hawthorn tree,
The blue-bell and anemone,
The wild-rose, eglantine, and daisy,
Where are they all?—they must be lazy!
Perhaps they're playing "Hide-and-seek!"
Oh, naughty flowers! why don't you speak?
We have not found a flower to-day—
They surely cannot know 'tis May—
You have not found a flower to-day!—
What's that upon your cheek, I pray?
A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,
And worth all nature's blooming wealth;
Not all in vain your search, my child!—
You've found at least the rose of health!
The golden buttercup, you say,
That like a smile illumines the way,
Is nowhere to be seen to-day!
Fair child! upon that beaming face
A softer, lovelier smile I trace;
A treasure, as the sunshine bright—
A glow of love and wild delight!—
Then pine no more for Nature's toy—
Yes! in a heart so young and gay,
And kind as yours, 'tis always May!
For gentle feelings, Love, are flowers
That bloom through life's most clouded hours!
Ah! cherish them, my happy child,
And check the weeds that wander wild;
And while their stainless wealth is given,
In incense sweet, to earth and heaven,
No longer will you need to say—
"Can this be May? Can this be May?"

Jane Maria Mead.

Jane Maria Mead, a native of Paris, Me., was born on the 31st day of December, 1811. Her father was a physician, a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in N. Y. When Jane was a little girl, he migrated to the West. Since the year 1834 her home has been in Ohio. In 1835, she was married to Whitman Mead, a prominent lawyer in Northern Ohio for ten or twelve years, but who has, for the most part, exchanged Blackstone and the subtleties of the law for the more congenial pursuit of farming. He resides near the town of Medina. Mrs. Mead has been, since 1850, an occasional writer for *The Louisville Journal* and the *New York Tribune*, and was one of the regular contributors of *The Genius of the West* in Cincinnati, from 1853 to 1856. Her writings are marked by elevation of thought, and purity of style, and her poetry partakes largely of a sober devotional feeling, which indicates her puritan ancestry. *The Louisville Journal* said of her poems: "They are pure diamonds, polished by the most skilful art." Says one of her Maine friends, Mrs. E. C. Durgin, of Deering: "I saw Mrs. Mead in 1886, when she was visiting her cousin, Mrs. Weston, of Deering. This was the first time that she had been in Maine since, in her sixteenth year, she visited it with her mother. She was now nearly seventy-four; her hair was silver—a very 'crown of glory,' and the wonderful beauty gathered from many years of Christian womanhood with its keen joys and bitter sorrows, and of a poet's thought and feeling, shone from her large, dark eyes. For nearly fourteen years she has been a widow; and her present home is with a son who is rector of an Episcopal Church in Niagara, Canada. She has two other sons who are clergymen of the same communion. Her intellect is still vigorous; and wit, wisdom and words of tender, Christian counsel, and comfort and hope still come from her pen, from time to time." For the first part of this sketch we are indebted to a poetical work issued at Chicago, in which Mrs. Mead has a prominent place.

NATIONAL ODE.

Columbia! lift thy starry eyes,
 And weep o'er ruined hopes no more;
 The sun still shines in yonder skies,
 Though lightnings leap and thunders roar;
 Then from thy garments shake the dust,
 And smooth thy brow, and smile at care:
 Daughter of Heaven! 't is thine to trust,
 And never breathe the word despair.
 Our fearless sires—uncheered, unshod—
 Through fire and flood and tempest trod,
 And conquered "in the name of God."

Comrades! the very stars have stooped
 To light the hero on his way;
 Through war and peace in glory grouped,
 Undimmed, their beams of splendor play.
 They lead the legions of the free;
 They watch above the soldier's bier;
 They guard our rights on land and sea—
 In doubt, in darkness, doubly dear:
 Through years of peace, 'neath war-clouds deep,—
 Till death, will every father's son
 Defend the flag our fathers won.

Can we forget the men that trode
 The ranks of death with iron will?
 Can we forget the blood that flowed
 At Lexington and Bunker's Hill?
 No! by the memory of the brave
 Who sleep in glory's hallowed bed—
 By every sainted mound and wave,
 Each drop of blood, for freedom shed,
 Shall prove a seed will rise again—
 A harvest vast, of mighty men,
 Invincible with sword and pen.*

From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 The stripes must wave, the stars must burn,
 While mountains rise, or rivers roll.
 To them the world's oppressed shall turn,
 To them th' oppressor look with awe,
 And learn a tyrant's arm is clay,
 A tyrant's sceptre but a straw;
 And till the reign of wrong gives way,
 Above our father's martyred dust,
 We swear: Our swords shall right the Just,
 Or ever in their scabbards rust!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

INSCRIBED TO MISS E. C. DURGIN, OF DEERING, MAINE.

To-DAY, though we have sorrow,
 To-night, though we have fear,
 God has a glad To-MORROW
 Hid somewhere in the Year./
 Let sudden storms assail us—
 They purify the air;
 God's rainbow cannot fail us,
 His promise foils despair./

There never is a shadow
 That looms upon the day,
 But has a sun behind it,
 Or some effulgent ray.
 When a profane enchanter
 Springs up, the world to harm;
 God sends some great supplanter
 To work a counter-charm.

* This prophetic verse was fulfilled during our late Civil War.

Mourn not good seed, that's sleeping
 Beneath the dust and mould;
 'T will yet repay your reaping,
 A thousand, thousand fold.
 Mourn not for lost endearments;
 You'll win the bliss you crave,
 When Love has dropped his cerements,
 And risen from his grave.

True love and fond affection
 Survive death's cruel dart;
 A joyful resurrection
 Awaits the pure in heart.
 To-DAY,—sin,—loss,—and sorrow,
 And pain,—and death,—and tears;—
 But life and joy TO-MORROW,
 Through God's eternal Years!

PATRICK O'NEIL.

Who's the lass I see spinning her flax at the wheel?
 'T is Katie; she's promised to Patrick O'Neil.
 O Katie, sweet Katie, I've hunted ye long,
 Through County Roscommon--me brogans are strong.

The lakes and the rivers—I've paddled 'em o'er,
 And niver touched land till I got to the shore.
 O where hev ye bin wid yer naughty blue eyes?
 To set cunnin' traps for the illegant by'ys?

No wonder yer cheeks are so rosy, at all;
 For did n't ye dance wid Tom Hughes at the ball?
 And did n't ye put the ole clogs quite away
 For slippers I give ye last Michaelmas Day?

I bought for yer neck, that's so swan-like and white,
 The blue beads and breast-knot ye sported that night.
 And did n't the pansies look brave in yer hair?
 For shame—the nice pansies I got at the fair!

And did n't Tom wait on ye home to the gate?
 And why did he do it?—To stand there—and prate.
 Ah! Katie, I spare ye—but only for once,
 One last hint I giv' ye, have done with the dunce.

'Tis Patrick O'Neil that is telling ye this;
He's no thief, like Tom Hughes, at stealing a kiss;
Tom Hughes is polite as a peacock, I own;
But what is a peacock—let feathers alone.

The lakes o' Killarney are lovely to see,
And Katie shall rock on their bosoms wid me,
If she, to O'Neil, will but vow to be true,
While grasses are green and the heavens are blue.

Now where is the lass, either up hill or down,
Can match the swate print that I got for yer gown ?
Yer little straw-hat, 't is a nate one, I know;
The shiners that bought it I airned wid me hoe.

The pig and the cabin, ye know very well,
Were got wid the praties O'Neil raised to sell.
And the peat--there's the peat—a hape of it, sure;
Enough for the winter. Who tells ye I'm poor ?

There's White Face—most paid for—and sure, her red calf,
Will blate till the cabin will ring wid his laugh.
So let Tommy go—or ye niver shall feel
A ring on yer finger from Patrick O'Neil.

AT THE OLD HOME.

I've seen the same old town again,
The home where first my mother smiled,
The same—yet not the same—as when
It knew me as a happy child.
That home to fond hearts firmly wed
By pleasant memories of old—
Of summer meads, with berries red,
Of autumn fields, with shocks of gold;
Of wayside maples, which still weave
Their shadows broad; of that soft light,
Which, glinting on each birchen leaf,
Sifts down and makes the landscape bright.
There ferns in woodland shades abound;
There ancient oaks and hemlocks stand;
There stately firs adorn the ground,
And pines are monarchs of the land.

When genial airs awake the flowers,
Up peeps the same blue violet;
The golden-rod, through suns and showers—
Just as of old—is golden yet.

The rose and lilacs shed perfume
Unstinted, as in early days;
And buttercups and asters bloom
Beside the quiet country ways.

To see that cherished spot become
Re-peopled, as it was of yore,
And be a dweller in that home,
I'd be a child—a child once more;
Yea, twice a child—to quaff anew
Delicious draughts from that cool well,
And roam the tempting orchard through,
In autumn, where the apples fell;

To hear, beneath bird-haunted skies,
The tall pines murmur of the sea,
And fondly dream that angel eyes,
Through some blue rift, look down on me.
But where are they, who lent a charm
To all that in those prospects lay ?
Who gave brisk life to shop and farm,
To mill and woodland—where are they ?

Go—seek their places of repose,
Those silent cities of the dead:
Earth's wealth to them—its joys and woes,
There end in each low, narrow bed.
But, ah! their names are held akin
To precious jewels, set apart
From common things and locked within
The sacred casket of the heart.

Harriet Thayer Tracy.

Mrs. Harriet T. Tracy is a lineal descendant of the chief proprietor of the original grant of the township of Turner, Maine, Rev. Charles Turner, her grandfather, for whom the town was named. She was born in Turner, March 7, 1817. Mrs. Tracy was invited by the committee to prepare a tribute for the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Turner, and sent the following from her home in Sacramento, California.

CENTENNIAL GREETING.

FROM SACRAMENTO, CAL., TO TURNER, ME., JULY 7, 1886.

O home of my youth—O town of my birth!
In fond recollection, the dearest on earth!
The sweet dreams of childhood embellish thee still,
Like idyls of poets whose volumes they fill.

O land of my birth—O home of my youth!
Where our hearts received their first impress of truth,
Where our eyes first oped to the beauties of earth,—
We ne'er can forget the sweet land of our birth.

Ah! who can tell rightly the emotions that swell,
Recalling my native place—spot loved so well;
And as her children chance to meet on this centennial day,
Accept these heartfelt greetings of a daughter far away.

The grand old stately oaks that shade our western plain
Would waft a whispered greeting to the pine-clad hills of Maine,
While Sacramento river, freighted with its ore,
Would greet the Androscoggin upon the eastern shore.

Thy many sons and daughters, wherever they may roam,
Will join, this anniversary day, to greet you all at home;
For neither time nor distance can from their heart efface
The memories of those days of old within that hallowed place—

The town of Turner—honored with my grandsire's name,
A man in learning famous and patriotic fame—
A loyal man—most worthy of his loved ones' praise,
That children join to render in these latter days.

With mingled joy and sadness, we here review the past,
But ever will be thankful that our own lot was cast
Where piety and learning have always held the sway,
To guide in paths of honor and usefulness the way.

Some paths have led our country's holy cause to save,
And plant the sacred principles our early fathers gave;
Some to the fields—the arts—the legislative halls,
All ready to respond wherever duty calls.

Some on our golden shores have found a pleasant home,
And some have passed forever the golden-gate beyond;
From east to west, wherever thy honored sons are found,
This day they're doubly welcome to that hallowed ground.

And thus thy children pass from infancy to age;
In devious paths of duty's call they busily engage;
A loyal people ever to the world and God,—
May future ages still their worthy acts record.

George W. Lamb.

G. W. Lamb, son of Rev. George Lamb, of Brunswick, was born May, 1818, and graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of 1837. Notwithstanding his sufferings from ill health during his college course, his talents and perseverance gave him a high stand as a scholar. After two years in the Cambridge Law School, he went to New Orleans and settled. There he gained the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. In the midst of the most favorable prospects, and while making himself highly useful by his talents and integrity, he was suddenly cut down by the yellow fever, August, 1853. His remains were conveyed to the place of his birth. Resolutions passed soon after his death, at a meeting of the New Orleans Bar, pay a just tribute to his classical scholarship and to his high attainments in modern literature.

SPIRIT VOICES.

In the silent greenwood glade,
 In the dim old forest shade,
 By the rushing river,—
 There are sweet low voices singing,
 Music on the soft breeze flinging,
 And they haunt me ever.

In the star-crowned, quiet night,
 Ringing from the moonlit height,
 Whispering from the vale,
 From the swinging, leafy bough,
 And the dewy flowers below,
 Murmuring still their tale.

'Tis of days long passed away,
 'Tis of forms now cold in clay
 These sweet voices tell me.
 At the memories they bring,
 Tears and smiles together spring
 From the heart's deep swell.

Old friends again about me stand,
 And once more the clasping hand
 And the kindling eye,
 Better far than words can do,
 Tell that hearts are warm and true
 As in days gone by.

And, as these sweet visions throng,
 Joyous laughs with many a song
 On the charmed air swell,
 And strike upon the dreaming brain
 Till the old time seems back again—
 The old time loved so well.

Ever thus in greenwood glade
And in the deep forest shade
 And by the rushing river,
There are sweet, low voices singing,
Music to the soft breeze flinging,
 And they haunt me ever.

Martha Waldron Blacker.

Martha W. Blacker was born in Norridgewock, Sept. 5, 1818, and was reared educated in that good old classic town, having her home there until her marriage occurred in October, 1843. Since that time, as the wife of a clergyman, she has several places, always in Maine with the exception of three years. Her first poem published in a local paper at Norridgewock, in 1838; since then she has written less, sometimes regularly for a few years, for different papers and periodicals.

DAILY TRIALS.

Oh, strong and brave the heart may be,
 To bear the heavy woes of life;
It fails most oft at petty ills,
 With which each passing day is rife.

We gird ourselves with armor strong,
 To meet some mighty wrong or ill;
Proudly defy the threatened harm,
 And, conquering, boast the power of will.

Anon, a trifle light as air,
 A careless word,—a look,—a tone,—
Makes shipwreck of our boasted power;
 Endurance, strength, alike are gone.

THE PRESENT.

A song of the Present,—the unwritten Now,
Whether age, youth, or manhood is stamped on the brow;
Of the days that are lent us by Heaven's behest,
To prepare for the future and heavenly rest.

The past lies behind us with memories filled,
Of hopes that have perished, of wishes fulfilled,
Of joys that have vanished, of joys that remain,
Of friends that have left us to come not again.

The future before us is hid from our sight;
Time's changes alone shall reveal it to light,
The present is with us, though fleeting full fast,
Its moments swift hastening to blend with the past.

Each day in the drama of life hath a part,
Bringing pleasure or grief to each beating heart,
And the tablet of time hath a record true
Of the deeds left undone and the deeds that we do.

There are dear ones to cherish, kind words to say,
Faint hearts to solace in life's rugged way;
There is succor to give to the brother in need,
The fallen to lift and the hungry to feed.

There are wrongs to be righted,—who of us shall dare
Refuse in this God-given work to share?
There is work for us all; let us do it in love;
Let us merit the meed of "Well done" from above.

TRUST IN GOD.

Hope on and hope ever; yield not to despair;
Though thick in thy pathway lies many a care;
Though silent is love's voice, and friendship's sweet tone,
Let thy motto be, ever, "Despair not; hope on,"
And firm let thy trust be in Heaven.

Have those thou hast trusted and tenderly loved
To thine own dearest interests traitorous proved?
Thy fond hopes been crushed by adversity's breath?
The voice of thy loved ones been silenced in death?
Still, firm let thy trust be in Heaven.

Perchance thy warm heart is now gushing with grief,
For sorrows for which thou canst find no relief;
To God let thy prayers and thy wishes ascend;
Distrust not His goodness; to Him humbly bend,
And firm let thy trust be in Heaven.

Or, haply, thine eyes are now dimming with tears,
For the sins and the follies of earlier years.
Let the past time suffice thee; go, sin thou no more;
Look onward, yea, upward, through Hope's brighter door,
And firm let thy trust be in Heaven.

In life's darkest hour there's a power to sustain
And lift us to peace and to gladness again;
Then trust thee; though hope's brightest visions be flown,
Let thy motto be, ever, "Despair not; hope on,"
And firm let thy trust be in Heaven.

Upon the voyage sublime!

And our good town
Has worn the crown
Of Warren's name
And Warren's fame

A Hundred Years of Time!

What histories are enfolded

In that one solemn stroke!—
The embryo plant well moulded!—
The acorn grown an oak!

Those fathers' toils,
Their sweat, their moils,
Have given *our* age
Rich heritage,

And grateful thanks invoke!

Those plantings weak have now grown great;

Those houses few, a throng;—

And, spite of ills, and wars, and fate,
That handful, thousands strong!

The Faithful Hand
All good has planned,—
His people led;—
Through famines, fed;—

And kept the *trusting* heart elate!

Father Mysterious! Throned in light!

In whom all live and breathe!—

To Thee we lift our thanks to-night!

Our humble praise receive,—

For sun's glad rays
Morns, nights, and days,
The sweet refrain
Of breeze and rain,

Thou didst through all the century give!

Make glad their souls who toiled for us,

And these fair scenes begun!

Forefathers' cares, foremothers' prayers,

Rose with each morning's sun;

Beyond earth, Lord,
Give their reward,
While peaceful rest
In earth's calm breast

The century ashes death has won!

And us who now are dwelling
 In Warren's goodly town,
 Whose hearts with joy are swelling
 For all her just renown,—
 Keep us upright,
 In honor bright,
 Pure, temperate, kind,
 By Christ refined,
 Of all centennials the crown!

Thanks! that the bell *has* sounded
 Its deep, portentous chime!—
 That a hundred years are rounded
 Upon the voyage sublime,
 And our good town
 Has now the crown
 Of Warren's name
 And Warren's fame,
 A Hundred Years of Time!

Claude Lewis Hemans.

Claude L. Hemans, a son of the gifted and renowned English poetess, Felicia Hemans, was born in Dublin about 1818. He had been educated in part by his uncle, Sir Thomas Brown, and came to this country under the patronage of his mother's friend and admirer, Prof. Norton of Cambridge. He entered Bowdoin College, in this State, in the class of 1838, and while in college is said to have exhibited marks of talent especially in the acquisition of languages. After graduation he spent a year in teaching in the Western States. He then returned to England, selected the medical profession, went to Edinburgh for the purpose of study, and there soon after died. The "Bowdoin Poets" contains two graceful poems from his pen, one of which we present our readers.

STANZAS ON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

' How sweet the rest kind nature brings,
 As now she bids my sorrow cease,
 And comes with healing on her wings
 To give this aching brow release.

This kindly air so sweet and mild,
 That greets me like affection's voice,
 She sends to soothe her suffering child,
 And make my drooping heart rejoice.

Hope with unruffled plumes once more
 Broods buoyant on my tranquil breast,
 As, when the raging storm is o'er,
 Some light bird floats on waves at rest.

Thanks, gentle friends, whose tender care
 Has poured these blessings on my head,
 And o'er the gloom of dark despair
 The rays of warm affection shed.,

Benjamin Anthony Gould Fuller.

Born in Augusta, May, 1818, and died in Brookline, Mass., Jan. 24, 1885. He entered Freshman class in Bowdoin College in the second term, and subsequently, by extra passed into the next higher class, an achievement, according to the college annals, accomplished. After reading law with his father and brother, and at the Harvard Law School, he was in active practice in Augusta till 1855, when, for two years, he charge of the *Augusta Age*. Later, he was engaged for a short time in railway enterprises in the West. Returning to Augusta, he was placed in nomination for a seat in Congress, in 1859, but failed of an election. He was afterward judge of the municipal of the city, and, in 1856, represented the city in the State Legislature. He removed to Cambridge, Mass., in 1864. Mr. Fuller occasionally contributed articles to general and other magazines.

OUR RETURNED NATIVES.

From bustling traffic, or luxurious ease,
 From contest stern, for glory or for fees,
 From lures of wealth, or mad pursuit of fame,
 From hunting titles, or from hunting game,
 From stroke of anvil, din of wheel and saw,
 From dusty volumes of black-letter law,
 From patient visits at the patient's bed,
 Lest nature work the cure they so much dread,
 From pulpits lighted by celestial fire,
 From household hearths whose charms can never tire,
 From California's mines of golden ore,
 From naval cruisers by the Afric's shore,
 From Fashion's empire, I had almost said,
 (But Fashion reigns wherever mortals tread;)
 From these, and more, upon this gladsome day,
 For purer pleasures they have turned away,
 With bounding steps to greet this morn the home,
 "Sweet Home" of youthful days, they gladly come,
 And gather at the native hearth again,
 One mighty, joyous, grateful, household train.

HOPE, FAITH, CHARITY.

Have HOPE!—it is the brightest star
 That lights life's pathway down,
 A richer, purer gem than decks
 An Eastern monarch's crown.

The Midas that may turn to joy
The grief-fount of the soul;
That points the prize, and bids thee press
With fervor to the goal.

Have HOPE!—as the tossed mariner,
Upon the wild waste driven,
With rapture hails the Polar star,
His guiding light in heaven,—
So Hope shall gladden thee, and guide,
Along life's stormy road,
And as a sacred beacon stand,
To point thee to thy God.

Have FAITH!—the substance of things hoped,
Of things not seen the sign;
That nerves the arm with God-like might,
The soul with strength divine.
Have Faith!—her rapid foot shall bring
Thee, conquering, to the goal,
Her glowing hand with honors wreathes
A chaplet for thy soul.

Have FAITH!—and though around thy bark
The tempest surges roar,
At her stern voice the storm shall rest,
The billows rage no more.
HOPE bids the soul to soar on high,
But yet no wing supplies;
She marks the way,—but **FAITH** shall bear
The spirit to the skies.

/ **Have CHARITY!**—for though thou 'st faith
To make the hills remove,
Thou nothing art if wanting this,—
The Charity of love.
And though an angel's tongue were thine,
Whose voice none might surpass,
If Charity inspire thee not,
Thou art “as sounding brass.”

' **Have CHARITY!**—that suffers long,
Is kind, and thinks no ill;
That grieveth for a brother's fault,
Yet loves that brother still.

FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY! of these
The last is greatest, best:
'Tis Heaven itself come down to dwell
Within the human breast.

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss, youngest daughter of Rev. Edward Payson, was born in Portland, Oct. 26, 1818; married Rev. Geo. L. Prentiss, D. D., April 16, 1845; died August 13, 1878. Her earlier literary productions, comprising many juvenile works, were received with great favor, giving her almost at once a wide reputation. At a later period she ventured upon a somewhat different and perhaps higher flight, the result of which was "Stepping Heavenward," which placed her in the very front ranks in the line of effort called for by works of the class to which that work belongs. This work first appeared as a serial in *The Advance*, and was issued in book form in 1869. She herself said of it: "Every word of that book was a prayer, and seemed to come of itself." Many of her excellent hymns and poems have also been a "balm and benediction" to thousands of fellow mortals. One English mother wrote her that she had read "Stepping Heavenward" through many times, and always with good results to her soul. Mrs. Prentiss is buried in Maplewood Cemetery, Dorset, Vt., and the place where her body rests in sweet seclusion is, indeed, hallowed ground.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bending knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

MY GIFT.

I thought that prattling girls and boys
Would fill this empty room;
That my rich heart would gather flowers
From childhood's opening bloom.
One child and two green graves are mine,
That is God's gift to me;
A bleeding, fainting, broken heart—
That is my gift to Thee.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE IN CHRIST.

I walk along the crowded streets, and mark
 The eager, anxious, troubled faces;
 Wondering what this man seeks, what that heart craves,
 In earthly places.

Do I want anything that they are wanting ?
 Is each of them my brother ?
 Could we hold fellowship, speak heart to heart,
 Each to the other ?

Nay, but I know not! only this I know,
 That sometimes merely crossing
 Another's path, where life's tumultuous waves
 Are ever tossing,

He, as He passes, whispers in mine ear
 One magic sentence only,
 And in the awful loneliness of crowds
 I am not lonely.

Ah, what a life is theirs who live in Christ!
 How vast a mystery,
 Reaching in height to heaven, and in its depth
 The unfathomed sea!

Edward Payson Weston.

E. P. Weston, a son of Rev. Isaac Weston, was born at Boothbay, on the 19th day of Jan., 1819. He graduated at Bowdoin College, 1830, and the next year published the volume of "Bowdoin Poets." He then engaged in teaching, and for nearly seven years had charge of the Lewiston Falls Academy, removing next to Gorham, where he was principal of the Female Seminary in that place, which, under a new organization, became the Maine Female Seminary. After a service of thirteen years at that institution, he received the appointment of State Superintendent of Schools, and a reappointment three years later. While in office, he was largely instrumental in the establishment of the normal school system, and opened the first institution of the kind in Farmington. Mr. Weston was at one time an assistant editor of the *Eclectic*, a popular literary journal, published at Portland, afterwards merged into the *Portland Transcript*. In 1865, he had charge of the Abbott Family School for boys, at Farmington, and later was principal of a seminary for young ladies at Lake Forest, Ill., which he conducted seven years with success and, after retiring in 1876, he opened a school for young ladies at Highland Park, near Chicago. A small volume of Mr. Weston's poems has been electrotyped. He died Oct. 13, 1879. He was a singularly amiable, genial, and pure-minded man. Many are those who now look back with gratitude to the help and encouragement received from him in their early struggles for an education. His funeral took place from his former residence at Gorham, on Friday, the 17th of Nov., 1879, where many friends and former townsmen gathered to testify their high esteem for him and their sincere grief, chastened, however, by the trust that he has gone

"After life's autumn to the living green
 Of the sweet fields and the unfading spring."

SAMUEL PICKARD.

"The path of the just is as the shining light."

No shining path, by Israel's just men trod,
Hath opened clearer to the perfect day,

Than this, who from his presence walks with God;

While tearful eyes the silent form survey,
And all our hearts with deepest reverence say,

"This is the man the people knew—to trust,—
The orphan's guardian and the widow's stay;"

And when we lay the patriarch's form in dust,
The monument we rear above shall be—THE JUST.

Nor less the depths of tenderness and truth,
Which from his great heart like a fountain welled;

With a broad sympathy for age and youth

His hand outstretched with generous aid he held,
Nor honest poverty with scorn repelled.

Stern in the right he stood by mercy's side,
And never from the better cause withheld

Or face or favor, but with Christian pride
Lived for God's noblest truth, and in its glory died!

A VISION OF IMMORTALITY.

BEING A SEQUEL TO BRYANT'S "THANATOPSIS," AND "A HYMN
DEATH."

Yet once again, O man, come forth, and walk
With Nature in her pleasant haunts, and hold
Thy heart in gentle fellowship with hers.
Enter the silent groves, or pierce again
The depths of the untrodden wilderness,
And she shall utter to thy listening ear
Large prophecies for thine interpreting,
Even though her voice hath sung to thee of Death.
And for the vision of Earth's many graves
Thou hast gone sorrowing, yet come again,
And she shall tell thee with a thousand tongues
That life is hers—life in uncounted forms—
Stealing in silence through the hidden roots,
In every branch that swings, in the green leaves
And waving grain, and the gay summer flowers
That gladden the beholder. Ay, and more!
Each towering oak, that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight in eternal strength,
Glories to tell thee that the acorn died!

The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
 Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope,
 And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
 Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay!
 The insect brood is there. Each painted wing
 That flutters in the sunshine, burst but now
 From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
 Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
 In its glad beauty from the gloom of death.

Where the crushed mold beneath thy sunken foot
 Seems but the sepulchre of old decay.
 Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
 The living myriads of a mimic world.
 Nay, the light breath that lifts the sultry air
 Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses
 That earth, from her unnumbered caves of death,
 Pours forth a mightier tide of teeming life.

Raise then the hymn to Immortality!
 The broad, green prairies and the wilderness,
 And the old cities where the dead have slept,
 Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
 Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
 Of myriads ransomed from the silent dust!

Kings that lie down in state, and earth's poor slaves,
 Resting together in one long embrace;
 The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe,
 Grown old together in the flight of years;
 They of immortal fame, and they whose praise
 Was never sounded in the ears of men;
 Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd,
 All the vast concourse in the halls of death,
 Shall waken from the sleep of silent years,
 To hail the dawn of the immortal day!

Aye, learn the lesson. Though the worm shall be
 Thy brother in the mystery of death,
 And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay,
 Together to earth's mighty charnel-house,
 Yet the immortal is thy heritage!
 Thy grave shall gather thee; yet thou shalt come,
 Beggar or prince, not as thou goest forth,
 In rags or purple, but arrayed as those
 Whose mortal puts on immortality!

Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
 Of Nature, and her solemn hymn of death
 Steals, with its note of sadness, to thy heart.
 That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,
 Breaks from the mold with every bursting flower,
 "O grave, thy victory!" And thou, O man,
 Burdened with sorrow at the woes which crowd
 This narrow heritage, lift up thy head,
 In the strong hope of the undying life,
 And shout the hymn to immortality!

The dear departed that have passed away
 To the still house of death, leaving thine own,—
 The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
 Mother, or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
 Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise,—
 They shall be thine again when thou shalt pass,
 At God's appointment, through the Golden Gates!

And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
 Thine uncrowned head no lowlier than theirs,
 Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
 A king and priest to God, when thou shalt pass
 Forth from the "silent halls," to take thy place
 With patriarchs and prophets and the blest,
 Gone up from every land to people heaven.

So live, that when the mighty caravan,
 Which halts one night-time in the vale of death,
 Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
 Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
 Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed,
 Like the strong eagle's, for its upward flight!

THE CHRISTIAN POET.*

ADDRESSED TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We borrow from the dead Greek's living tongue,
 In which the olden minstrels wrought and sung,
 And call him poet, who, creating still,
 Moulds us new forms of passion, thought and will.

* MESSRS. EDITORS: Why should our Eastern friends have to themselves all the pleasure of bringing song-offerings to the prince of song? The following lines were published before the Rebellion, when to admire Whittier and his poems, was to risk the curled lip of that large class of our countrymen, whom R. H. Stoddard, in his own tribute, calls his "*old-time haters*." Thank God for this new illustration that truth and goodness win in every contest with evil. *Serus in cælum redeas.*

E. P. W.

Highland Hall Jan. 24, 1878.

When his great art the poet-builder plies,
 Mark how those forms in wondrous beauty rise;
 Creations fairer than the world has known
 In monumental brass or Parian stone.

Thus Homer builded and all time defied:
Exegi monumentum, Flaccus cried,
Are perennius—and the crumbling brass
 Tells to the ages, it has come to pass!

But he who works with God shall rise and build
 Temples more splendid than mere art can gild;
 Arches and architraves in wonder wrought,
 From purer fancies and of holier thought.

Who works with God works with a nobler aim,
 His inspiration a diviner flame,
 And truth and beauty moulded in *his* heart
 Outshine the brightest forms of classic art.

O thou, my brother, whom the muses crown
 With Fame's green chaplets and a world's renown,
 Above thy laurels, howe'er fresh and green,
 The bright aureole of the Christ is seen!

Baptized to Him who welcomed scorn and shame,
 Thou hast refused the bribe of earthlier fame,
 Gone down to share thy suffering brother's wrong,
 And bear the solace of thy Christian song.

And thou hast smit the hard oppressor's ears
 With words that tingle like the Hebrew seer's;
 Burning with holy fire when men have sold
 Conscience and right in lust of peace or gold.

Not thine to gild the sepulchres of sin,
 The nation strives to hide its shame within;
 No incense to "Our country, right or wrong,"
 Waves from the golden censer of thy song.

Immortal genius touched the classic lyre;
 To nobler song let Christian bards aspire:
 Who works with God shall reach a loftier name,
 His inspiration a diviner flame!

George Foster Talbot.

Born in East Machias, January, 1819; after graduating at Bowdoin he became assistant teacher in Washington Academy, in his native town, at the same time pursuing legal studies with Hon. Joshua A. Lowell, completing the same in the office of Hon. J. W. Bradbury, of Augusta. He began practice in Skowhegan in 1840, and, the year following,

he removed to East Machias, where and in Machias, the county seat, with the exception of a year in Columbia, he continued practice until in 1864 he removed to Portland, where he has since resided, excepting the interval of a year when he was Solicitor of the Treasury in Washington. Among other offices ably filled, Mr. Talbot was United States Attorney for Maine several years, commissioner to investigate what were known as the "paper credits," 1870 and 1871, and to revise the constitution of the State in 1875. He has also contributed quite largely to magazines and newspapers, especially to the *New York Tribune*. All of his articles, whether on literary or economic subjects, are keen and vigorous. Mr. Talbot, since retiring from the practice of his profession, has written and published a work entitled: "Jesus, his Opinions and Character"—being a critical study of the tradition of the origin of Christianity, as embodied in the New Testament. The views advanced are original and striking and not quite in accord with the popular convictions.

FROM "AD SODALES." -

A POEM DELIVERED AT BRUNSWICK IN 1887, BEING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRADUATION OF HIS CLASS.

This is the place; here are the pines and sand;
 Two venerable structures keep their sites;
 But gone is every scholar of the band
 That led our halting steps up learning's heights.
 "The old order changeth, giving place to new,"
 New men, new manners, and new laws we see,
 And yet amid the changes that we view
 Is nothing half so strangely changed as we.
 For would the golden youth, whose lusty legs
 Spurn the tormented football o'er these plains,
 Deem life worth having, low-drained to its dregs,
 The mind's regrets tempering the body's pains?
 Or think that any worthy recompense
 Could come of wisdom, fame or wealth,
 If these prized goods were purchased at expense
 Of youth's ideals and its robust health?
 Doubtless we seniors in our gray disguises,
 With dentist art beaming our smiles of mirth,
 Seem to these callow scholars life's grand prizes
 To have bought dearly and above their worth.
 We might not know each other in the masks
 That age has stuck upon each youthful head,
 But grasping hands to every one that asks,
 Might say, "Not know me? I am Tom or Ned."
 And surely then some tone, some trick of face,
 Though over-scratched by many a wrinkled line,
 Back in our recognition would replace
 The boyish image of the *Auld Lang Syne*.
 If not, some joke upon *Old Ferox* played,
 Some discipline incurred, some censure gained,
 Or how, in guise fantastic all arrayed,
 The summoned students all turned out and *trained*.

Told o'er with mirth in all minute detail
Might be the *Shibboleth*, and to all declare
The veteran, whose memories do not fail,
Is no imposter, and in fact was *there*.

FROM "THE DEAD."

WRITTEN WHILE IN COLLEGE.

How oft disease, and sword, and flood,
Have reaped earth's harvest o'er,
And all her myriad, myriad race,
To their dark garner bore.

Hushed is the Medes' invading tramp,
Their spears consumed with rust,
The host that swelled through Babel's gates
Have mingled with their dust.

On Afric's stormy strand are thrown
The Tyrians and their gain,
Nor now can boast the fearful ones
Who tempted ne'er the main.

Mourn not the Greek on Marathon,
Or 'neath the Attic waves,
The nation, rescued by their death,
Sunk in less glorious graves.

Time, Carthage, has avenged thy wrongs,—
The haughty throng, that led
Thy captive sons through Rome's proud streets,
Are numbered with the dead.

Jerusalem weeps not her slain,
Nor hates her conquering foes,
The mountains saved not them who fled,
Nor yet their victory those.

Ranks fell on ranks on Waterloo
And Borodino's plain,
And Russia's snows have crimson grown
With blood of thousands slain.

The peasant by his cottage fire,
The noble in his hall,
The savage in his wilderness,
Before the slayer fall.

THE POETS OF MAINE.

Oh, all the race of men are dead,
And earth is sad and drear!
Like fitting shadows of the past,
A few still linger here.

Abby Nichols White Bailey.

Abby Nichols White was born in Freeport, Me., Feb. 11, 1819. She was married to John Bailey, of Portland, in 1838, and shortly after went to reside in that city. In 1853 she removed with her family to Washington, D. C. Most of her poems were written while Maine was her home, and all her later ones called them forth. She was an invalid, as some occasion that excited her sympathies called them forth. She was written rapidly, as some years, but notwithstanding her sufferings, she took great interest in public affairs, both in her own country and in Europe, and was the most centre of the family life, the inspiration of her husband and children, the most helpful friend to young people, and a benefactor to the poor and afflicted. She died in Washington, July 3, 1866.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM,
PORTLAND, 1856.

Celestial Comforter. Thy power we own,
Thy goodness we adore,
And humbly kneeling at thy throne,
Thy blessing we implore.

Inspire and consecrate to-day
The heart of age and youth,
Who suppliant at Thine altar pray
For wisdom, love, and truth.

Anoint Thy servant, gracious Lord,
With light and life divine,
Reveal Thy spirit in his word,
And make him wholly Thine.

Thy guidance and Thy strength impart,
Thy grace to him be given—
So may his teachings fill the heart,
Like gentle dews from heaven.

And, in Thy plenitude of power,
Wilt Thou, enthroned above,
Guide us in every dark'ning hour
With messages of love.

A. L.

APRIL 14, 1866.

Weep for our fallen hero! weep to-day!
Bow low the head, and reverently pray,
That He, who governs with Divine control,
Will bend in mercy to each sorrowing soul.

In hope, in faith, to Thee we lift our eyes,
Our lamb was slain, accept the sacrifice;
And in memory of that distant grave,
We humbly supplicate Thy power to save.

Save, by Thy wisdom, guiding strength and power,
Our glorious country in this trying hour,
When smothered treason with a loyal wand
Proclaims "my policy" throughout the land.

O dusky suppliants, Moses leads no more;
Joined to his idols on the Southern shore,
He lists the surging of the upheaving sea—
From East to West it comes—"Ye shall be free!"

Henry Joseph Gardner.

Hon. Henry J. Gardner was born in Boston, Mass., June 14, 1819. He was once an under-graduate at Bowdoin College, and is numbered among the Bowdoin Poets. In "Know-Nothing" times—from the year 1855 to 1858—he was Governor of Massachusetts. He married Helen Elizabeth Cobb, daughter of Richard Cobb, and granddaughter of Mathew Cobb, of Portland, in 1844. She died in Boston, Sept. 2, 1869. Mr. Gardner is still actively engaged in business life, and has an office on Devonshire street, Boston.

TO A BURGUNDY ROSE.

PRESENTED THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.

Fairest of flowers, by fairest lady given!
Thine only fault that thou wilt quickly fade,—
Though early plucked, yet blessed to be riven
From thine own stem, and on her bosom laid,
Like as a pearl in gold, a star in heaven!
Oh! I would dream were I not half afraid—
That she in some thought-wilder'd happy hour,
Erstwhile ere thou wert given me, fair flower,
A kiss perchance may have impressed on thee.
And I would dream that some mysterious power
Had kept the blessing in those leaves, for me!
So would I ply thee with a venturous lip,
The nectar of that hidden thing to sip,—
And dream of rose-lipped loveliness and thee!

Samuel Longfellow.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow was born in Portland, June 18, 1819. He was educated at the old Portland Academy and at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1839. After a few years spent in teaching, he studied at the Divinity School of Harvard University, and became minister of Unitarian churches; first at Fall River, Mass., afterward at Brooklyn, N. Y. and Germantown, Pa. He withdrew from the last in 1852, to devote himself to the preparation of the life of his brother, H. W. Longfellow, which was published in 1868, and an additional volume of "Final Memorials" the next year. He has written a number of hymns and a few other poems, and has contributed various articles to *The Radical*, the *Index*, etc. In 1846 he compiled, in connection with his friend, Samuel Johnson, a "Book of Hymns," and, in 1864, a second collection called "Hymns of the Spirit;" also a small collection of "Hymns and Tunes," and a book of Vesper Services for his church in Germantown. He wrote a brief memoir of Mr. Johnson, prefixed to a volume of his Essays and Sermons. He now resides in Cambridge, Mass., usually spending his summers in or near Portland. A dainty volume of his collected poems, for private distribution, has recently been printed.

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

I look to Thee in every need,
 And never look in vain;
 I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love!
 And all is well again;
 The thought of Thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road;
 But let me only think of Thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above
 My restlessness to still;
 Around me flows thy quickening life
 To nerve my faltering will;
 Thy presence fills my solitude,
 Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed in Thy patient love,
 Held in Thy law, I stand;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in Thy hand.
 Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

VESPER HYMN.

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
 We gather in these hallowed walls,
 And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
 Rise mingling on the quiet air.

The struggling heart that seeks release,
Here finds the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lays down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to Thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing!

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN
ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A quarter of the circling sphere
Has rounded onward to the light;
We see not yet the daylight clear,
But we do see the paling night.

And Hope that still relumes her fires,
And Faith that shines with steadfast ray,
And Love that never faints nor tires,
As morning stars lead in the day.

O Sentinels! whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now; exchange with cheer the word,
The unchanging watchword, Liberty!

Look back, and how much has been won;
Look round, and how much yet to win;
The watches of the night are done,
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds;
Oh keep us steadfast, patient, true!

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of earth and shadow lies.

The cloud-like cliffs, the cliff-like clouds,
 Dissolved in glory, float,
 And midway of the radiant floods
 Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
 The sky a sea as well,
 And which is earth and which the heavens
 The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for me life's latest hour
 Soft passes to its end,
 May glory, born of earth and heaven,
 The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with light the spirits float,
 With silent rapture glow,
 Till where earth ends and heaven begins
 The soul shall scarcely know.

NOVEMBER.

Summer is gone; but summer days return;
 The winds and frosts have stripped the woodlands bare,
 Save for some clinging foliage here and there;
 Then as if, pitiful, her heart did yearn,
 Nature, the loving mother, lifts her urn
 And pours the stream of life to her spent child:
 The desert air grows strangely soft and mild,
 And in his veins the long-fled ardors burn.

So, when we pass the mid-years of our lives,
 And, sad or glad, we feel our work nigh done,
 There come to us with sudden, swift returns,
 The glow, the thrill, which show that youth survives,
 That—though through softening mists—still shines the sun;
 And in our souls the Indian summer burns.

Harriet Winslow Sewall.

Born in Portland, June 19, 1819; lives in Boston. Mrs. Sewall's poems have found a place in the cyclopedias, and several of them are likely to live. The first poem herewith presented, one of her early efforts, has been much admired.

WHY THUS LONGING.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
 For the far off, the unattained and dim;
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee,
Thou no ray of life or joy canst throw;
If no silken cord hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
Not by works that give thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win or wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

CONSOLA.

The worldling oft in curious wonder glances
At the meek air of quiet Quakeress,
But ne'er divines the rebel thoughts and fancies
That riot, 'neath that placid mien and dress.
Consola, reared with tender supervision,
In strict conformance to the Quaker rules,
Confessed to many a treacherous intuition,
Never yet learned or unlearned in the schools.
Forbidden longings, innocent and human,
She, secretly impenitent, repressed;
For, hovering still between the child and woman,
She had not found the courage to protest.
An eye had she for all the alluring graces
Of air and dress by pretty worldlings worn—
The flowing fall of ribbons, robes and laces,
The tints that mock the sunset and the dawn.
She was content to enjoy this decoration—
Or tried to be—in others' dress alone,
But ventured on one little innovation

To mitigate the primness of her own.
Deftly a silken pocket she embroidered,
To don, or doff, if elders thought it sin;
And lovingly she o'er the labor loitered,
Weaving her fancies and her hopes therein.
Would Luther notice it and think it pretty?
Would he like rose, or blue, or lilac best?
Or would he criticise, and think—O pity!—
Her heart by foolish vanity possessed?
Luther at meeting waited her arrival,
Knew the old bay, and helped her to alight;
But what he saw was not the embroidered trifle,
Had it been twenty times as fair and bright.
He saw the blue eyes with long lashes shaded,
Whose speaking power enhanced the charm of words
That seemed to sweetest music modulated,
Dearer to him than morning song of birds.
He saw the roseate glow that, coming, going,
Unconsciously revealed each varying mood,
The ruling one an artless overflowing
Of loving kindness and solicitude.
Long had he sought in vain for an occasion
To tell his love, and this day he had planned
To leave a simple, written declaration
Safely within her little greeting hand.
But watchful eyes in close approximation
Thwarted his dear design, and, sorely tried,
On entering church, with sudden desperation,
He dropped it in the pocket at her side.
She, all unconscious of its intervention,
To serious things devoutly turned her thought,
And soon commanded her enrapt attention
The ministration of Lucretia Mott.
With eloquent, persuasive exhortation,
She pictured slavery, in its woe and sin,
And roused the conscience of the congregation
To feel its own complicity therein.
Consola, with the gentle sect to screen her,
Had little known of suffering, wrong or thrall,
And all the woman dormant yet within her
Rose in response to that resistless call.
It lent new force to long-accepted teaching,
To life and love a larger meaning gave;
And leaving church she said, with eyes beseeching,
“O Luther, let us labor for the slave!”
At home, her former mood severely scorning,

The embroidered bauble far away she tossed,
And, gathered up with refuse of the morning,
By accident 't was carried off and lost.
Luther, endeavoring to frame excuses
That might explain a silence so remiss,
Forgiving said, "The tender heart refuses
To answer no, yet cannot answer yes." .
But with his grief he manfully contended,
And all his youthful force and fervor threw
Into the larger struggle which impended—
The cause of Freedom, and Consola's too.
Together, with indomitable ardor,
They breasted prejudice, they laughed at scorn,
While he, solicitous to guide and guard her,
Smoothed the rough path, intent to help or warn.
To this enlarging labor dedicated,
They daily grew in a diviner grace,
And into words far-reaching he translated
The appealing pity of her speaking face.
The sudden vision of a sweeter blessing
Would sometimes gleam athwart them and above,
While in each other's friendship still confessing
A dearer charm than any other's love,
Until, in an old chest by chance neglected,
After three years of earnest effort passed,
Its precious contents safe and unsuspected,
The long-lost pocket came to light at last.
And then the past rose clear and plain before her—
His oft-revealed but ne'er-intruded love,
His fending foresight like an ægis o'er her,
His ready sympathy even help above.
She sought him soon, confusedly explaining
How on that day the pocket went astray,
And now was found; but here her courage waning,
She paused, and turned her tell-tale face away.
He flushed, then paled, with doubt and longing rifted,
And while hope wavering still seemed afar,
Her tearful, tender eyes to his she lifted,
Revealing heaven—with the gates ajar.

WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS.

O bounteous world, against thy foes reviling,
Thy earnest champion I have been for years,
Nor little cause though I might have for smiling,
Would I traduce thee as a vale of tears.

**Even methinks within heaven's starry portals
I might be homesick thinking there of thee,
And angels I have known though only mortals
As fair and good as I would wish to see.**

**And yet my love is not a blind adherence;
Thy ills and errors I would help to mend;
Yet shrink with awe from hasty interference
In plans too vast for me to comprehend.**

**Yet couldst thou know what dreams of high endeavor,
What golden visions of a destiny,
Fairer perhaps than any thou hast ever
For thyself imaged, I have dreamed for thee.**

**Down the long ages picturing thy progression,
Till all thy youthful errors are outgrown,
And Death is only as a dim tradition,
A monster of the infant planet known.**

**How all thy revolutions and diseases
Have seemed rude struggles after health and light,
How ready when the actual displeases
My fancy is to take that "fond old flight."**

**Thou might forgive if I have failed in doing
Nor deem it from a want of heart or will—
Though thankfully the smallest good pursuing,
I long in larger ways to serve thee still.**

MY WINGS.

AFTER SKATING.

**Let angels wear at Art's decree
The eagle's pondrous pinions,
And nondescriptal hybrids be
'Twixt fowl and fair dominions.**

**For me a less imposing pair,
A humbler flight suffices,
My wings upon my feet I wear,
As Mercury's device is.**

**And when the winds add theirs to mine,
And come from favoring quarters,
As he o'erflies with his the skies,
So I with mine the waters.**

Their magic strokes like fairies' wand
 To warmer realms transport me,
 And vistas opening beyond,
 Flash luringly athwart me;
 And bluer heavens above me bend,
 And balmier airs attend me,
 And spell-bound deeps their service lend
 To forward and befriend me.

The waters from their wintry walls
 Seem into billows breaking,
 The snow-drifts change to foamy falls,
 The woods to life are waking,
 And move to meet me as I fly,
 And all my joy repeating,
 Wave their inviting arms on high,
 And bend to give me greeting.

When poised upon my wings I float,
 The blue above and under,
 The earth each moment more remote,
 More near the world of wonder:
 And all the winds come sweeping by,
 With spirit voices freighted;
 I pause entranced to ask if I
 Am dreaming or translated.

Thankful Pitts Norcross Williamson.

Thankful P. N. Williamson was born in Industry, Maine, Aug. 30, 1819—the youngest of six children. Her father died when she was nine years old, and the family removed to New Sharon, where her girlhood was spent. She early fitted herself for teaching, and engaged in that occupation until her marriage, which occurred Aug. 30, 1847, when she married Wm. F. Williamson, who was also a successful teacher of common schools. During her girlhood, she wrote occasionally in verse, and published some of her pieces over the signature of "Viola." The *Maine Farmer*, a paper called *The Repository*, and an anti-slavery paper known as the *Liberty Standard*, were the papers where the most of her earlier pieces appeared. She wrote some spirited anti-slavery poems; but as she never regarded herself as a poet, she took no pains to preserve or to publish her best things. She was especially apt in writing verses for donation parties, album quilts, etc. After her marriage she lived in New Sharon for many years, where her three daughters were born. In the spring of 1881, Mr. and Mrs. W. removed to Augusta with their youngest daughter, where they still reside. Their ruby wedding was celebrated Aug. 30, 1887. Mrs. Williamson has written occasionally for the *Farmer*, the *Farmington Chronicle* and *Gospel Banner* within a few years, under the pseudonyme of "Laona."

THE SILVER LINING.

We know the stars are shining still,
 Though clouds obscure the sight,
 For we are sure the lofty sky
 Is bathed in azure light.

Could we but feel, when sorrow comes,
 And trials bar the way,—
 Beyond the darkness and the clouds
 There shines another day;—
 We would not mourn, though in our path
 Few blossoms seem to grow;
 Stern duty's call must be obeyed,—
 Our Father wills it so.
 And when the summons we shall hear,
 Which sure to all must come,
 The "silver lining" we shall see
 In our eternal home.

George Albert Bailey.

Born in Deering, October, 1819, and died in that place, Dec. 26, 1877. This gentleman was for several years in the bookstore of J. S. Bailey, under the Exchange, in Portland. From this city he went to Washington, D. C., where he entered the office of the *Congressional Globe*, then owned and published by William C. Rives. He was the manager of the establishment for over twenty years, and when the senior Mr. Rives died became a partner with the sons and son-in-law of the former, and still remained manager in this very profitable business. When, in 1873, Congress sent the reports to the public printer, the *Globe's* mission was over, and after the projection of the *National Union*, Mr. Lynch's paper, the *Globe Building* and all the stock were sold to him, which event liberated Mr. Bailey, and he retired to try and regain his health; but he was too much exhausted to rally. With his other qualifications, Mr. Bailey was a metrical writer of marked ability, and contributed frequently to the *Portland Transcript*, and other literary publications.

THE REVOLVING LIGHT.

BOSTON HARBOR.

How coyly from the ocean's pulsing breast,
 Beneath the wide unfolded shades of night,—
 Now full and luminous, and now depressed,
 The rays come up of yon fair Beacon Light!

One moment, and its smile abroad is cast,
 Winning the veil from off the water's face;
 Another, and that transient gleam hath passed,
 And night and ocean once again embrace.

That beam the mariner from far doth hail,
 As the dear harbinger that tells of home;
 Then trims with nice observance quick each sail,
 Impatient for the bliss that soon shall come.

And not alone the roamer of the sea
 That constant changing ray with gladness greets;
 But one whose lot is drearier, doomed to be
 A dweller midst the city's crowded streets;—

One who hath toiled for wealth and found it not;
 Hath cared for fame, and seen his hope's eclipse;
 And found (if e'er he found) the fruit he sought,
 Like apples by the Dead Sea, on his lips.

What though last morn, rose-tinted hopes were mine,
 And bright and far was Fancy's vista spread?
 To-day's warm sun but saw those joys decline,—
 To-morrow's shall behold them pale and dead.

Permit me not, O God! with foolish moan
 Thy wisdom and Thy justice to arraign;
 But, meek and trusting-bosomed, let me own
 The graciousness of all Thou dost ordain.

* * * * * *

Since Pride hath seared me with her hellish brand,
 The guilt of Scorn unknown, too, must I plead?
 The slightest thing that is, I have not banned,
 Nor barred its claim to honor from my creed.

'Twas from the hair-dropped blade above his head,
 His wisest lore the tyrant's guest did learn;
 And he who Scotia's clans to glory led,
 An humble insect's teachings did not spurn.

He, too,—ha! whence that voice?—it bade me mark
 How truthfully, fair Light! thou picturest,
 In thy bright beams, soon changed to shadows dark,
 The hopes and fears that strive within my breast!

And to my doubting heart it seemed to say,—
 “Though all the props thou lean'st upon be gone,
 Strength shall be given to hold thee on thy way!—
 Despair thou not!—bear up and struggle on!”

And strength is given to rend in twain each band
 Which binds the spirit that would fain be free,
 As in this calm autumnal eve I stand
 And gaze from out my casement upon thee!

* * * * * *

E'en now, I see dispart the clouds of gloom;
 A silvery ray hath bid my fears surcease:
 And lo! o'er Life's unresting waves uploom
 The far off, swift returning sails of Peace!

SONG.—LOVE AND DEATH.

The one stalks forth with lifted dart,
 One trips with flower-wreathed bow

And each brings down the haughty heart,

And each lifts up the low!

They free from out the realms of Pain—

They free from Ill's control,

And with a magic touch do gain

To fairer life the soul!

O tear the sketch whose title saith,—

“The vulture and the dove;”

And write thereon the name of “Death—

The champion of Love!”

For such the faith the heart derives

From that recurring scene,

Where Love with Pride for conquest strives,

And Death steps in between!

Isaac Gray Blanchard.

Isaac G. Blanchard was born in Charlotte, Me., Oct. 29, 1819, and died at Highlands, Fla., Feb. 5, 1885. He was the eldest son of David and Saviah Blanchard, who were married in Boston, and settled soon after in Charlotte, which was then unnamed, a spot in the primitive woods, containing but a few scattered settlers, situated eighteen miles from Eastport. The subject of this sketch was a precocious boy, exceedingly fond of books, a lover of the woods and brooks, clouds, sunshine, rain and snow,—all manifestations and creations of nature. He got such education as his town afforded in the district school, furthered by earnest study by himself, and went a year to Hopkinton Academy, in New Hampshire. An early convert to Christianity, he lectured on Millerism, but doubts arising in his mind he waited for more light, and drifted away from the church, never to return. In his native town he held the offices of Town Clerk and School Committee; wrote all through his youth and early manhood both prose and poetry for newspapers, notably the *Eastport Sentinel*; taught district schools and worked on his father's farm. His contributions to the press elicited frequent praise from the papers to which he sent them, and John Neal gave him a handsome introduction to the public. He served a three years' apprenticeship to the printing business at the *Eastport Sentinel* office, at the same time learning Pitman's phonography, teaching it through the mails, corresponding largely with phonographers, and lecturing on the subject. In 1849 Mr. Blanchard went to Boston, Mass., and began setting type for Danrell & Moore, then for the *American Cabinet*, a literary and scientific journal. Soon after, he was promoted to the editorial room and became associate editor. About 1850, in partnership with C. C. Tyler, of Eastport, he bought the *East Boston Ledger* and remained with it twelve years. Finding the business unremunerative, and his health demanding a change, he sold out, and within the following year became editor-in-chief of the *Boston Daily Voice*, published by the striking printers of Boston on the cooperative plan. In four years this enterprise yielded to sharp competition with the older dailies after a valiant struggle, in which Mr. Blanchard did excellent service to the cause of labor. In 1870 he published a small collection of his labor songs under the title of “Rhymes for the Times.” After the failure of the *Voice*, he undertook many things with little success, his business at one time being destroyed by the great Boston fire of 1872. In the early spring of 1877 he went to Florida to find a gentler climate for his advancing years and to start an orange grove. Here he found employment for both hand and brain. What with labor on his farm, in which he took great pride, teaching school, taking an active and leading part in all movements for the development of his settlement and section, writing for the Florida papers, producing a good deal of poetry (not yet published,) and painting landscapes, for which he had no ordinary gift, he lived a busy life in the land of the sun. The following characteristic sketch of this then young writer, appeared in the *Portland Tribune* for Feb. 23, 1842, from the pen of John Neal: “The following scrap of poetry, which was written by an uneducated farmer's boy, a long way down-east, I have begged of the author for you, under a promise to bring the public acquainted with him through the Brother Jonathan. I am no friend to scribblers or scribbling, as you know—and still less to the manufacturing of poetry per order, instead of digging for an honest livelihood. But when I see a lump of the true ore like this, and find it in the possession of a poor fellow who cannot work, and must either play or die, I can't for the life of me, bring myself to pass by on the other side, and leave him to perish.”

TO THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Ye gorgeous visions of the northern sky,
Mysterious and sublime!
Who lit your brilliant lights on high?
Stream ye alone in idle revelry
Above our cloudy clime,
Without an aim, or nature, more
Than mortal vision can explore?

Or have ye some high, unknown ministry?
Whence sprang ye into birth?
In distant realms unseen?
Or claim ye sisterhood with earth?
And will your strange, ethereal sheen
Fade with her fading green?

Man's wisdom has not told—
Ye are a mystery,
Which time perhaps shall ne'er unfold;
Philosophy, whose eagle pinion bold
Has conquered space, and brought the planets near
To her inspecting eye,
Has sought in vain to fathom you,
Or tell the office that ye do.

Ye are of latter date—
Say—are ye for a sign,
Lit by the hand divine,
Whence earth should read her coming fate?
Signs shall be set in heaven,
And wonders meet the eye,
And flaming prodigies be given
Within the upper sky.

Ye may be such—yet man would be
Most backward thus to interpret ye,
Who glides in blind security
Down Time's exhausting tide;
Puts far away the evil day,
Or dreams that he shall dwell for aye
In all his lust and pride.

Whate'er ye are, ye have an aim,
For He has lit your wondrous flame,
Who fashions not a flower in vain,

And howe'er fruitlessly we pry
 Into your inward mystery,
 One feature still is plain—
 Like as in all His works, sublime or fair,
 We trace the glories of the Godhead there!

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

A POOR MAN'S POOR OPINION OF OUR MONEY SYSTEM.

What are you thinking, neighbor,
 Who were so clear to see
 A good chance, and to go for't,
 Ahead of such as me?
 You allus could make money,
 And used to put things through;
 You scarce stopped to be civil, .
 You had so much to do.

But now you're looking dreamy;
 Your hands are by your side;
 You stop—and turn—and saunter,—
 You're waiting for the tide?
 The tide flows in its season,
 And it's what I want to know,
 If you can give a reason
 Why trade should ebb and flow?

The mouths are many as ever,
 And keep increasin', too;
 And hands are willin', neighbor,
 But there's scarce a turn to do.
 The cobbler can't buy clothing,
 The tailor can't buy shoes;
 And trade, you see, is dying
 Of so many Nothing-to-do's.

And all for want of money,
 That men can't eat nor wear!
 I'll tell you what *I'm* thinking—
 Excuse, sir, I could swear,—
 I wish the blamed invention
 Sunk a thousand leagues at sea,
 So trade would be unburdened,
 And common sense set free.

D'ye s'pose the honest people
Would n't find the honest way,
And the cobbler get his clothing,
And the tailor have his pay?
D'ye s'pose that trade would suffer
'Cause the usurer didn't thrive—
He that's sucked the blood of labor
Till its skercely left alive?

You cannot see my point, sir?
'Cause you're looking t'other way!
I wish you would look fairly
At what I try to say.
If "money makes the mare go,"—
The thing we want to do,—
And by the self-same virtoo,
It stops the critter too;

If your money breeding money
So very ill behaves,
As to lift the few to luxury,
The many sink to slaves;
Till men, like wares, are measured
In dollars, cents and dimes,
And the priest belies his Bible
To hide the usurer's worst of crimes,—

Then there's suthin' wrong with money,
Suthin' devilish, you may say;
And it's no particular wonder
There's just the devil to pay!
Say—mustn't a money system,
That offers fortune's lure,
Fewer and richer make the wealthy,
More and poorer make the poor?

Yet it's said in all the papers,
If speculation starts,
'Twill move the hands of labor
In all our mills and marts.
"There'll be prosperous times next season,"
Says one, "or I'm no seer;
And some will make their thousands;
Course, the people'll get a sheer."

Not much. Some cunning schemers
 May, like enough, get rich,
 And want new silks and carpets,
 And hats and boots and such;
 And trade be set a-going
 Till the hats and boots are made;
 And then "the market's glutted!"
 There's dearth of work and trade.

So speculation's see-saw
 Keeps up its idle play
 Over the back of labor,—
That's the "business" of to-day!
 Paying Paul by robbing Peter
 Is all it's ever done;
 Poor labor bears the burden,
 But never shares the fun.

Keep the people's pockets empty,
 Count the toilers but as brutes,
 And of course the market's glutted
 With a few snobs' hats and boots.
 Why not pay 'em, so that they, too,
 Can buy your goods like men?
 Make the buying thousands millions,
 You won't glut the market then;

'Cause, when the working people
 Get their sheer of what is done,
 There'll be no sight for fortunes,
 And men don't work for fun.
 Don't think—the thought is impious!—
 That, when Justice takes the lead,
 There'll be shirking more than working—
 Tyrant Waste for tyrant Greed.

Be the love of gold uprooted,
 There'll be left the love of praise,
 And this will bring the people
 Into self-respecting ways.
 The working day'll be shorter,
 The worker's need be more,
 And joyful labor's chorus
 Will charm both sea and shore.

But of such good times the chances
Are surely not right smart,
While we're taught "the root of evil"
Springs nat'rally from the heart!
And if heaven threatened to tumble,
Or such a thing might be,
The usurer'd not knock under;
He'd rather wait and see!

I'll tell you what I'm thinking:
The nation's stultified!
Like a corpse, this cussed system
To its culprit back is tied;
In its dream of "making money,"
Its delirium of "per cent.,"
It drivels like an idiot,
And seems on ruin bent.

O heavens! can't our wise ones
Unscale their eyes in time
To stay the fearful increase
Of poverty and crime,
Ere 'cumulated evils
Come on us like a flood,
And the fiend of revolution
Is shrieking, "Bread or Blood?"

O TOUCH THAT TENDER CHORD AGAIN!

O touch that tender chord again!
Recall that tone;
It seemed the echo of a strain
Of summers gone;
Something like that my mother sung
When I was sorrowless and young,
And since she died no other tongue
The note has known.

O minstrel, wake the note again
To childhood dear,
For while the loved and long-lost strain
Thrills on my ear,
A happy child again I be,
Sporting beside my mother's knee,
And that dear voice that sung to me
Again I hear.

I see our cottage, foliage-crowned,
 As in those days,—
 The summer sky spreads round and round,
 A dreamy haze:
 Knitting within the open door
 She sits and sings her ditty o'er,
 While with her thread upon the floor
 The kitten plays.

O touch that chord again, for now
 I'm old and gray,
 And these sad wrinkles on my brow
 Tell sorrow's sway:
 Like Northern night my heart had grown—
 For time no light of love had known,
 Till moved by the remembered tone
 Of that sweet lay.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Never is given e'en a floweret's cup
 But heaven has dews to fill it up;
 Never a streamlet sighs for the sea . . .
 But is somewhere found a passage free:
 And never, O never the human soul
 A longing feels beyond control
 That can be counted all a dream,
 For somewhere in God's perfect scheme
 The answer is, and shall appear
 To crown the bliss of some benignant year.

Alexander Burgess.

The Rt. Rev. Alexander Burgess, S. T. D., First Bishop of Quincy, was born in Providence, R. I., Oct. 31, 1819. He is the son of the Hon. Thomas Burgess, for many years a Judge in Rhode Island, who died in 1856. His mother's maiden name was Mary Mackie. She died in 1835. Both parents were natives of Wareham, Mass. He graduated at Brown University, 1838, and at the General Theological Seminary, 1841. Was ordered Deacon in St. John's, Providence, R. I., Nov. 3, 1842, and ordained Priest in Grace church, Providence, All Saints' Day, Nov. 1, 1843. From November, 1843, to Easter, 1854, he was Rector of St. Mark's, Augusta, Me. He then removed to Portland, Me., and was Rector of St. Luke's from 1854-67. Removed to New York and was Rector of St. John's, Brooklyn, L. I., 1867-69; thence removed to Massachusetts, and was Rector of Christ church, Springfield, December, 1869, until his elevation to the Episcopate. He married, first, Mary Williams Selden, at Augusta, daughter of Calvin and Harriet S. Selden, of Norridgewock, Maine; she died in Portland, Me., April 22, 1856, and he married, second, Maria A. Howard, daughter of Hon. Joseph Howard, Judge of the Supreme Court, Portland, Me. He was a Deputy to the General Convention from 1844 to 1877, both inclusive, and represented the Dioceses of Maine, Long Island and Massachusetts during that time. In 1877 he was President of the House of Deputies. He also served as a member of the Stand-

ing Committee of the three Dioceses just mentioned. He was consecrated First Bishop of Quincy, in Christ church, Springfield, Mass., May 15, 1878. Upon the organization of the Province of Illinois, comprising the three Dioceses of Illinois (now Chicago), Quincy and Springfield, in the State of Illinois, Bishop Burgess was elected first Primus of the Province. He is the author of printed sermons, addresses, Sunday-school question-books, carols and hymns; and he edited the Memoir of his brother, Bishop George Burgess, of Maine. Bishop Burgess has visited Europe twice. He received the degree of S. T. D. from Brown University in 1866; also from Racine College, Wisconsin, in 1882.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Bright Easter skies!
Fair Easter skies!
Our Lord is risen,
We, too, shall rise.

Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold,
Nor Roman soldiers, brave and bold,
Nor Satan's marshaled hosts could keep
The piercéd hands in deathly sleep;
Just as the Easter day-beams dawn,
Our buried Lord is risen and gone.

Loud Easter bells!
Rich Easter bells!
A ransomed world
Your chiming tells.

Let hills and rocks your gladness peal,
Behold the stone and broken seal!
Angels in white, from heaven's bright way,
The useless clothes together lay;
Then sit serene, at head and feet,
The earliest saints with joys to greet.

Green Easter fields!
Fair Easter fields!
Heaven's first ripe fruit
Death conquered yields.

In church-yards wide the seed we sow,
Beneath the Cross the wheat shall grow,
One Easter Day death's reign shall end,
And golden sheaves shall heavenward send.
Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light
Angels shall reap the harvest white!

Sweet Easter flowers!
White Easter flowers!
From heaven descend
Life-giving showers.

Each plant that bloomed at Eden's birth
 Shall blow again o'er ransomed earth:
 Pluck lilies rare and roses sweet,
 And strew the path of Jesus' feet;
 Throw fragrant palms before our King,
 And wreath the crown the saved shall bring.

O Christian child!
 O Christian men!
 Our Victor Lord
 Shall come again.

Wake we our hearts at His command;
 Lift we our love to His right hand:
 With warmest hopes to Easter skies,
 Stretch we our arms and fix our eyes,
 Till in the clouds His sign we see,
 And quick and dead shout Jubilee.

Robert Franklin Skillings.

Robert F. Skillings was born at Bangs' Island—now Cushing's—Portland harbor, Oct. 31, 1819, and has always lived in the immediate vicinity with the exception of some ~~eight~~ months spent in Eastport, and two voyages to the West Indies. His education was from a teacher hired a few weeks each winter in the sole family on Bangs' Island; until 1834, from which time until 1840 he had the benefit of six terms of twelve weeks each by ~~crossing~~ going each day to the public school at Peaks Island. He was early identified with the lobster industry, and has a son now quite largely engaged in the business. Mr. S. married Harriet Newell Trefethen of House Island, Oct. 13, 1842, and moved to Peaks Island, Dec. 15, 1843. Though a Baptist, he has affiliated with and assisted the Methodist Society on the Island; was superintendent of the Sunday-school for many years, and in 1861 was also appointed class leader, which place he still holds. Mr. S. has a family of four sons and two daughters, all of whom live in this State, in prosperous circumstances. He can also boast of sixteen grandchildren. Mr. Skillings took summer boarders sixteen years, and has had the honor of furnishing accommodations for many distinguished persons in governmental and professional life. One of his last guests was the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, and his family. Mr. Skillings was one of the first to build summer cottages at Peaks Island; he owns, as does also his family, quite a number of these houses, and has done much to make this attractive resort popular.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM GIVING?

Over against the treasury
 Emmanuel was sitting;
 The rich cast in of their great wealth
 What seemed to them befitting.
 A widow came and gave two mites,
 Which then was all her living;
 She did the most of all the host—
 How can I keep from giving?

How blest the man who knows Thy word,
 "Give and it shall be given;"
 His all he brings unto the Lord,
 His treasure is in heaven.
 Help me, dear Lord, that I may give
 Thus even all my living;
 Since of Thy bounty I receive,
 How can I keep from giving?

I have received a precious gift,
 No mortal tongue can speak it;
 The like is ready now for all
 Who diligently seek it.
 I can but sing the praise of Him
 From whom I am receiving;
 And as He gives Himself to me,
 How can I keep from giving?

To love the Lord with all the heart,
 And as myself my neighbor,
 I mean to strive with all my might,
 And to this end will labor.
 And may I never faithless prove,
 But always be believing;
 For while I think of Thy great love,
 How can I keep from giving?

THE INVITATION.

My heart shall sing of Jesus,
 And rest in perfect peace,
 The song of His salvation
 Shall never, never cease;
 Bright spirits now before Him,
 Proclaim Him Lord and King,
 While saints on earth adore Him,
 And to His glory sing.

My song shall be inviting,
 I want my foes to come,
 And with my friends uniting,
 Together travel home.

And while we are believing,
 The world shall not defeat,
 For, asking and receiving,
 Our joy shall be complete.

Come, all my fellow sinners,
 While it is called to-day,
 The banquet is all ready,
 So let us not delay;
 The invitation's given,
 To each of us 'tis sent,
 More joy shall be in Heaven
 This day if we repent.

Harriet A. F. Foss.

Mrs. Harriet N. F. Foss was born at Limington, Me., in 1819. Her maiden name —— Harriet N. Frost. She was married in 1838 to Allen W. Foss, and settled in So. Limington, where she still resides. She began to write poetry when a child, and has sent pieces occasionally, to the Maine newspapers for publication.

SLUMBER.

When weary and tired of the things of earth,
Of its empty joys, and its scenes of mirth,
When our foes perplex, and our friends are few,
And many prove false, whom we once thought true;
 Come, slumber, o'er an aching heart,
 And bid each woe from it depart.

When dark clouds veil our morning sky,
And Hope's bright flowers fade and die,
When disappointments throng our way,
And lonely through the world we stray,
 Come, gentle slumber, and bestow
 Bliss which, awake, we cannot know.

When raging sickness dims the eye,
Bidding each magic pleasure fly,
When grief lies heavy on the breast,
And nought around affords us rest,
 Come, peaceful slumber, and convey
 Us to the world of dreams away.

Columbia Gardner.

Columbia Gardner was the eldest child of Ira Gardner, a prosperous farmer and prominent citizen of Buckfield, Me. She was born in Buckfield, Sept. 23, 1820, and inherited from her father great strength of will and energy of character. She was educated in the schools of Buckfield and at Kent's Hill, and she early evinced an aptitude for study and literary culture. She taught school several terms in the vicinity of her home. Soon after arriving at the age of 21 years, she went to Baltimore where she successfully engaged in teaching, but in 1843 she left that city, and journeyed alone to Memphis, Tenn. There were then no railroads in that part of the country, and her journey was performed by tedious stages and canal and river boats, and was attended with some perilous adventures in a night passage over the Alleghany Mountains. She engaged in teaching in Memphis, where she remained four years, mingling with the most cultivated society of that city, visiting many places of historic interest in Tennessee, and making the acquaintance of many of the most prominent men of the day. In her journal she records a pleasant interview with Henry Clay, and a visit to the Hermitage, where she saw Andrew Jackson during his last illness, and received the blessing of that stern old hero. In August, 1847, she left Memphis and located in New Orleans to become assistant principal of the French and English Seminary of that city; and she afterwards became principal and proprietor of that popular educational institution, and rose to the highest ranks of

her profession. She won a wide circle of friends, taking high rank in literary circles, and was a frequent and esteemed contributor of both prose and poetry to the leading papers of the Southwest, over the pseudonyme of "Byrama." In 1850 she made a visit to the home of her youth, but soon returned and resumed her duties in the seminary. In the spring of 1856 her health perceptibly failed, and she visited a friend in Mt. Vernon, Ala., with the hope of improvement, but she rapidly sickened and died of pulmonary consumption, on the 16th day of June, at the age of 35 years. Miss Gardner was a woman of large physique and attractive appearance, and she possessed all the characteristics of a brilliant woman. Her poems are pervaded with sweetness of expression and a reverential spirit, and often with a sad undertone that reflects the yearnings of her heart for her beloved Northern home.

THE FLOWERS OF LIFE.

'The Flowers of life, those fragrant flowers,
 They bloom mid darkest storms,
 And in the saddest, dreariest path
 They lift their loveliest forms.
 What if we feel the vengeful thorn
 Within the brightest bowers ?
 We know that round our loneliest steps
 Still bloom these cherished flowers.

They cheer us on our weary way
 With calm and radiant light—
 Drowned with a verdure ever green
 And beauty ever bright.
 The storms of life, whose stings we feel,
 Then let us never heed,
 For bees may suck the deadliest juice,
 And yet no poison breed.

Thus, then, the noble soul when forced
 Some bitter cup to drain,
 Though sinking 'neath affliction's sting,
 Will soon revive again;
 Will yield for each repeated pang
 But generous thoughts and deeds;
 Still seeking for these scattered flowers
 Where'er his footstep leads.

' The thorns of life are wisely strown
 Around our pathway here;
 They turn our wayward footsteps oft,
 Or check our wild career.
 But life has many sunny vales
 And many Eden bowers;
 Then let us ever shun its thorns,
 And only seek its flowers.

STOOD ALONE.

A tender vine in early spring
 Upreared its fragile head,
 And many a trembling glance it threw
 Around its lonely bed;
 No kindred branch its tendrils clasped
 In answer to its own;
 No kind support was near at hand,
 And there it stood alone.

The sunny sky in clouds was drest,
 And chilly winds came by;
 Yet vainly did it ask for aid,—
 No friendly hand was nigh.
 And colder swept the gathering breeze
 On colder pinions borne,
 And deeply did the vinelet sigh,
 That thus it stood alone.

But 'twas not crushed, that tender stock,
 And strength and hope returned,
 And, bowing meek, it treasured well
 The lesson it had learned.
 And when the morning sun came back,
 Resplendently it shone,
 And deeper beauty clothed the flower
 That thus had stood alone.

And day by day it taller grew,
 Arresting many an eye,
 As thus it flung its tendrils forth
 And raised its head on high:
 Now many a hand extended was,
 With kindest word and tone,
 But turning from each flatt'rer there,
 It proudly stood alone.

Lewis Dela.

This humorous poet was born in Portland, Nov. 5, 1823, and died in Pennsylvania some thirty years ago. He was the son of John Dela, and was at one time engaged in the practice of law in his native city. Mr Dela secured a house and lot in Boston, for furnishing the prize conundrum published in the old *Boston Museum*.

LAW VS. SAW.

Sitting in his office was a lawyer—
 Standing in the street a sawyer;

On the lawyer's anxious face
You could read a knotty case,
 Needing law;
While the sawyer, gaunt and grim,
On a rough and knotty limb
 Ran his saw.

Now the saw-horse seemed to me
Like a double X in fee,
 And the saw,
Whichever way 't was thrust,
Must be followed by the dust,
 Like the law.

And the law upon the track,
Like the client on the rack,
 Played its part;
As the tempered teeth of steel
Made a wound that would not heal
 Through the heart.

And each severed stick that fell,
In its falling seemed to tell,
 All too plain,
Of the many severed ties
That in lawsuits will arise,
 Bringing pain.

Then methought the sturdy paw,
That was using axe and saw
 On the wood,
Had a yielding mine of wealth
With his honest toil and health,
 Doing good.

If the chips that strewed the ground,
By some stricken widow found
 In her need,
Should by light and warmth impart
Blessings to her aged heart—
 Happy deed!

This conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of jaw,
Twisting India-rubber law,
 Is as good
As the exercise of paw,
 Sawing wood.

Henry C. Leonard.

Rev. H. C. Leonard was born of old Puritan stock in Haverhill, Mass., about 1820, and was educated for the ministry of the Universalist Church. He settled in Thomaston, in this State, in 1842, and remained there nearly five years, where he enjoyed— as he did afterwards wherever he lived—the friendship and respect of the most cultivated and worthy of all denominations. In the best days of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and of Dr. Bailey's *National Era*, Mr. Leonard contributed to these publications some of their finest poetry. A poem to the latter, entitled "Lake Chemo," was thought by the editor to be not unworthy of Wordsworth. Mr. Leonard was afterward settled at Orono, Waterville, and Deering. While at the latter place he acted, for a part of the time, as Professor of English Literature in Westbrook Seminary. Early in the Civil War he was appointed Chaplain of the 3d Regiment Maine Volunteers, and, later, upon an earnest request of Col. Chaplin, was transferred by the Secretary of War to the Chaplaincy of the 1st Maine Regiment of Heavy Artillery. During the proprietorship of Mr. Homan, of Augusta, of the *Gospel Banner*, Mr. Leonard was the editor of that paper. He died at Pigeon Cove, (Rockport,) Mass., about March 4, 1880.

THE OLD CHIEFS.

We sing the chiefs of auld lang syne:

Madockawando grave—

The Tarratine in Philip's time;

Megone, the fiend and knave;

Wenamuett with kingly face;—

All braves who bent the bow

In autumn's hunt or winter's chase;

But most, great Orono.

Madockawando's royal hand,

In nature's temple green,

His squaw-child gave in marriage band

To lone and proud Castine.

But from the mountains to the sea,

Where gleams Penobscot's flow,

Best praised the white-born chief shall be,

The blue-eyed Orono.

In modern days of Atteon,

Or Neptune's later reign,

No tales are told of brave deeds done,

Or sung in noble strain.

Our thoughts are turned to other days,

The days of strife and woe,

Relieved by calm, pacific ways,

Of pale-faced Orono.

We sing the chief, the grand old chief,

The chief of auld lang syne,

Whose years of rule on memory's leaf

Are years of bloodless line.

We sing the chief, the grand old chief,
The chief of long ago,
The corn still sound in memory's sheaf,—
The high-browed Orono.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Bells, ring out with cheerful might;
Tapers, burn with brilliant flame;
Organs, play glad hymns to-night;
Voices, chant with loud acclaim.

Hands, adorn the sacred wall,
Twine the wreath and braid the vine
And upraise the fir-tree tall;
Minstrels, sing the glowing line.

For the blessed eve has come,
Starlit, bright as none before;
Magi seek the Saviour's home;
Shepherds find His humble door.

With your outward rites and gifts,
Let the heart to Christ be given;
For the heart His power uplifts,
Leading it to truth and heaven.

Offering from hand or lip,
Like the ointment Mary poured,
Meaneth inward fellowship
With the Saviour, Christ the Lord.

M. S. Reed.

This lady was born at Lewiston Falls, now Auburn, Me., about 1820, and began to write for the press at an early age. A volume of her poems, entitled "The Wild Flower," was printed at Portland, by S. H. Colesworthy, in 1848. Mrs. Read, some time since, removed to Chelsea, Mass.

SONG OF A BLIND GIRL.

They tell me earth is beautiful. I know it must be true,
If stars do brilliant shine through skies of an ethereal blue;
Green fields, green trees, and fragrant flowers of every form and hue,
They say, are scattered o'er the earth, and form a glorious view.

I hear the singing of the birds, and smell the dainty flowers.
 And breezes soft come wafting by, amid spring's pleasant bowers;
 A thousand sounds I daily hear, with sweetest music fraught,
 And every sound creates in me some pleasant, blissful thought.

I know earth must be beautiful, though I may never see
 Her beauties; yet I cannot mourn, for thoughts are given me,
 That, when mortality is o'er, my spirit then will rise
 To that eternal, happy shore, to see above the skies.

A DONATION GATHERING.

A happy throng unite, on this auspicious night,
 The home to cheer,
 Of him who doth impart food to the hungry heart,
 Who heals, with friendship's art,
 Our sorrows here.

Let joy each bosom swell, on this our festival,
 May no regret
 Within our hearts be found, while we this board surround;
 May none another wound,
 But feuds forget.

May blessings from above descend on him we love,
 With hearts sincere;
 O may he never know one dark, corrosive woe,
 May comfort to him flow,
 Like fountains clear.

God bless his gentle wife, who, through this chequered life,
 His home will bless;
 O guard that infant, too, and in its pathway strew
 Bright flowers, fresh with the dew
 Of happiness.

May friendship's golden chain unbroken here remain,
 Among our band;
 And may we ever strive in harmony to live,
 Till we at length arrive
 In that bright land.

George Frederic Magoun.

Rev. G. F. Magoun was born in Bath, March, 1821. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1841, and, after taking a course of theological study, became resident licentiate at Andover, Mass., spending two years of the time in teaching at Galena, Ill., and Platteville, Wis. He began his ministry in the service of the Home Missionary Society at Shullsburg, Wis., was afterwards pastor of a church in Galena, Ill., in Davenport, Ia., and in Lyons, Ia., from 1860 to 1864. Having been elected President of Iowa College and Professor of Moral and Mental Science, he entered on the duties of that office in 1865, and resigned the position in 1887. In 1867 he received the degree of D. D. from Amherst College. Amidst his manifold labors, Dr. Magoun has found time to frequently contribute to the prominent reviews and periodicals at home, and also to the London press, besides sermons, addresses and lectures.

GATHERING OF THE COVENANTERS.

No proud cathedral bell, the prayer-call bearing,
 Swung solemnly within its lofty tower;
 All sights and sounds, and their true hearts unerring
 Proclaimed the hour.

The sunset-wane of day's resplendent glory
 Wrote on the clouds in roseate letters there,
 Like some fine limner famed in ancient story,
 "To prayer! To prayer!"

The breeze that waved the meek, dew-dripping flowers,
 And breathed inspiring fragrance on the air,
 A murmur sent through all their blossomy bowers,
 "To prayer! To prayer!"

Not mid the pomp of serried arch and column
 They led their meek and reverent array;
 Where all was wild, yet Sabbath-like and solemn,
 They turned to pray.

Wild, and yet Sabbath-like! Huge rocky masses
 Were piled that yawning cavern-temple round,
 Where the fierce earthquake, in its rifting passes,
 A home had found!

The patriarch came, his long white locks revealing
 Time's sway of joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
 And the wee infant tottered from his dwelling
 Of scarce a year.

The mother came. Her woman's heart will falter
 As priestly hands her baptized infant lift,
 And still the white-robed maidens at the altar
 Blush at the gift!

* * * Stay!—A swift banner-plaid went flashing
 High o'er the rocky verge with sudden gleam,
 And sullenly a heavy stone fell plashing
 Upon the stream!

Up, worshippers! unto your eyrie dwelling,
 If ye would never death of torture know!
 Like a wild torrent from the mountains swelling,
 Burst the red foe!

And lo! while fiery curse and imprecation
 Pour in hot volleys on the praise-stirred air,
 The mountain-flood,—swift herald of salvation,—
 Itself is there!

Their foam-flecked crests o'er hill and valley flinging,
 On! on! the raving, thundering waters pour!
 On that wild sea no wave-washed corse is swinging,—
 One yell!—'t was o'er!

While high above, unheard amid the thunder,
 The Covenanters praise that vengeful God,
 Who flung the mighty from his prey asunder
 On that dark flood!

That spirit reigneth still! So, Christian, waging
 A terrible war along life's corse-strewn road,
 Fear not! One power can calm thy foe's fierce raging,—
 O trust in God!

Edward Breck Robinson.

Edward Breck Robinson was born in Dorchester, Mass., May 29, 1821. At the age of 16, he went to Boston and entered the piano manufactory of L. Gilbert as an apprentice. He at the same time commenced his musical studies under Henry Greatorex, the distinguished musician and composer. When 21 years of age he adopted piano-teaching as a profession, and came to Portland in 1847 in that capacity. He officiated as organist at the First Parish Church in 1851, when he resigned to travel in Europe. Returning, he commenced manufacturing pianos in this city under the firm name of Andrews & Robinson, and has continued dealing in the instruments until the present time.

BIRD LOVE.

The songsters of the forest know
 When love-time comes in early spring;
 And, long before the melting snow,
 Assemble at the gathering

To woo the mate that love inspires,
And win her little heart of joy;
And all the art that love requires
With fervent ardor they employ.

Why sings each bird its sweetest notes,
As if alone all love were his ?
There flies the mate, on her he dotes,
And she knows what the answer is.

In yonder densely shaded wood,
He follows to some leafy spray;
And in the charm of solitude
Caresses with his tuneful lay.

Repeating oft a simple strain,
He softly warbles forth its tone
Until she turns and looks again;
And then his pleading note is done.

O love, with subtle power divine—
And who would not thy servant be?—
So teach me that the work be mine
To touch the secret spring for thee.

SONG TO THE ROSES.

I'll carol to the roses, love,
As we go wandering by;
I'll sing and tell my thoughts of thee,
But with a trembling sigh.

To one fair rose the bee now flies,
And finds its honey there;
What wonder then if I now seek
Thy ruddy lips so fair.

Come hither, that the passing breeze
Cool not thy blushing cheek;
Draw nearer, that my tempted lips
To thee may softly speak.

For I sing to the roses, love,
And tell them all of thee;
That thou the sweet and fair rose art,
And I the honey bee.

POLICY.

One cannot force a horse to drink;
 One cannot force a fool to think;
 And whip the horse and thump the fool,
 Yet they are stubborn as a mule!

But give the horse a little salt,
 And tell the fool he has no fault,
 Then they will yield to selfishness,
 And drink some, think some, more or less.

Lucy Ann Quinby.

Mrs. Lucy Ann Quinby was the daughter of Robert E. Corlies, and was born May 11, 1821, in North Yarmouth, Me. She married Rev. Geo. W. Quinby, D. D., in 1837. She died in Middletown, Ct., Feb. 23, 1860. "She was the faithful wife, the affectionate mother, the tender daughter, the true friend, and the sincere Christian. To the poor she was a benefactor, to the afflicted a comforter, and to the rich an ornament and example." Mrs. Quinby, though her domestic duties were manifold, contributed often for religious associations and public occasions, and several of her pieces, dedicated to special friends or to help some good cause, are still treasured. She was the mother of nine children, one of whom is the wife of Mr. Hollis B. Hill, of Portland.

CONVENTION HYMN.

FOR THE STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,
 AUG. 26TH AND 27TH, 1846.

Great God! thy children gathered now
 Within this place of prayer, so dear,
 Would at thy feet in rev'rence bow,
 And humbly ask Thy presence here.

From various parts we come to bring
 The tidings of Thy gospel's spread;
 Thy messengers, we meet to sing
 The boundless praise of Christ, our Head.

Though strangers now, we joyful come,
 Our Father to adore in love;
 We have one faith, one hope, one home,
 "Not made with hands," in heaven above.

While here, new zeal may we obtain;
 O with thy love our hearts imbue;
 Here make "Thy doctrine drop like rain,"
 Thy truth distil like early dew.

Here, from the altar of each heart,
 Let fervent prayer to Thee ascend;
 Father, Thy grace to us impart,
 Thy blessing on Thy children send.

And when, with multitudes above,
 Thy ransomed sweep the trembling lyre,
 Thy power, goodness, truth and love,
 Each seraph's song with joy shall fire.

**TO GRANDFATHER ON HIS EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY,
 FEBRUARY NINTH, 1850.**

Eighty and seven long years have gone
 Since thou the light first looked upon,
 And time's rude hand has on thy face
 Left many a deep and furrowed trace.

Thy once firm step is tottering now,
 And white the locks upon thy brow;
 Dimmed is the lustre of thine eye,—
 Thou 'rt ripened for thy home on high.

Yes, Grandsire, thou art wrinkled, old,
 All but thy heart, that is not cold;
 For neither age nor time can trace
 Deep wrinkles there, as on thy face.

How I, in childhood, loved to see
 Thy face and climb upon thy knee;
 Oft while I sat in gladness there,
 My hand played with thy hoary hair.

May God bless her, who by thy side
 Has walked at noon and eventide,
 Whose faithful love so many years
 Has shared thy joys, thy hopes, and fears.

God of our Fathers! may thy care
 Keep and sustain this aged pair,
 Receive them when with life they're done,
 Their "battle fought," the "victory won."

AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a good old song, that was made when men were great,
 Of a fine old English Gentleman, who had an old estate,
 And who kept up his fine mansion at a bountiful old rate;
 With a good big porter to relieve the poor beside his gate,
 Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung about with pikes and guns and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers which had stood some tough old blows;
'Twas there "His Worship" sat in state, in doublet and trunk-hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack, to comfort his old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

His custom was, when Christmas came, to bid his friends repair
To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did prepare;
And though the rich he entertained, he ne'er forgot the poor,
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the door
Of this fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

Yet all, at length, must bend to fate! so, like the ebbing tide,
Declining gently to the last, this fine old man, he died;
The widow and the orphan's tears bedewed his cold grave's side,—
And where's the scutcheon that can show so much of worth and pride
Of a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

But times and seasons though they change, and customs pass away,
Yet English hands and English hearts will prove old England's sway;
And though our coffers may n't be filled as they were wont of yore,
We still have hands to fight, if need, and hearts to help the poor,
Like the good old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

Martha Remick.

Miss Remick has always resided in the quiet country town of Kittery, in the house to which her mother came on her marriage. Her father held an office in the Navy-yard at this place the larger part of his life, going out once with his party which was then called the Whig administration, being reinstated on their return to power. He was a man of sound judgment and unquestioned integrity. Martha inherited from her mother a love of history and of literature. She was a diligent worker in her household, but she always found time for reading, and our author remembers of her telling of one part of her life, when, surrounded by family cares, she found no leisure by day, the late hours of the evening were spent in this way. Martha's school life was one of absorbing study; a small part of it was passed at Augusta, Me., and at a Baptist Seminary in Charlestown, Mass., but she learned nearly as well by studying her books at home in the intervals to school terms. She was satisfied only when she could repeat the contents of each from the beginning to the close without questions. Overwork of mind prepared the way for sickness, and from a summer of fever about that time she has never been restored to permanent health. She has always thought her gifts lay more in prose than poetry. She had written many stories which had been well received in the publications to which they were sent, but for a long period could only cultivate her gift for verse, and her poems appeared every week in two or three Boston papers. When better health came, three books were written which found their way to the public, "Agnes Stanhope," "Millicent Halford" and "Richard Ireton," beside several serials, and some MSS., which have not yet been sent to a publisher. Her published poems would fill three large volumes if collected.

PEPPERELL'S TOMB.

In the southern section of this town is another village, commanding a distant view of the blue ocean. Here are the remains of the once elegant mansion of Sir William Pepperell, the only colonist knighted by the mother country. It will be remembered that he won this distinction by his capture of Louisburg from the French, at the head of New England troops. This is commemorative of a visit to his tomb.

In a lone, deserted field,
Where the bluest violets bloom,
Where the May winds sweep the valleys,
Stands a stately marble tomb:
Not a rose, or vine, or flower,
Clings around it; love's sweet spell
Long has vanished from its portals;
Of its fame alone we tell.

Many years have come and vanished
Since this silent sleeper led
To the storming of a fortress,
Ranks of men now lying dead.
When New England won a victory!
And this gray old tombstone's name
High upon the scroll of honor
Was the first in song and fame!

Full a hundred years have vanished
Since that proud and happy day,
When his ships, all richly laden,
Gathered in this fair, blue bay;
When these green fields all around us
With his nodding harvests shone—
Wealth and pride and state and honor,
To this tomb they all have flown.

Yonder in his stately mansion,
Once the halls were all aglow
With the music and rejoicings
Of the days of long ago.
Now his portrait hangs forgotten
On the ancient, time-worn wall,
And the strangers' faces gather
In his proud ancestral hall.

In this tomb he lies forgotten;
But the ancient tales will tell
Of the master who was honored,
And the faithful friend as well.
Better than the fame which crowned him,
Better than his wealth's great store,
Are these records which present him
True and just forevermore.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

His voice rang out upon your streets,
O cold, proud city! in the still dark night,

He was the prophet who foresaw the day,
 The slow, sure dawning of a far-off light.
 Hated and scorned, he wrought as best he knew,
 To what he believed his lips were never dumb;
 It was a happy ending to his toils
 To see his promised future safely come.

Silent and reverent, through the long, dark streets
 Throngs wait the coming of his sable bier,
As a good warrior who has fought his fight,
 Who slumbers in the peaceful stillness here;
 Round him the children of a dusky race
 Marshal a guard for their long faithful friend,
 Who, when their sky had not a line of light;
 Wrought for them to the coming of the end.

Scorned at his morning, hated at his noon,
 Into his evening came the sunset light;
 They knew him who had breathed but scorn and hate
 Before he passed away into the night.
 Lo, the proud city brings her funeral wreaths,
 Her long processions where he lies in sleep,
 Where hundred faces from the walls look down,—
 What he has sown at last his fame shall reap.

GAMBETTA.

"A lover of his country," write it here
 Above the still face lying on the bier,
 He was her saviour when the blood-red hand
 Of war spread over all the wide fair land,
 Wisely he counseled all that man could do;
 In her dark hours he was wise and true.

What were his faults shown in the light of day?
 In that dark chamber with him let them lay,—
 Bring roses, violets and immortelles red,
 To glorify with bloom his last low bed,
 To breathe of a new life if priest and prayer,
 Are banished from the solemn service there.

The thronging thousands came around his bier;
 He who is mourned for is no longer here,
 In what new worlds our eyes are dim to trace
 Shall we behold the glory of his face,
 The spirit's glory who has put away
 The fading vestments and the form of clay?

Noble his deeds, detractions, hate and wrong,
All these fall earthward, to the earth belong;
Fame's fairest garland on his grave will bloom,
On History's fairest page his name find room;
'Tis time that tries us; let these letters stand,
"He was the lover of his father-land."

A CHILD IS LOST!

"A child is lost!" the crier calls,
Down a long street the interest grew,
The anguish of one mother's heart,
The waiting, startled mothers knew;
Some blue-eyed darling whose short steps
Have wandered from the household door,—
Before the night-fall she shall come
To wander from it nevermore.

There will be tears upon her face,
The tangled curls with dust will shine,
The poor hot cheeks will flush and glow,
As with a draught of ruby wine.
But robed, when folded close and safe
To hearts that love her, will it be;
Only the sheltering walls of home
And well-known faces will she see.

Out in the street the other day,
Where snow-flakes all the pathway piled,
I saw a woman whose dark face
Brought up the memory of this child.
A wanderer from some happy home,
For whom no crier's voice may call;
But through the stillness and the gloom
I know God watches over all.

A BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

Five little girls! how fast they grew!
Through the chinks in the roof the stars shone through,
But, nestled together with wrappings warm,
They heeded neither the wind nor the storm;
Summer and winter with work and play
They filled up merrily every day,
And learned their tasks at the village school,
Where they were gentle and easy to rule.

Many a year has glided away,
 The little old cabin has gone to decay;
 A fine stately building fills yonder its place,
 Of the green swarded bank there is left not a trace;
 But a gray-headed man trudges blithely along,
 He who once was so rugged and stalwart and strong,
 Or sits in his door but a few rods away
 In the rest and calm of a summer day.

The children are scattered far and wide,
 Not one is left by the old hearthside,—
 All but the child who went early to rest,
 With the green sods laid on her lifeless breast,
 To share with the mother the blessed home
 Leaving the father weary and lone,
 With his faithful dog in the twilight gray
 Which shuts in his busy and useful day.

Five little ones in the long ago!
 How the years will vanish, they come and go!
 The pine wood stands, and the river shines
 Under the thickets of rustling vines;
 But they come not back who will come no more
 To him who sits in the sun at his door,
 Waiting and dreaming, while far away
 The air is astir with the childrens' play.

AN INCIDENT OF A HOSPITAL.

From the river-side they bore her,
 Where the Thames' clear waters flow,
 To the chamber where they laid her,
 On a pallet soft and low.
 Gentle voices breathed around her,
 Where a few white cots were spread;
 To and thither from her pillow,
 Watchers went with noiseless tread.

Full of shame and grief and sorrow,
 Her short life behind her lay;
 Only eighteen little summers,
 In the stillness stretched away
 To the deep and slimy river,
 Where her lost and trembling feet
 Had been stayed one little hour,
 In this chamber cool and sweet.

Full of human love and pity,
 All the long nights came and went,
 And a holy dream of heaven
 To the fainting heart was sent;
 Full of hope and peace and patience,
 In the pain that pressed her still,
 She looked upward with rejoicing,
 To the doing of His will.

In the stillness of one night-time,
 They who slept around her bed
 Saw the glory of His presence
 In her wondrous beauty shed;
 As with radiant face uplifted
 To some vision on the wall,
 Held beyond their touch or seeing,
 She went from them at His call.

Thus they laid her in her slumbers,
 With that look upon her face,
 In the low and lonely chamber,
 Where the poor must have a place;
 But they told the story over,
 Through the ward and world it flew,—
 It was a strange, sad story,
 But every word is true.

Charles Phelps Roberts.

Chas. P. Roberts is a native of Bangor, where he was born Feb. 14, 1822. He graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of 1845, and after this studied law for some time in the office of James S. Rowe, Esq. Mr. Roberts was admitted to practice in 1847, but becoming connected with the editorial department of the *Bangor Daily Mercury*, he relinquished it, and for four years devoted his time and talent to editorial matters. Later, he became one of the editors of the *Bangor Daily Journal*, holding that position twelve years, and was superintendent of the public schools of that city for the same length of time. He has also been a member of the City Council. In 1879, or thereabouts, he removed to Boston, and became connected with the public press. His wife is a native of Winterport.

THE SLEEP OF NATURE.

The wind is loud, and a frosty shroud
 Wraps Nature in its fold,
 The Frost King's hands, as with iron bands,
 Have set and sealed their hold.

How swift and fleet were the Day-god's feet,
 That danced along the plain!
 And sudden and brief the fall of the leaf
 Told winter come again!

As sweet and deep as a maiden's sleep,
 In snow-white vesture laid,
 Looks Nature now, with her pale cold brow,
 In her wintry garb arrayed.

Yet fair as the flush of a virgin's blush,
 Shall she rise from sleep and dream,
 And roseate hues with the glittering dews
 Shall weave her gorgeous sheen.

And again shall sing the birds in the spring,
 And Nature's heart shall glow;
 The fruits and flowers, in the genial showers,
 Shall blossom sweet, and grow.

On hill-side and plain shall nod the ripe grain,
 In summer's golden sun,
 And autumn shall cheer, with the fruits of the year,
 The reapers' work well done.

Thus, warm or a-cold, she waxeth not old,
 Since the sweet morn of her birth,
 When the glad stars sang and the echoes rang
 Through all the heaven and earth.

Enoch Perley Fessenden.

Enoch Perley Fessenden was born in Fryeburg, June 20, 1822. He fitted for college at the Academy there, hoping to enter Sophomore, but, upon examination, entered the Juniors' year of Bowdoin, at Brunswick. He ranked high, being first in his class as a German scholar, and in mathematics. He was elected Class Poet for the Junior year, and delivered a poem entitled "Oblivion" on Class day. He graduated with honor in 1844. He then took charge of a seminary in Indiana, but afterward studied the profession of medicine, and was a successful practitioner in Bucksport, Me., for many years. He died at Augusta, Feb. 23, 1883. This author was a brother of General Samuel Fessenden, and uncle of William Pitt Fessenden, also uncle to Ellen Fessenden Lincoln, a contributor to this volume. He was very strong in his loyalty to kin, had an intense sense of the humorous, and large gift at mimicry, and is said to have written good verses at nine years of age.

THE SONG OF SLEEP.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 O how sweet when day is o'er!
 Floating from the quiet shore
 'Neath the dreamy sky of June
 To the water's dying tune,
 Sinking with the sinking moon,
 Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 O how sweet at height of bliss
 There to feel the dewy kiss,
 There to smoothly glide away
 Down a softening moonlight ray
 Into misty, ghostly day,
 Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Sleep, sleep, sleep.
’ how sweet in shades of woe,
Then to feel the tidal flow
Of the softest wavy light
Gently, slowly lift the night
Resting on the weary sight,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
O how sweet on mother’s breast
There so soft to lie at rest,
Gazing in those quiet eyes
Till their lights in shadows lie;
Murmuring till the murmurs die,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

WELCOME OF EARTH.

O welcome! welcome here!
To thy home beneath the bier,
From life’s dark shores of pain and fear,
Rest sweetly on the breast
Of the one who loves thee best,
Of one who will watch o’er thy tranquil rest,
Till thy blue and gentle eyes,
Shall open on the skies
Of the angels’ own blest Paradise.

And calmly thou shalt stay
And gently waste away;
There is no pain in that slow decay,
It will never mar thy sleep,
It will never bid thee weep,
While thy mother above thee her watch shall keep,
Till corruption’s blackened sign,
On this moveless face of thine,
But makes thee nearer to me, and mine.

When decay has run its race,
And there is left no trace
Of thy rounded form and thy smiling face;
When the dust remains alone,
When the coffin lid is gone,
And the ashes of life on the mold are strewn;
O then a part of me,
Weary one, thou shalt be
Till the opening morn of Eternity.

Though thine earthly friends above
May forget the heart of love,
That ’neath the turf has ceased to move,
The Earth is near thee yet;
The Earth will ne’er forget,
While the stars of Heaven shall rise and set,—
Then where shall peace be found
Like the peace that reigns around
The cold, damp clay in the cold, damp ground?

William Augustus Goodwin.

William A. Goodwin was born in Saco, July 27, 1822. He graduated from Bowdoin in the class of 1842, and was first engaged in teaching in Brunswick, Eastville, Va., and Saco, which employment he followed for two years. He then entered upon the study of civil engineering in the field, which has been his constant occupation, and has resided in Portland, Roxbury, and Newton, Mass. In 1870 he returned to Portland, where he still lives. "The positions he has held,"—we quote from the history of his college,—"testify to his ability and the repute he has enjoyed." He was assistant engineer on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, the York and Cumberland, etc.; chief engineer on the Penobscot; on surveys of the European and North American Railroad from St. John, N. B., to Calais, Me.; superintendent of construction of the first and second light-house districts, coasts of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. In 1863 and 1864 he served at New Orleans, and on the Gulf and South Atlantic coast under special orders, on light-house duty. Since 1870 he has been the popular city engineer of Portland. Mr. Goodwin has been a poetical contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other publications of a high order, and also to the proceedings of the American Philological Association. He has taken no pains to preserve the offspring of his muse, and with reluctance allows these specimens to appear in our book.

THE TERROR.

Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu.

Queen of the surges, sailing forth undaunted,
Weathersome laden, stiff though but in ballast,
Who shall withstand thee, terror of the navies,
Three-masted schooner!

On comes the war-ship, ponderous, majestic;
Power intrinsic this to choose or that way.
Ware thee now, schooner! trusting but to breezes,
Pitiful schooner!

Wind is but light, and scant at that, and baffling.
Luff? no, she cannot—keep her off? she will not.
Crashing collision—slowly sinks the war-ship;
On sails the schooner.

Where grew the oaks, the tamaracks and beeches
Shaped to thy timbers, weighted as of iron?
Fitted and fastened, built with skill consummate.
Hail to thee, builder!

Find thou, O builder! always in the forest
That breed of oaks and tender them securely.
Set in each bow a stem of such like timber,
Oaken as iron.

No beak of trireme, pointed, massive, brazen,
Driven resistless by the broad-backed rowers,
Tore in the hollow ships of olden story
Side rents so ghastly.

Ram of a schooner! thou hast changed thy gender.
 No more shall *she* be said of a three-master.
He is henceforth thy proper appellation,
 Masterful schooner!

Thy function now conjunction, though disjunctive,
 First of the list we dearly learned as children;
 "But, then, though, either," thus was its beginning,
 Butt, then, O schooner!

Though, if thou must be plunging at all comers,
 Discriminate more wisely than thou hast done.
 Choose if thou wilt the ordinary war-ship,
 But not Cunarders.

Now, if I had the ear of Uncle Samuel,
 This would I plead: "Why bother with your cruisers?
 Gather from Maine, from all the down-east ship-yards,
 Three-masted schooners."

A TOBACCONALIAN ODE.

O Plant divine!
 Not to the tuneful Nine,
 Who sit where purple sunlight longest lingers,
 Twining the bay, weaving with busy fingers
 The amaranth eterne and sprays of vine,
 Do I appeal. Ah, worthier brows than mine
 Shall wear those wreaths! But thou, O potent plant,
 Of thy broad fronds but furnish me a crown;
 Let others sing the yellow corn, the vine,
 And others for the laurel-garland pant,
 Content with my rich meed, I'll sit me down,
 Nor ask for fame, nor heroes' high renown,
 Nor wine.

Ye airy sprites,
 Born of the Morning's womb, sired of the Sun,
 Who cull with nice acumen, one by one,
 All gentle influences from the air,
 And from within the earth what most delights
 The tender roots of springing plants, whose care
 Distils from gross material its spirit
 To paint the flower and give the fruit its merit,
 Apply to my dull sense your subtle art!
 When ye, with nicest, finest skill, had wrought
 This chiefest work, the choicest blessings brought

And stored them at its roots, prepared each part,
Matured the bud, painted the dainty bloom,
Ye stood and gazed until the fruit should come.
Ah, foolish elves!

Look ye that yon frail flower should be sublimed
To fruit commensurate with all your power
And cunning art? Was it for such ye climbed
The slanting sunbeams, coaxing many a shower
From the coy clouds? Ye did exceed yourselves;
And as ye stand and gaze, lo, instantly
The whole etherealized ye see:

From topmost golden spray to lowest root,
The whole is fruit.

Well have ye wrought,
And in your honor now shall incense rise.
The oaken chair, the cheerful blaze, invite
Calm meditation, while the flickering light
Casts strange, fantastic shadows on the wall,
Where goodly tomes, with ample lading fraught
Of gold, of wit and gems of fancy rare,
Poet and sage, mute witnesses of all,
Smile gently on me, as with sober care,
I reach the pipe and thoughtfully prepare
The sacrifice.

O fragile clay!

Erstwhile as white as e'er a lily of old Nile,
But now imbrowned and ambered o'er and through
With richest tints and ever-deepening hue.

Quintessence of rare essences the while
Uphoarding, as thou fairest day by day,
Thou mindst me of a genial face I knew.
At first it was but fair, nought but a face;
But as I read and learned it, wondrous grace
And beauty marvellous did grow, and grow,
Till every hue of the sweet soul did show
Most beautiful from brow and lip and eye.

And thus, O clay,
Child of the sea-foam, nursed amid the spray,
Thy visage changes, ever grows more fair
As the fine spirit works expression there!
Blest be the tide that reft thee from the roar
And cast thee on the far Danubian shore,
And blest the art that shaped thee daintily!
And thou, O fragrant tube attenuate!
No more in the sweet blooming cherry-grove,

Where the shy bulbul plaintive mourns her love,
Shalt thou uplift thy blossoms to the sky,
Or wave them o'er the waters rippling by;
No more thy fruit shall stud with jewels red
The leafy crown thou fashionedst for thy head.
Not this thy fate.

When the swart damsel from thy parent tree
Did lop thee with thy fellows, and did strip
From off thee, bleeding, leaf and bud and blossom,
And bind the odorous fagot carefully,
And bear thee in to whom should fashion thee
And set new fruit of amber on thy tip,
More grateful than the old to eye and lip,
Ambrosial odors thou didst then exhale,
Leaving thy fragrance in her tawny bosom.
Thou still dost hold it. Nothing may avail
To rob thee of the odorous memory
Thou sweetly bearest of the cherry-grove,
Where blossoms bloom and lovers tell their love,
Bright amber, fragrant wood, enameled clay,
Help me to burn the incense worthily!
Thou fire, assist! Promethean fire, unbound,
The azure clouds go wreathing round and round,
Float slowly up, then gently melt away;
And in their circling wreaths I dimly see
Full many a fleeting vision's fantasy.
Alas! alas!

How bright soe'er before my view they pass,
Whether it be that Memory, pointing back,
Doth show each flower along the devious track
By which I came forth from the fields of youth,—
Or bright-robed Hope doth deck the sober truth
With many-colored garments, pointing on
To lighter days and envied honor's won,
Or Fancy, taking many a meaner thing,
Doth gild it o'er with bright imagining,—
Alas! alas!

Light as the circling smoke, they fade and pass,
What time the last thin wreath hath faintly sped
Up from the embers dying, dying, dead!
To earth's best blessings fade and fleet away,—
Naught left but ashes, smoke, and empty clay.
Awake, my soul! 't is time thou wert awaking!
For radiant spirits, innocent and fair,
Walking beside thee, hovering in the air

Down through the past, thronging thy future way,
 Wait but thy calling, and the thraldoms breaking
 Which, all unworthily, to sense hath bound thee,
 To bless thy days and make the night around thee
 As bright and beautiful and fair as day.
 Call thou on these, my soul, and fix thee there!
 Name naught divine which hath not god-like in it;
 And if thou burnest incense, let it be
 That of the heart, enkindled thankfully;
 And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out,
 Nor let it poison all thy sight forever;
 Whate'er thou hast to do of worth, begin it,
 Nor leave the issue free to any doubt,
 Forgetting never what thou art, and never
 Whither thou goest, to the far Forever.
 And then shall gentle Memory, pointing back,
 Show blessings scattered all along thy track;
 And bright-robed Hope, showing thy dreams of youth,
 Shall lead thee up from dreaming to the truth;
 And Fancy, leaving every nearer thing,
 Shall see fulfilled each bright imagining.
 Then shall the ashes of thy musing be
 Only the ashes of thy naughtiness;
 The smoke, the remnant of thy vanity
 And thorny passions, which entangled thee
 Till thou didst pray deliverance; the clay,
 That empty clay e'en, hath a power to bless,—
 Empty for that a gem hath passed away,
 To shine forever in eternal day.

Edward Munn Field.

Dr. E. M. Field was born in Belfast, this State, July 29, 1822, the last of a large family of eight sons and one daughter. He graduated at Bowdoin in 1845, soon after which he commenced the study of medicine, receiving his degree from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia—and studying the two following years in London and Paris. On returning from abroad, he settled in Bangor, where he continued in practice till the time of his death, July 27, 1887. Though of a very retiring nature and ill fitted to push his way in life, he yet acquired a large practice and won an excellent reputation as a physician. His chief relaxation and enjoyment (next after that found in his family circle) was derived from the pursuit of literature—and especially from the gratification of his taste for poetry. He wrote easily and published freely—but not taking pains to preserve what he published, the larger part of his poems cannot be collected. They served their only purpose (as far as he was concerned) in the pleasure of composition. Very ardent in his attachments, most of his writings were poems of affection called forth by events which occurred in his family or among his friends.

TO MY MOTHER.

Though distant far from thee, mother,
 Thy "summer-born" may be,

A stranger mid a stranger-band,
O'er leagues of land and sea;
Yet still I keep my childhood's heart,
Wherever I may roam;
For priceless to the wanderer
Are cherished thoughts of home.

Upon the sea of life, mother,
That ever restless deep,
Whose records of the crossing barque
Eternity must keep;
How oft above the deaf'ning roar,
Thy low, sweet voice I hear,
Falling like strains of long ago
Upon my list'ning ear.

How oft amid the gloom, mother,
Thy gently beaming eye
Uprises on my soul, and bids
The lurking shadows fly;
Then all is calm, and bright, and fair,
And cheerful is my way;
For visions such as these can change
Deep darkness into day.

How oft my spirit seeks, mother,
The ingle-side of yore,
Where warm and loving hearts have met,
And parted evermore;
First from the group a fair-haired girl
Paled suddenly and died;
The only sister of the band
Around the ingle-side!

Then from thy very arms, mother,
A cherub boy was riven,
Who plumed his scarcely folded wings,
And soared again to heaven!
Long have they lain, those guileless ones,
In slumber side by side;
'T were better thus to pass away,
Than stem life's rolling tide!

Another saddened sound, mother,
Still lingers in my ear;
A sound of heartfelt agony
Above a father's bier;

Thine earliest love—thy latest stay—
 Ceased—and the world grew dim;
 Yet thou wast not alone—thy heart—
 Thy faith, was fixed on Him.

Though from our golden chain, mother,
 Two sunny links are gone;
 And he who loved and cherished us
 From our embrace is torn;
 And though from mid our brother-band
 New firesides cheerful burn,
 Yet sweetest, holiest memories
 To that dear home return:

And blessings are invoked, mother,
 Upon thy sacred heart;
 The lips ye taught to pray implore
 Heaven's riches to impart;
 We now are seven, and severed far
 O'er leagues of land and sea;
 Yet all, as with one common heart,
 Still love and honor thee!

FOR AN ALBUM.

Not far from Athens' sunny smile,
 There is a sweet Ionian isle,
 Whose fragrance scents Otranto's shore,
 And reaches to the far Marmor';
 Nor Hybla's mount, nor Tempe's vale,
 So sweetly freight the passing gale.
 'T is fabled in an old Greek rune,
 That he who breathed the sweet perfume
 Would lose all sorrow, all regret.
 But *pleasure* never would forget.
 To modernize the quaint conceit,
 And make it for our purpose meet,
 Be this "Forget-me-not" the isle
 Where Friendship's flow'rets sweetly smile;
 And when at some far distant day
 Their odors o'er thy senses stray,
 Forget all *evil* and enthrone
 In Memory's halls the good alone;
 And may the increase of thy life arise
 As a "sweet savor" fragrant to the skies.

Eugene Bachelder.

Born about 1822, and a native of New Ipswich, N. H. With relatives came to Saco, this State, in 1831, and remained there thirteen years. In 1844, he again changed his residence to Cambridge, Mass., and graduated from Harvard Law School, class of 1846. He married in 1864, and from that time to his decease in 1878, resided at Dover, Mass. Mr. Bachelder never practiced law to any great extent, its details not being congenial to his temperament. He published many poems, which were considered of much merit, and of which "A Romance of the Sea Serpent" passed through four editions. With his literary efforts he engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and in that department was quite successful.

FAIR COLUMBIA.

The life we live, we live for thee,
Columbia, fair Columbia!
No land so happy, fair and free,
As happy, fair Columbia!
Brave souls are battling for the right,
Brave hearts are rushing to the fight,
The nation rises in its might,
For happy, fair Columbia!

Weep for the gallant valiant men
Who die for fair Columbia!
They shall arise to life again
Above our fair Columbia!
Ah! yes, to life immortal rise,
And form an army in the skies,
To guard the freedom freemen prize,
And shield our fair Columbia!

Hark! to a patriot's loud appeal,
Columbia, fair Columbia!
My mother-land to thee I kneel,
In prayer for fair Columbia!
Thy glorious chivalry shall rise
With dauntless hearts and eagle eyes,
And wave victorious to the skies
Thy banner, fair Columbia!

O God! shall mortal man control,
In happy, fair Columbia!
The life of one immortal soul,
In happy, free Columbia?
No! better that the traitor knaves
Were heaped by thousands in their graves,
Who boast they'd make all freemen slaves,
In happy, fair Columbia!

No! high above, in clouds of light,
 Above our fair Columbia,
 Sits God, the Arbiter of fight,
 The Shield of fair Columbia!
 Here hosts on hosts of angels bright
 Are battling with us for the right;
 God's arm the horde of foes shall smite,
 And free our fair Columbia!

SONG OF OLD ORCHARD.

AIR—MY MARYLAND.

Old Orchard Beach is broad and fair; Here the world seems bright and gay, Happy, fair Old Orchard.	Here the hours fly swift away,
Old Orchard Beach is free from care, On the shores of Saco Bay, Happy, fair Old Orchard.	At happy, fair Old Orchard.
When we feel our cares increase, When we wish to be at peace, Then we fly where sorrows cease, To happy, fair Old Orchard.	Here's a right good ringing cheer For happy, fair Old Orchard; Here's to friends, both far and near, We've met at fair Old Orchard.
The wit and grace of all the land Resort to fair Old Orchard, They roam along the yellow strand, At happy, fair Old Orchard.	When we wander far away, Still we'll think of those who stay, And trust again to meet some day, At happy, fair Old Orchard.

Mary Bartol.

This graceful writer, the only sister of Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, elsewhere represented in this volume, was born in Freeport, Dec. 12, 1822, and at the age of two years accompanied her parents to Portland, where she attended the Grammar and High Schools, graduating with high honors. Her home has been for some time with her distinguished brother, at Boston. Miss Bartol is a proficient in music, and her poems are greatly admired for their grace and finish. She has spent four years abroad.

QUEEN ASTER.

"I'm growing by the roadside,"
 Said the swaying aster;
 I'm growing faster
 Every night and day;
 How I pity meadow daisies,
 Blooming in such lonely places,
 Far away!

They sigh, and pine, and wither,
 Each snowy blossom
 Fading on earth's bosom
 Into ashen gray;
 Few the friendly eyes to greet them,
 None the lover's look to meet them,
 So far away!

I shine upon the high road,
Successor to the rose;
Every traveler knows
 My glistening star;
O'er all the asters that are seen,
O'er all the daisies too, I'm queen,
 Near and far!

Thus whispered to the breezes,
Heedless of disaster,
One gold-eyed aster
 Nodding to the day,
Hardly had she spoken,
Lo, her graceful stem was broken,
 And borne away!

Busy dotting o'er the plain,
Danced the pitied daisies;
In barren places
 Could their heads be seen,
Beckoning there, and bowing thither,
Never even asking whither
 Moved their queen.

Never missing her pale star—
Blooming on the bleak hill,
Floating o'er the tide-mill
 Seeds for future day,
Gay and happy swung the daisies,
Making sweet the lonely places,
 Far, far away!

TWO HANDS.

A little hand, with magic in its palm,
Draws me resistless on; I press
The sweet and rosy flesh and feel a balm
Distilling from the soft caress.

It is mid-day in June; I have no will
To check the baby's words, which reach
Me half articulate: I have no skill
To oppose the pleadings of his speech.

On, on, my guide is monarch of the hour,
And I the slave of that small hand,
Which flings afar my fleeting dreams of power,
And chokes the projects I had planned.

Two different hands; one satin and one hard,
One plump and young, one old and thin,
And filled with lines, where life has scarred
Its pain and let confession in.

One brown and wrinkled hand, one dimpled hand,
The weaker fingers point one way,
I tire of my young officer's command,
And yet—I dare not disobey!

MORNING.

Above the hills a saffron glow—
The heavenly azure deepens higher—
While through dark pines, gleams long and low
A floating lake of fire!

Within the grove fresh winds awake,
 A little gush of song is heard,
 And every plumpy leaf of brake
 By breezy sighs is stirred.

One moment's chant—a hush profound—
 Soft songs and ferny dances cease;
 To silence dies the murmuring sound,
 And motion glides to peace.

The dawn has come with ecstasy,
 And I, a part of her and day,
 Breathe in the joy she giveth me,
 And put my care away.

APRIL.

O thou month of various moods,
 Of sunshine and of mist,
 As if thy odd vicissitudes
 First quarreled, and then kissed;
 I fear thy inconstant winds that blow
 Wherever winds can blow;
 I fear thy sly, illusive snows,
 Which come like ghosts, like phantoms go.

The lilac buds begin to pout,
 And crocuses arise
 In grassy plots, and stare about,
 With half-bewildered eyes,
 On gloomy earth and murky sky,
 Both clouded with a frown;
 And crouch with faces all awry,
 Till, like a sprite from Araby,
 Some helping breeze has flown.

Capricious April, warm thy breath,
 And wake the sleepy crowd
 Of folded buds, that close beneath
 The juniper are bowed;
 And call a smile into the dawn,
 And coax that smile to stay,
 Then laugh, and shout, and push the morn
 With frolic into day!

THE LAST MESSENGER.

She listened, as the low entreaty reached her ear—
 “Dear heart, art ready now? I’m waiting here!”

Come, take my hand, late spring-time throws her snow
Upon the sleepy land and worketh woe.

Elsewhere a finer air will give thee lighter breath
And little dost thou care that I am Death.

Then yield unto my care, sweet soul, and, floating free,
Seek thine own climate, where one waits for thee."

he hearkened to the voice, while glances of surprise
unkindled light within her fading eyes.

hen quick she closed their lids, and quick she journeyed on,
While Death forgot, watched o'er the flesh alone.

David Atwood Wasson.

uthor and clergyman was born in West Brooksville (nearly opposite Castine,) on of May, 1823. By teaching in winter, and performing hard manual labor in he secured enough money to carry him to the middle of his Junior year in Bow-
lege. In a literary criticism published in the columns of the *Portland Trans-*
R. Champney tells us that this author was noted in college for his acquirements
hematian and a debater. After leaving Bowdoin he read law in an office in
but soon abandoned the legal profession, and entered upon the study of divin-
e Theological Seminary at Bangor. He was settled as assistant pastor of the
ational Church at Groveland, Mass., on finishing his course in the Seminary.
ng in that capacity for a single year. Later, he established in Groveland an inde-
society, of which he remained the head from 1852 to 1858. In the latter year he
cked with an incurable spinal disorder which, with the exception of a short time
foreign travel, kept him within doors the rest of his life, near Boston. He died
try, 1887, at West Medford, Mass. Mr. Wasson was a voluminous prose writer,
tting to the leading publications of the day, and a volume of sparkling poems
pen was issued after his decease.

ROYALTY.

That regal soul I reverence, in whose eyes
Suffices not all worth the city knows
To pay that debt which his own heart he owes;
For less than level to his bosom rise

The low crowd's heaven and stars: above their skies
Runneth the road his daily feet have pressed;
A loftier heaven he beareth in his breast,
And o'er the summits of achieving hies,

With never a thought of merit or of meed;
Choosing divinest labors through a pride
Of soul that holdeth appetite to feed
Even on angel-herbage, naught beside;
Nor praises more himself for hero-deed
Than stones for weight, or open seas for tide.

LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As to the lips of summer are its dews,
 Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,
 So to my bosom are the beams that use
 To raise their grace from eyes that love inspires.
 Your love, vouchsafe it, royal-hearted few,
 And I will set no common price thereon:
 Oh, I will keep as heaven his holy blue,
 Or night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.
 But aught of duty known must I forego,
 Or miss one drop from truth's baptismal hand,
 Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers, and so
 Deserve you less, to meet your heart's demand?
 Farewell! Your wish I for your sake deny:
 Rebel to love, in truth to love am I.

IDEALS.

Angels of Growth, of old, in that surprise
 Of your first vision, wild and sweet,
 I poured in passionate sighs
 My wish unwise
 That ye descend my heart to meet—
 My heart, so slow to rise.

Now thus I pray: Angelic be to hold
 In heaven your shining poise afar,
 And to my wishes bold
 Reply with cold,
 Sweet invitation, like a star
 Fixed in the heavens old.

Did ye descend, what were ye more than I?
 Is't not by this ye are divine—
 That native to the sky,
 Ye cannot lie
 Downward, and give low hearts the wine
 That should reward the high?

Weak, yet in weakness I no more complain
 Of your abiding in your places:
 Oh, still, howe'er my pain
 Wild prayers may rain,
 Keep pure on high the perfect graces
 That stooping could but stain.

Harriet Marion Atwell Stevens.

dy, known in the literary world as Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, was born July 3, daughter of the Rev. John Atwell. The romantic town of Sidney was her birthplace on the banks of the Kennebec River. She left Maine in early youth, and for a time resided at the South. Her first contributions, sent under the *nom de plume* "Eliza Ward," appeared in the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, and later she frequently wrote for the *Portland Transcript*, *Gleason's Pictorial*, and other popular magazines and journals. After her marriage, in 1848, to Mr. Richard Stephens, she resided in Boston. She was an actress of some distinction. At one time she edited "The Golden Age," a monthly magazine, and in January, 1854, published a volume of three hundred pages, comprising a collection of her best sketches and poems. In November of the same year, she published another volume entitled "Passion and Reality," which added much to her popularity. We have been unable to trace the subsequent career of this talented authoress.

TO ONE AFAR.

Thou art not here! The midnight stars are paling
 And drooping one by one from out the sky!
 The night wind comes to me with wilder wailing,
 As echo of my heart—thou art not by!
 Yet like the stars my heart and hopes are creeping
 To that dear home where thou, my love, art sleeping.

Thou'rt all my own! for, like an angel's blessing,
 Slumber her woof of dreams hath o'er thee thrown!
 Dost thou not feel my lips to thine now pressing?
 Art not my arms entwined amid thine own?
 Ah, blessed sleep! I, too, might share it, only
 Thou art not here, and I am more than lonely.

It may be, dear, that I am only dreaming;
 But life hath grown more pleasant than of yore;
 And from thy lips love hath a holier seeming.
 And life more hopes and aims than heretofore:
 It may be, there will come a dark to-morrow,
 And my heart waken to a world of sorrow.

My spirit moans for thee! I cannot hush it!
 Its pleadings haunt the stillness of this hour!
 My heart is in thy clasp! Ah, do not crush it,
 As a wanton plaything or an idle flower!
 Morn may restore the flower, its bloom departed—
 But there's no morning for the broken-hearted!

TO A SONGSTRESS.

I do not know thee—save by thoughts that linger,
 Dream-like and beautiful upon my heart—
 When my rapt soul, forgetful of the singer,
 Loses itself in wonder at thy art!
 I do not know thee, lady; yet full well
 My spirit bows it to thy mystic spell.

I do not know thee! yet when stars are beaming,
 In softening lustre at the evening hour,
 I seek the spot where thy bright eyes are gleaming,
 And yield me captive to their witching power!
 To see thee—hear thee—silently to trace
 Flashings of genius on thy lovely face!

I do not know thee! yet my weary spirit,
 In hours of absence, kneeling at thy shrine,
 Breathes out a prayer that it may yet inherit
 One gleam of light like that which falls from thine.
 Yet with such gift, my heart, in its excess,
 Would die beneath its wealth of blissfulness!

I do not know thee! yet when flowers are springing,
 When summer song-birds tales of joyance tell,
 I'll think I hear thy voice in concert singing;
 My heart will grow more human 'neath the spell.
 May thy soul's sunshine, undimmed by tears,
 Brighten the rugged path of onward years!

Francis Greenleaf Jaynes.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a sketch, to do justice to the versatility of this bright mind. Born Oct. 3, 1823, in the rural town of Livermore, Me., of most worthy parentage, he thence derived the sterling foundations of his character. The quiet surroundings of his home might have made him a very common boy. Such he was not. He early gave signs of that electric nature which brooks no obstacle in the attainment of desired ends. But his aims were never unworthy. He thirsted for knowledge, which he sought and found in every avenue within his reach. With keen discrimination, he assimilated only the best, and, as he received, he gave—never a niggard in anything that could benefit others. Thus his life was a growth, rapid indeed, for, at the midway age of thirty-five, his work was done. His poetic effusions, thrown off at an early period of his career to beguile his lonely moments, were as mere exhalations from his fervent soul; yet some of them evince profound thought. He was ever approachable, a delightful companion, often mirthful and magnetic. As he advanced in life, his conversation, while terse and suggestive, was remarked for purity and elegance of diction. In music he was an amateur; but in art was his delight. It became also his engrossing pursuit. In many New England homes, his portraits are still cherished as household gods. While thus laboring at his chosen vocation, ever forgetful of self, he was stricken by the heavy hand of disease. Still, he worked on, more and more ennobled by the wondrous possibilities of his beloved art. Then the brush fell from his hand; consumption had done its work; but he was conqueror, and his freed spirit went forth, whither we may well desire to follow him. He was an own cousin, on his mother's side, to the poet, Arlo Bates, also to Rebecca Sophia Clark, better known as "Sophie May." Mr. Jaynes was married in the autumn of '52, to Miss Harriet Williams, of Augusta, Me., who survives him, with two daughters—Mrs. H. C. James, of St. Paul, Minn., and Mrs. Clifford Jaynes, of West Newton, Mass.

THE REVELATIONS OF NATURE.

Poet, that mak'st wild haunts thy choice,
 And their bird minstrelsy,
 The woodlands have a winning voice,—
 What do they say to thee?

Then he, in calm and gentle voice,
Made answer unto me:
“Sweet Nature’s music and her joys
I cannot tell to thee.

First, should thy heart be free as air,
From guilt and darkness free,
Then, lifting it from toil and care,
Nature will answer thee.

Mountain and lake and sunny slope
Thy book of truth shall be,
And stars, which gem the ebon cope,
Shall surely answer thee.

Hast seen the starlight trembling steal
From out the tranquil sea?
Thus Heaven in nature shall reveal
The “Light of life” to thee.”

There’s not a leaf within life’s book
My eye has ever met;
There’s not a page on which I look,
I’d willingly forget.

For well I know, the webs of thought,
In all their varied tissues,
By every event are wrought
To form life’s sacred issues.

We needed every false belief,
Our joy—our melancholy;
God could not spare one hour of grief,
One moment of our folly.

Their influence around us lingers,
A half-hid mystery;
They are the marks of angel fingers,
Writing our destiny.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

Each closing day they die away,
The tones we love to hear,
And one by one the forms decay,
That were to us so dear.

But from Life's tree the leaves may fall
 Around us as they will;
 We but a moment hear their call,
 While it is summer still.

Alas! we every day forget
 The lessons of the past,
 Nor dream another new regret
 Shall follow on the last.

Forget 't is Providence controls,
 That all our precious things
 Are little angels to our souls,
 Whom he hath given wings.

When far beyond, we think of this;
 When, through each mortal change,
 Our souls have entered into bliss
 Of wider, higher range,

Shall we not see in what we are
 All life and death combined,
 To force through circles widening far
 The all-embracing mind ?

"RISE UP AND WALK."

Eve, with slowly fading light,
 O'er the ancient city fell,
 To the Temple's sacred height,
 Bringing silence like a spell;
 Holy men were entering there,
 For it was the hour of prayer.

One there was, of low estate,
 Whom they brought from day to-day,
 To the Temple's Beautiful gate,
 Where in mournful guise he lay,
 Helpless beggar, lone and lame,
 Asking alms of all who came.

Here, for many weary years,
 Grew the wrinkles on his brow,
 Childhood came and went in tears,
 But a deeper sadness now
 Made the passing pilgrim pause,
 Marking how forlorn he was.

Confident in health and strength,
Many passed, but knew him not;
He had ceased to strive, at length,
Hopeless of a better lot;
But with ever open palms,
Patient sat he, asking alms.

Peter answered, "Look on me:
Gold and silver have I none,
Such as have I, give I thee."
Then, with deeply solemn tone,—
"Rise up, strong in heart and frame;
Rise and walk, in Jesus' name."

O with what new joy elate,
Springing lightly from the sod,
Entered he the Temple gate,
Leaping, walking, praising God!
Better far than earthly wealth,
Came to him the boon of health.

O'er our dim and finite sense,
Though we wander from His call,
Thus the great Beneficence
Dawns alike and blesses all.
Though we ask a stone, instead,
Doth our Father give us bread?

Hearts that burn with ancient fires,
Strangers to the hidden Best,
Seek, with all the old desires,
El Dorados in the West;
With an inward prayer for gold,
Daring dangers manifold.

Hark! o'er all, the constant tone,
Making discord harmony!
"Gold and silver have I none,
Such as have I, give I thee."
Thine, beyond the din of strife,
Is the discipline of life!

Thine, a better, higher fate—
E'en thy pathway to complete,
Leading to the Beautiful gate,
Leading to the Saviour's feet!
There, o'ershadowed by the Rock,
Humble spirit, "*rise and walk.*"

A BROTHER'S MEMORY.

It was a sunny, glorious morn,
I dwelt among the speeding hours,
And saw my brother's radiant form
Come dancing 'mong the flowers.

A hand was on my shoulder laid,
An eye that spake its deep desire
Looked in my own, as if it said,
"Come, brother, come up higher."

To see him walking by my side,
His form so tall and manly grown,
Methought in every noble pride
My brother stood alone.

A hand was on his shoulder laid,
Upon his brow and in his eye
A radiant, startling beauty played,
Like sunset in the sky.

And now, his voice was in my soul,
With echo, sweet as angel's lyre,
And, holding full and deep control,
Still whispered, "Come up higher."

I asked, obedient to the tone,
What path of toil we next should dare,
And whither? —but I stood alone,
My brother was not there.

I woke—it was a glorious morn,
Borne onward by the speeding hours,
But nevermore my brother's form
Came bounding 'mong the flowers.

Jacob Wardwell Browne.

Col. Jacob W. Browne was born in Albany, Me., Dec. 2, 1822. He entered Bowdoin College in 1846, taught mathematics and the languages two years in Westbrook Seminary, and was assistant principal, with Prof. Hinds, in establishing Norway Liberal Institute. He studied law three years with Hon. Elbridge Gerry at Waterford, teaching the High School at Windham several terms in the meanwhile. He was admitted to the Oxford Bar in 1851, and located in Buckfield the following year, where he opened an office and remained till 1857. He then located in Earlville, Ill., where he now resides, having acquired financial prosperity. He was married in 1859 to Mrs. Margaret J. Bisbee, daughter of Capt. James Spaulding, of Buckfield. Mr. Browne for many years has been a frequent contributor of poetical composition to the press, and he is now collecting his poems for publication in book form.

MY KITTIE.

Her grave is prankt with lilies white,
And trickling intertwen with light:

Awake.

O for a long, long thrilling kiss
From her dear lips—O such sweet bliss—
 Awake, Kittie, awake.

Long hath she slept—sweetly sleeping—
Poor me! waiting, watching, weeping;
 Awake.

O God from out the heavens above,
Breathe on her pity, mercy, love;
 Awake, Kittie, awake.

Wake her from sleep—God in pity
Part the curtains—wake my Kittie—
 Awake.

I cannot live—I cannot stay
So long, so far from her away—
 Awake, Kittie, awake.

AGE.

Older, older, older still—
Youth is dead—and age is chill—
 Now on my staff
I will hobble out and in,
White with rime—and eyes a-dim—
 I'll never laugh.

Trees are in the yellow leaf—
Corn is in the yellow sheaf—
 I question why
I should weave the woof of life,
Through the tangled web of strife,
 And then should die!

Rainy days—and rainy nights—
Quiv'ring through no ray of light
 Ever streaming;
“Murky clouds—silver lining,”—
Fiction! false! rhythmic whining—
 Simply dreaming.

The days are dark—nights are dreary—
My soul is sad—sick—awearied—
 O rest! O sleep!

Away, away, dull cank'ring care,
Out of this life—aye, anywhere;
O rest! sweet! deep!

KITTIE'S GRAVE.

Down into God's Acre yestreen,
Where rests are sweet rests—and the dead
Eftsoons will wake from their sleeping,
To mansions above—with soft tread—
I went—in my going I noted
One dear little grave on the hill
Where sleeps mid bird, bud and blossom,
My darling, so peaceful, so still.

Soft winds came in at the gateway
O'erladen with odors so sweet—
Kissing away from my eyelids
The tears, as I knelt at *her* feet;
Meseemed sweet face of my darling,
Upturned to my face in greeting,
Pressed lips to lips so sweetly
As erst in our last sad meeting.

Raven-winged silence was round me,
Save hum-drumming freebooter bee—
Sweet clouds were shedding a tear-mist,
In weeping for darling and me.
Planting the rose by her bedside,
I promised my darling for years
To visit and tenderly water
This rose in the heart's warmest tears.

I will leave her grave—in leaving,
With buckler, helmet and shield,
I'll gird myself for life's conflicts,
And, with sword in truth annealed,
I'll plunge into life's hot battles,
I will win or lose in the game;
The brave, sweet soul of my KITTIE
Shall guide me forever the same.

Lucy Ilsley Simonton Vining.

Lucy Ilsley (Simonton) Vining, daughter of James Simonton, of Portland, was born in Portland, Me., March 13, 1824. Her early poems and stories were published in *The Portland Transcript*, under the signature of "Lucie." In 1849 she married Harrison S. Vining, of Portland, removing soon after to Brooklyn, N. Y., which became her permanent home.

nent home. Continuing her literary habits, she still contributed, as "Mrs. L. I. Vining," occasional poems, stories and essays to the *Transcript*, *Home Journal*, and other periodicals. She has collected her poems, revising many written in her early years, and adding several more lengthy than any of her published productions, making a handsome autograph edition, which awaits possible future publication.

MY PORTLAND HOME.

When the summer days come, bringing
Leaf and bud and flower,
And the happy birds are singing—
All the earth their bower;
When the ant her treasure storeth,
And the bee its sweets,
While the butterfly ignoreth
Care for time that fleets;

When the earth is glad with brightness,
And the air with sound,
And the heart leaps up for lightness
E'en from gravest round,
Then old memories come thronging,
Call the child once more,
And I yield me to the longing,—
Seek the open door.

Where the Casco runs in beauty,
Like a silver thread,
Holding back in loving duty
Stern Atlantic's tread,
There's a thickly peopled valley,
Hills on either side—
Giant sentinels that rally
To their posts with pride.

There Munjoy,* while gazing seaward,
Counteth, too, its dead;
Tells what hearts are bounding leeward
And what hopes have fled.
Woods of Deering tell the story
Of an elder day,
Stalwart oaks recording glory
Almost passed away.

* Munjoy Hill—site of observatory, used as a signal station for incoming vessels; at the foot of the hill lies the Eastern Cemetery, the oldest in the city.

Many a spire lifts sparkling finger,
 Calling sunshine down,
 And the twilight loves to linger
 On the good old town.
 Dome and flag-staff float the banner
 Of a nation free,
 And Huzza becomes Hosannah
 Prizing Liberty.

Many years ago, life's changes
 Made my feet to roam,
 But, nor time, nor space estranges,—
 Still I call it home.
 Foster city may surpass it
 Boasting wealth and art,
 But a filial love will class it
 Darling of my heart.

There at once I'm reinstated
 By an instinct true,
 Consciously incorporated
 With its Old and New.
 If through scenes familiar straying,
 Strangers meet I there,
 Guests are they; I, fond surveying,
 Am the child and heir.

Blest New England's sons and daughters,
 Do we know the power
 Of the gentle lessons taught us
 In our childhood's hour?
 Deeper than green valley hideth,
 Firmer than her hills,
 Love of home and kindred bideth
 Through all time and ills.

So let memories come thronging
 Calling me once more,
 Till I joyful heed the longing,—
 Reach the open door.
 Father! Mother! all dear faces
 'Neath the elm tree's shade,
 I thank God in pleasant places
 Childhood's lot was laid.

STRIFE AND VICTORY.

Every nature holds the essence
 Of a grand and God-like power,
Only needs its conscious presence
 To grow worthy of the dower;
When within new impulse crieth,
 Quick the voice divine replieth.

God has put no chain on spirit,
 Set no line, no sword-girt tree;
All His kingdom we inherit
 Boundless as immensity.
What then keeps our souls from soaring
 But distrust, our strength ignoring?

Does the bee, in rose imprisoned,
 Wait for sun to burst the leaves?
No, it struggles, and dew-christened
 Soon its liberty achieves.
Shall we, wrapped in earth's soft pleasures,
 Wait till death reveals our treasures?

Lo! the lamb that seeks the mountain,
 Does not pause for tempest's shock,
Heeds not grass nor cooling fountain,
 But leaps bold from rock to rock.
Ease! weak man thou oft allurest,
 But the roughest path is surest.

Ah! we learn the lesson slowly,
 That our strength is in our will;
Be our mission high or lowly,
 All our task we can fulfil.
Conflict, patient till victorious,
 In the sight of God, is glorious.

TRUST IN GOD.

In quest of joy, the busy heart and brain
 Keep up a ceaseless round, from day to day.
Just one thing lacking, all the rest are vain,
 Yet that we seek, from these we turn away.
We dare not yield our all, though love entreats,
 We miss the substance, by false glare deceived;
We shrink from Truth, unless her voice repeats
 What Hope has whispered and our hearts believed.

The mind o'er matter triumphs; but the soul
 Still tugs the chain and closer draws the links;
 Impatient of restraint, sees part, not whole,—
 Inclines to what it feels, not what it thinks;
 So drags the human on, 'neath weight of dust,
 The spirit strong could shake from off its wings,
 And murmurs when God's laws, its surest trust,
 Deny to change unalterable things.

Infinitude of parts, one mighty mind
 Conceives and grasps and bends with will supreme.
 Each to its place will nice adjustment find,
 When light on God's great plan at last shall gleam.
 But we, like children at dissecting maps,
 From lack of wisdom and diviner thought,
 Must wait to find through mazes of Perhaps
 What beautiful completeness shall be wrought.

How, rolling calm, the everlasting years
 That blend forever human with divine
 Rebuke the wild unrest, the useless fears,
 The heart unsatisfied without a sign.
 Did Christ, the Fatherhood, so vainly teach
 That we see not the mansion well prepared ?
 Or from that promise, do we fail to reach
 The faith that knows all joys and sorrows shared ?

The Comforter is nearer than we think ;—
 Our outstretched hand, our faces turned that way,
 Alone are wanting to complete the link
 That draws through darkness the effulgent day.
 In us the kingdom is; in it we dwell
 When perfect trust proclaims the victory won,
 And God has joy when stricken mortals tell
 Their woes and say " Thy will, not mine, be done."

O grandest consummation of the whole,
 When creature to Creator gives delight!
 How may the Possible in human soul
 Approach the Infinite to angel sight.
 With reverent awe we tremble while we feel
 A glow within of the celestial flame;
 Oneness with God our quickened souls reveal
 In life, in death, in heaven, our highest aim.

Isaac Cobb.

Isaac Cobb was born in Gorham, Maine, April 28, 1825, the son of Ebenezer and Mary (Larrabee) Cobb. He received a common-school education, which was supplemented by a short academic course. He taught school in his own district during two summers, after which, in January, 1851, he went to Boston, where he attended a Commercial Institute and published a volume of poems, (*Sylvan Poems*), and to Hudson, N. Y., in May of the same year, where he essayed to learn the "art preservative of arts," in the office of William B. Stoddard, for whose paper, the *Rural Repository*, he had previously contributed articles in prose and verse. In August of that year he went to New York City, where he passed several winters, sojourning in Boston during the intervening summers, writing for the papers, and often putting his productions into type with the hand that wrote them. In 1854 he returned to Maine, and settled in Portland. He married Louisa M. Richardson, daughter of Isaac and Abigail (Chick) Richardson, of Gorham, April 5, 1855. In June of the same year, he entered the office of the *Eastern Journal*, working mainly by night on the telegraphic news. Early in 1865, he began to work in the office of the *Portland Transcript*, continuing there until the present time. He has been a contributor of articles in verse for various periodicals since 1843, such as the *Portland Tribune*, (*Portland*) *Tribune and Bulletin*, *Portland Transcript*, *New York Evening Post*, *Christian Parlor Magazine*, *Christian Witness*, *Youth's Cabinet*, *Waverley Magazine*, *Maine Coast News*, etc. He caught his first poetic inspiration from the woods and fields of his native town, to which memory still fondly reverts. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the Typographical Union, and of the Maine Genealogical Society. Recently he has furnished articles for *The Maine Historical and Genealogical Recorder*, published by Librarian Stephen M. Watson, Portland.

MY NAME.

If in the sand I write my name,
 What profit shall it be to me?
 Shall I thereby attain to fame,
 Or gain in honor one degree?
 So writes the warrior when he strives
 For glory over others' lives.

What if I carve my name in wood,
 In letters drawn with utmost care?
 Time like a canker-worm may brood
 And eat my autograph from there.
 So writes the man who seeks for wealth,
 And perils happiness and health.

No! let my name be cut in stone,
 Each character inlaid with gold,
 That I in triumph, all alone,
 May loudly laugh at heroes bold!
 Alas! what is there that decay
 May not attack and wear away?

But if I write my lowly name,
 Or bid my Saviour write it there,
 On Heaven's eternal scroll of fame,
 Time shall not mar the writing fair,
 Nor storms nor revolutionary strife
 Efface it from the Book of Life.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

A pilgrim in the world of time,
Bound for the holy land of rest,
With vigor and intent sublime,
And faith to animate his breast,
Pressed boldly on the narrow way,
Without a wish to go astray.

The sun afforded kindly light,
And nature smiled upon him there;
His conscience told him he was right,
And gave the will to do and dare.
The path was plain beneath his feet,
And seemed withal a paven street.

But as he walked with steady tread,
And felt secure in selfish pride,
He thrust aside the Hand that led,
And trusted in another guide:
He listened to the sounds that rose
From other paths than wisdom chose.

He heard a siren's witching voice,
And wandered from the way of life,
Forgetful of his early choice
To shun the haunts of sin and strife,
Unmindful of instructions given
To fix his eyes on nought but heaven.

He wandered on, but knew it not,
So darkly blinded was his soul;
He walked along a charméd spot,
Despising virtuous control;
He took the hand of blushless shame,
And loudly scoffed when told the blame.

Yet ere his feet had wandered far,
His heart began with fear to swell;
He missed the radiance of the star
Set in the sky his way to tell,
And, as he looked, deep shadows drew
Their veil across the vaulted blue.

No solid foothold there he found,
Who vainly thought he was secure,

Where pits and quagmires filled the ground,
With ignes-fatui to illure!
Appalling darkness held him there,
And beckoned to the ghost Despair.

In agony he cried aloud
To earthly friend and then to foe,
For them to lift from him the cloud,
And unto him his pathway show.
Alas! he cried to vacant space,
Where even echo found no place.

He then bethought him of a Power,—
The Omnipresent, the All-Wise,—
To whom to call in that dark hour,
For light to overspread the skies:
He humbly knelt upon the sod,
And raised his hands and voice to God.

Not long he waited ere once more
Appeared the glorious Morning Star,
To guide him to the heavenly shore;
And though he had departed far,
He found again the holy way,
With stern resolve no more to stray.

THE TWO LONE ELMS.

Two elm-trees by the wayside grow,
Their branches by the zephyr swayed,
And many a traveler, I know,
Feels grateful for their cooling shade.

Behind them once a dwelling stood,
Perhaps upon the self-same spot,
Cleared from the old primeval wood,
Whereon the red man built his cot.

A garden thrived not far away,
The work of industry and care,
In which from morn till evening gray
A yeoman toiled in weather fair.

Beneath that dwelling's gable wide,
He passed the silent hours of night,
And oft in dreams his hands he plied
Until the morrow's dawning light.

The plants each day from weeds he freed,
 And raised the earth the young blades near,
 So that in autumn, as his meed,
 The golden corn-ears might appear.

The orchard put forth blossoms rare,
 An earnest of the glorious crown
 Of fruitage that the trees should bear,
 The sturdy branches weighing down.

The cattle grazed beyond the bars
 And fence that kept them from the wheat,
 And ere the coming of the stars,
 Returned they to the barn's retreat.

But now remains no dwelling there,
 No woodland skirts the verdant lawn;
 The orchard and the garden fair
 To join the past have long since gone.

The men who tilled the fallow ground
 No more the fruits of toil enjoy;
 No more the good wife's wheel goes round,
 Nor swifts and looms her hands employ.

No more the hymn and prayer are heard
 Within the husbandman's abode;
 No more the reading of the Word
 That points unto the heavenly road.

But spare, O Time, those two lone trees,
 And do not thou one branch destroy,
 That noonday travelers the breeze
 And cooling shade may still enjoy.

MY FAVORITE FLOWER.

One flower more truly I admire
 Than all the others put together;
 It is not decked in gay attire,
 Nor blooms alone in sunny weather.

Its tints it borrows from the sky,
 And envies not its gorgeous neighbor;
 The beauty of its modest eye
 Rewards the florist's patient labor.

Sometimes it hides among its leaves,
 So that we almost fail to find it,
 And then our poet sadly grieves
 That in a wreath he cannot bind it.

But coy or bold, at morn or eve,
 It looketh toward the azure heaven,
 That thankfully it may receive
 The drops of dew so freely given.

Wouldst thou this floweret's name discover,
 That blooms on many a cherished spot ?
 Go ask some fond, true-hearted lover,
 Who oft has cried, "Forget me not!"

THE OLD PASTURE.

The green old pasture by the wood,
 Where grazed the oxen, sheep and cows,
 Where many a noble beech-tree stood,
 And many a maple spread its boughs,
 In fancy I behold once more,
 And look on scenes I knew of yore.

The little knolls where mosses grew,
 The ragged stumps of fallen pines,
 The vernal flowers of modest hue,
 On upright stems and trailing vines,
 In memory again appear,
 And songs of birds I seem to hear.

There was a brook where fishes dwelt,
 And dragon-flies on fierce wings played;
 Where blue-flags bloomed, and where we knelt
 To gather lilies as we strayed;—
 Where reeds and rushes erewhile thronged,
 Which often into caps we wove.

No wild beasts had their lurking bowers
 Within the precincts of the wood,
 Though childish fancy at late hours
 Looked thitherward in trembling mood;
 For bears and wolves too often were
 The theme of stories meant to scare.

The squirrel lived in hollow trees,
 And sometimes burrowed in the ground:

Oft chattering, his mate to please,
 He told of nuts and acorns found;
 He ruffed his fur in very glee,
 And looked defiantly at me.

The woodchuck had, beneath a knoll,
 A home which he himself had made.
 He never wandered from his hole,
 When boys or dogs to watch him staid;
 But still he found a chance to stray,
 And nibbled clover every day.

The tuneful thrush, with answering note,
 To cheer his lonely bride essayed;
 The whip-poor-will swelled wide his throat,
 When evening ruled the solemn glade,—
 A terror oft to wicked youth,
 When they forgot to tell the truth.

An old gray owl we sometimes heard,
 Though where he lived I never learned;
 He was a wondrous knowing bird,
 Though what he knew we scarce discerned:
 He hooted through the hours of night
 A solo to the moon's pale light.

Such was the pasture that I knew,
 To which at morn I drove the cows;
 They loved the grasses which there grew,
 And on the leaves of shrubs to browse,
 But came at sunset down the lea,
 And waited at the bars for me.

But now, alas! the iron rail
 Extends across that pasture green,
 And, rolling through the sylvan dale,
 The locomotive train is seen;
 While shrill, hoarse sounds transfix with fear
 The dwellers of the forest near.

The wood, the brook, how changed are they!
 Where are our favorite birds and flowers?
 They cheer not as in childhood's day
 Our cherished haunts in sylvan bowers;
 No more the cows wait at the bars,
 As when there were no railway cars.

Benjamin Paul Akers.

Benjamin P. Akers, poet and sculptor, whose wife (Mrs. Elizabeth Akers) is elsewhere represented in this volume, was born at Saccarappa, July 10, 1825. He passed several years at Rome, whither he went in 1853. Among his works are busts of Edward Everett and Henry W. Longfellow, and a head of Milton. Mr. Akers died in Philadelphia, May 21, 1861. The following poem from his pen appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE ARTIST-PRISONER.

Here, in this vacant cell of mine,
I picture and paint my Apennine.

In spite of walls and gyvéd wrist,
I gather my gold and amethyst.

The muffled footsteps ebb and swell,
Immutable tramp of sentinel,

The clinchéé lip, the gaze of doom,
The hollow-resounding dungeon-gloom,

All fade and cease, as, mass and line,
I shadow the sweep of Apennine,

And from my olive palette take
The marvelous pigments, flake by flake.

With azure, pearl, and silver white,
The purple of bloom and malachite,

Ceiling, wall, and iron door,
When the grim guard goes, I picture o'er.

E'en where his shadow falls athwart
The sunlight of noon, I've a glory wrought,—

Have shaped the gloom and golden shine
To image my gleaming Apennine.

No cruel Alpine heights are there,
Dividing the depths of pallid air;

But sea-blue liftings, far and fine,
With driftings of pearl and coralline;

And domes of marble, every one
All ambered o'er by setting sun;—

Yes, marble realms, that, clear and high,
So float in the purple-azure sky,

We all have deemed them, o'er and o'er,
Miraculous isles of madrepore;

Nor marvel made that hither floods
Bore wonderful forms of hero-gods.

O can you see, as spirit sees,
Yon silvery sheen of olive-trees ?

To me a sound of murmuring doves
Comes wandering up from olive-groves,

And lingers near me, while I dwell
On yonder fair field of asphodel,

Half-lost in sultry songs of bees,
As, touching my chaliced anemones,

I prank their leaves with dusty sheen
To show where the golden bees have been.

On granite wall I paint the June
With emerald grape and wild festoon,—

Its chestnut trees with open palms
Beseeching the sun for daily alms,—

In sloping valley, veiled with vines,
A violet path beneath the pines,—

The way one goes to find old Rome,
Its far away sign a purple dome.

But not for me the glittering shrine;
I worship my God in the Apennine !

To all save those of artist eyes,
The listeners to silent symphonies,

Only a cottage small is mine,
With poppied pasture, sombre pine.

But *they* hear anthems, prayer, and bell,
And sometimes they hear an organ swell;

They see what seems—so saintly fair—
Madonna herself a-wandering there,

Bearing baby so divine,
They speak of the child in Palestine !

Yet I, who threw my palette down
To fight on the walls of yonder town,

Know them for wife and baby mine,
As, weeping, I trace them, line by line,
In far-off glen of Apennine !

Edwin Plummer.

Pownal, in 1825; died in Portland, May 29, 1858. Mr. Plummer was a printer and became publisher of the *Norway Advertiser*. In 1848, in company with Elwell, elsewhere represented in this volume, he started the *Northern Pilot*, Portland, which, after a short but successful career, was united with the *Portscript*. Mr. Plummer, some years later, established the *Portland Eclectic*, or running a few years, was also merged in the *Transcript*. Mr. Plummer was refined, literary taste, and had a poetic gift of a high order. The following written on the death of his wife.

MUSINGS AMID SCENES OF OTHER DAYS.

In Sabbath silence, Mary, I am sitting
 In the deep glade,
Where, when our morn of life was sweetly flitting,
 We often stayed.

Hill, dell and dale are clad in wondrous beauty—
 Soul of mine, read
In nature's volume lessons of thy duty,
 In this thy need.

Let her mild unction through thy depths receding,
 Teach thee of peace;
And Memory, for the past forever pleading,
 Her moan shall cease.

Here we have wandered, Mary, thy heart leaning
 Trustful on mine;
My spirit mingling, and in rapture gleaning
 Beauty from thine.

Thou wast life's blessing, and its only treasure;
 When by thy side,
Our hearts beat music to a ceaseless measure—
 Why hast thou died?

Time has gone by, and still my soul is yearning
 For look and tone
And melody which never know returning,—
 I am alone!

Blossoms are round me, and the birds are singing
 In every bough;
Their tender notes, through each heart-fibre ringing,
 Ask, where art thou?

In saint-like beauty, Mary, thou art dwelling
 In fadeless light;
Thy bosom with the seraph's anthem swelling,
 In wrapt delight.

Thy soul was fed on music, as the flowers
 On dew-drops clear;
 Now symphonies from the celestial bowers
 Enchain thine ear!

Years wane like stars! soon in the sacred presence
 Of Him above,
 Who of all spirit is the fount and essence,
 We'll meet and love.

Edward Henry Elwell.

E. H. Elwell was born in Portland, Dec. 14, 1825. He gained his education in the public schools of the city, and in 1842 he entered the office of the *Daily American* as an apprentice to the printing business. He remained there until the paper was discontinued, a period of over two years, and then entered the office of the *Christian Mirror* as a journeyman, and, later, was foreman of the office of the *Free-will Baptist Repository*, published at Limerick. He graduated from the printing office in 1846, and in 1848 assumed the editorial management of the *Portland Transcript*, which position he has held until the present time, being, in point of continuous service, the oldest editor in the State. But little of Mr. Elwell's poetry has been published, though he has written many occasional verses which have given pleasure whenever presented. He is the author of "The Boys of Thirty-Five," a story of boy-life in Portland, and also of "Fraternity Papers," a volume of essays and sketches, published in 1886. He is well known as a lecturer in this State, having for several years devoted a portion of his time to the lecture field.

BEAUTY IN USE.

The sun-dyed leaves that roofed the grove
 Have fallen to the ground,
 Of richest hues and rare design
 To spread a carpet round.

How softly sped each loosened leaf
 To its appointed place!
 There to complete the perfect plan,
 And add to beauty, grace.

Thus those who hold the highest place
 The lowliest use may serve,
 Nor in descending, from the line
 Of beauty will they swerve.

SONG.

ADAPTED FROM AULD LANG SYNE.

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION, BY THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, OF
 THE EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY OF PROFESSOR ALPHEUS S. PACKARD,
 OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, DECEMBER 23, 1882. (DIED JULY 13, 1884.)

All honor to the faithful guide
 Of generations gone,
 Who led them on in wisdom's ways
 And still our youth leads on.

Cho. For him we raise the song, dear friends,
 Of Auld Lang Syne,
 For him we take the loving cup
 Of Auld Lang Syne.

Though o'er his head fourscore and four
 Have rolled the years gone by,
 His youth from him has never fled,
 He gives old age the lie.

Cho. For him, etc.

We have grown old while he grows young
 In toil for others' needs,
 No snow of age can quench the fire
 That burns in all his deeds.

Cho. For him, etc.

Then here's our hands, our hearts withal,
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And blessings on thy head we call,
 For Auld Lang Syne.

Cho. For thee we raise the song, old friend,
 Of Auld Lang Syne,
 For thee we take the loving cup .
 Of Auld Lang Syne.

SUNRISE AT JACKSON, N. H.

O'er Doublehead round rolls the sun,
 And darts a golden ray
 Into the shades of night below,
 Which may no longer stay.

The vale with morning light o'erflows,
 The air is crisp and sharp,
 The birds are piping in the woods;
 The river, like a harp,

Its silver strings in sweet accord,
 Adds music to the scene,
 While wood, and field, and mountain side,
 Are robed in richest green.

On Thorn's broad slope the shadows play
 With sunshine hide-and-seek,
 And in the rosy light afar
 Moat lifts its lofty peak.

The Eagle cliff frowns o'er the vale,
 Old "Iron" answers back,
 While far between their rugged sides,
 His head in cloudy wrack,

Bold Washington swells o'er the scene,
 And lesser peaks attend
 In mantles broad of forests dark
 No avalanche can rend.

Blue curls the smoke from wakening fires,
 Far in the vale below,
 And tinkling cow-bells music make
 While milkmaids follow slow.

The swallows twitter from the eaves,
 Loud swells the tourist's horn,
 As with the early dawn he goes
 To climb the peaks of morn.

Sweet vale of verdant meadows broad,
 Where Ellis glides so swift,
 Along whose banks the angler roams
 And casts his lines adrift,—

Sweet vale of peace, around whose rim
 The circling mountains swell,
 And shut out all the busy world,
 Where toil and trouble dwell—

O fain would I still linger here
 Where health and rest are found,
 Nor seek again the scene of toil
 That makes the world go round.

THE FIRE OF APPLE-WOOD.

In the somber days of Autumn,
 When from off the wind-swept trees
 Ripened leaves have softly fallen
 And are scattered by the breeze,—

When amid the deepening cloud-rifts
 Goes the sun adown the West,
 With far lingering rays of glory,
 As from regions of the blest,—

In my upper chamber seated
By the fire of apple-wood,
Thoughts of other days recall me
To a contemplative mood.

In the ruddy blaze before me
Tender pictures rise and glow,
As when these old trees first blossomed
In the years so long ago.

Rosy girls and boys together
Then beneath these branches played;
Many a ringing shout of laughter
Rose like music in their shade.

And the friend again sits with me,
As when evening shadows fell,
And we heard amid the silence
Song-birds that he knew so well.

And I see the piled up apples,
On the green-sward turning dun,
Golden-balls and bright red Nodheads,
Glowing in the setting sun.

Many suns have since descended,
Many sorrows, too, have come;
Widely are the children scattered,
And the friend long since gone home.

Low burns the fire, the shades of Night
Deepen on the walls around,
While the old familiar voices
Come with soft and solemn sound.

Glow on! Burn on! fitful embers,
Burn and blaze for me once more,
For I fain, the past recalling,
Memory's pictures would restore.

THE PAINTED SANDS OF ALUM BAY.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Here Nature, lavish of her dyes,
The painter's art doth mock,
And with the ever crumbling sand,
She apes the solid rock.

In frolic mood she heaps on high
 The many colored sand,
 In crags and rifts and pinnacles—
 Like battlements that stand.

How rich the tints that warmly stain
 The steep bank's mellowed height,
 As if the rainbow here had stood
 When given first to sight.

The white cliffs stretched along the main
 In pointed Needles stand,
 And dark blue waves with foamy crests
 Roll in upon the strand.

O beauteous bay! O painted sands!
 O white cliffs towering high,
 Long in memory's sunniest nook
 Your image fair shall lie.

THE OLD HOME BARN.

ON A PAINTING BY HARRY BROWN.

Yes, 'tis the same! The old home barn!
 Scene of my boyhood plays;
 How many memories, sweet and sad,
 Rise up from those old days.

Through the open door again I ride
 On hayrack heaped full high,
 And toss to the mow the fragrant store,
 Born of the summer sky.

I leap from the beam, and, buried deep,
 Emerge with laugh and shout;
 Hunt in the hay the stolen nest,
 The hidden eggs seek out.

Old Dobbin neighs from behind his crib,
 I hear the oxen's tread,
 The breath of the kine comes sweet to me—
 But where is the colt I fed?

On the floor the hens are scratching still;
 The stout farm-wagon, too, is there;
 The carryall that carried all
 In state to the county fair.

How rung the barn with merry glee
When the husking-bee came round,
And cheeks were aglow with blushes deep,
When the bright red ears were found.

Through the open door, across the road,
A picture framed I see,
The fields, the wood, the hills afar,
That hid the world from me.

What lay beyond I pondered deep,
A realm most fair it seemed;
And much I wished to tread its ways
Of which I long had dreamed.

I've wandered far; the world so wide,
That still has lured me on,
Ne'er gave to me a scene so fair
As that I gaze upon.

The old home barn, in boyhood's days,
A pleasure palace reared;
To-day it stands a temple filled
With memories e'er endeared.

O Artist of the magic wand
Which thus recalls the past,
Your work shall hang in memory's hall
So long as life shall last.

Caroline Dana Howe.

Mrs. C. D. Howe was born in the beautiful, historic town of Fryeburg, but has lived in Portland since early childhood. Her first contributions appeared in the *Portland Transcript*, and here, as well as in other leading literary publications, her work has long been familiar. Also, on important public occasions and for charitable enterprises, she has furnished poems that for elegance of diction and pure and lofty sentiment might well win her place among noteworthy authors. Some years ago the Massachusetts Sabbath-school Society brought out a volume of hers of 200 pages, carried successfully through several editions. In 1885, another book from her pen, under title of "Ashes for Flame and Other Poems," was published in Portland, eliciting favorable notice and adding to her success as an author. In the department of song it may with truth be said that no living writer in her native State is more favorably known than Mrs. Howe. More than thirty of her hymns and songs have been set to music, for which they are admirably adapted, and are to be found in church collections and in sheet music. Among these, the popular lyric, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," has found admirers everywhere. A proper recognition of her genius is shown in the placing of her name, for favorable notice, in the "Supplement to Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," now in process of publication.

THE CITY OF MY LOVE.

The heavens unfold to Casco's lifted wave,
 Their richest gems, their amethyst and gold,
 Where, blazoned like some grand old architrave,
 The broad horizon bounds its realms untold.

Fair sunlit bay! upon thy sheltered breast,
 Whose deeps unknown are throbbing evermore,
 Swift sails are borne like white-winged birds, to test
 Yon broad Atlantic tides from shore to shore.

O'erarched with glory from resplendent skies,
 Munjoy and Bramhall, like twin sentinels,
 May overlook our growing enterprise
 From east to west, and hear our sweet-toned bells.

One sunny slope is fresh with mountain air;
 And one lies broad to islands manifold,
 Where Nature hangs her summer pictures rare,
 Framed round in sunshine as with burnished gold.

But Deering woods, of which our Poet sung,
 Hath cultured lawns and broad, green avenues,
 Where, summer eves, glad music-echoes rung,
 And fountains played and scattered mists like dews.

O City of my love! Like some fair queen,
 Whose kingdom hath a beauty all its own,
 Blue skies, blue waves, together meet serene
 As canopy and footstool for thy throne.

Love we thy name—thy grand old elms—thy soil,
 Thy loyal people as a part of thee,
 Whether we meet in common ways of toil,
 Or where proud intellect holds high degree.

And in thy homes, fair city of our love,
 Some dear hearts give us of their warmth and light,
 And gentle words we gather, as the dove
 Brought Hope's leaf-message, in her homeward flight.

Fair be thy skies, Star City of the east!
 With honors crowned, as with fine jewels set,
 Thy beauty still undimmed, thy strength increased,
 Look onward thou to heights unmeasured yet.

BRIDAL SONG.

With laces soft adorn the bride
And trailing garments white;
Bring creamy roses, pale with pride,
Yet fragrant with delight.
With notes of song awake the morn!
With smiles enwreathe the hours,
As Love goes forth with hope new-born,
Upon its path of flowers.

What though the snows lie white and chill
Beneath the wintry air?
The golden sunshine falleth still
In blessings everywhere.
Love-like, through smiles, it tries its powers,
And snow-wreaths vanish fleet,
While violets bloom, and all young flowers
That make the spring-time sweet.

Then yield thy vows in faith, sweet bride,
For lo! the morn breaks clear,
And life and love are sanctified
When heart to heart draws near.
What though pale snows may sometimes fall
Along thy wedded way?
With Love's pure sunshine over all,
Thy life shall bloom like May.

THE PHANTOM CROSS.

Our footsteps made a cross to-day
Along the chiseled stone;
Then each went silent on his way,
Persistently alone.

But there it lies—the Phantom Cross—
Invisible as air,
The stamp and signet of a loss
That ever calls for prayer.

Another cross rose up beside,
Which, through the vanished years,
Amid the wrecks of storm and tide,
Had sunk too deep for tears.

Yet on my path its shadow lay
Unvanquished evermore,
With outstretched arms to point the way
Our paths diverged before.

Twin crosses merged this hour in one,
 In icy tablets set,
 Imprinted on the cold white stone
 Where we as strangers met.

Had one familiar accent breathed
 Amid the sunlight warm,
 What living blossoms had enwreathed
 That image cruciform!

But there it lies—the Phantom Cross—
 Invisible as air;
 The stamp and signet of a loss
 That ever calls for prayer.

For when amidst its hopes deferred
 My soul takes note of loss,
 It counts, instead of one kind word,
 Pale silence—and a cross.

BIRTHPLACE MEMORIES.

Fair village! holding firm thy place
 Among all unforgotten things,
 Like ancient patriarchs, proud of race,
 My heart Love's claim of tenure brings.
 The soil my infant footsteps pressed
 Fain would I seek, as far I roam,
 And with all tender thoughts invest
 My birthplace and ancestral home.

Full oft, by quiet memories drawn,
 I see again the village spires,
 The cottage and familiar lawn,
 The maples lit by sunset fires,
 And, pausing, catch some answering tone
 From out the summers long ago,
 By soft winds through green woodlands blown,
 Where sweet birds sang in branches low.

I stand on yonder bridge again,
 With old Pine Hill uprising near,
 And broad rich intervals of grain
 On either hand, in sunlight clear.
 While here old Saco throbs and thrills,
 And rolls its waters to the sea,
 From where far crowns of snowy hills
 Shine down in regal majesty.

Here lie green meadows and the brook
That ever challenged fresh delight,
And yonder steeps, whose broad outlook
Saw apple-orchards blooming white.
And here the grand old elms I trace,
Where men of noble origin
And embryo statesmen of the race
Walked forth with ladies fair of kin.

And one! ah! better than all Fame,
Her life of unassuming worth;
With reverence I write her name,
The name she gave me at my birth.
And so, fair Fryeburg! hast thou place
Among all unforgotten things,
Like ancient patriarchs, proud of race,
My heart Love's claim of tenure brings.

Peace be to thee! The hearts of old
That thrilled within each manly breast,
The mothers rich in Love's pure gold,
Their rank on our young minds impressed.
So should our lives clear records give,
That we, with every passing hour,
May learn more truly how to live,
And claim our noble birthright dower.

A SUMMER MORNING.

A bride, newly wakened from dreams of the night,
The morning comes forth in her vestments of light;
With glad smiles we greet her, and murmur of song,
In green fields where daisies and buttercups throng.

The clouds like white sails, drifting silent and slow,
The voice of the waterfall murmuring low,
The red-crested lilies and wild roses fair,
Give tone to the picture and sweets to the air.

Afar through green meadows the brook ripples clear,
We scent the rich breath of the clover-blooms near,
And watch the gay leaves with the wild winds at play,
Where birds in the branches are singing all day.

We join in the chorus with blossom and song,
That rings out its measure in days that are long;
In dreams turning back to our lost youth again,
Through years intervening of passion and pain.

The long shadows lessen on hillsides aslope,
As morn to its bridal comes jeweled with hope;
While memories hidden and treasured apart
Shine out as renewed by some magical art.

O summer! glad summer! With laughter and song,
We meet thee, and greet thee, in days that are long,
Rejoicing forever when Love shall have spun
Her green web of glory out under the sun.

MARGUERITE.

Dainty like a flower and sweet,	Lustre from the past it gleams—
We must have our darling's name,	This new name we give thee, sweet—
Wherein Love may rest its claim,	All life's future to repeat,
With all tenderness replete.	Worthy to be borne by queens
Purest pearl with heart of flame,	On whose brows crown-jewels meet,
Flower-like to us she came,	Flower of innocence it means,
And we call her Marguerite.	Keep it stainless, Marguerite.

Olden legends well might trace
Flower-resemblance in thy face,
Though no golden harps repeat
Hymns to our new-born so sweet.
But where virtues yield their grace,
Love and loveliness embrace
In all true hearts, Marguerite.

Elizabeth R. Dunbar.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Dunbar was born in Union, Me., Jan. 31, 1821. Her parents soon after removed to Hope, and the most of her early years were spent in that vicinity. She was the fifth child of Rev. Samuel and Grace Rich, and received her education, in part, at East Machias Academy. She engaged in teaching until 1842, when she married Rev. Albert Dunbar. Her writings have appeared mostly in *Zion's Advocate*, Me., *The Watchman*, Boston, the *Boston Evening Transcript*, and different publications of the American Tract Society, and some of them have been copied across the Atlantic. Her poems have an earnest uplifting and strengthening religious influence.

THE GUEST.

A whisper by my listening soul was heard,
A gentle footfall echoed in its halls,
I said, O welcome guest, come enter in,
And light with glory all these dim, gray walls.

Then worldly cares departed, shadows fled,
Grim phantoms left no trace, and all the crowd
And din of turbulent, disappointed hopes
Were hushed, and in that holy Presence bowed.

We held communion sweet, and talked of all
My weakness, and His strength, my sin, His love;
My tremblings and my failures, His success;
My weary wanderings, and His home above.

His words of tenderness healed all my wounds,
His look of love dispelled each cloud of gloom,
And where I had been sitting desolate,
The glory of His presence filled the room.

"O tarry with me evermore," I cried,
"The world can never give so sweet a rest,
And I am fearful of its darksome ways,
Abide, and I shall evermore be blest."

He said, "Thou hast received me, I will sup
With thee, and with thee my abode I'll make,
Love, peace and joy I freely bring to thee,
And all thy burdens and thy sin I take."

I bowed in worship humbly at His feet,
Deep gratitude o'erwhelmed my feeble tongue,
The gifts were perfect—mercy was complete,
And newer strains of joy in heaven were sung.

TEACHINGS.

I've watched it from my window—just a spray,
With feathery leaflets of the softest green,
Winds eddy near it, for a plea to stay,
Lured by the varying glitter of its sheen.

Day after day it seems a living joy;
The earth hath larger gifts, but this, so sweet,
Without their weariness, or their alloy,
Thrills its low beauteous life-song at my feet.

The unfolding leaves all wear a heavenward face,
A wondrous wisdom in each rootlet lies,
Transforming from dull mold this beauty, grace,
To rise in full perfection toward the skies.

Its life is full, as that of woodland trees,
Or choicer garden flowers, fragrant or fair,
The trembling notes, it sings with every breeze,
Accord with strains of elm and mountain air.

Though in the storm it bows its head in tears,
 Before the sunshine folds the clouds away,
 It gives some pitying rainbow all its fears,
 And takes the jewels scattered on her way.

This mute, yet unsealed eloquence, I hear,—
 The chidings read within these gems of light,
 How sorrow may resplendent beauty wear,
 As patient waiting through the storm and night.

O that my soul such upward look might gain,
 And only cling to earth, that it may rise,
 And all its life-song blend, in joy or pain,
 With holier utterances beyond the skies.

THE STORM ANGEL.

Wearily I sat, while tracing,
 Where the brown vines, interlacing,
 Hid within their woven shelter from the storm a wreath of snow,
 Just where silken leaves of summer waved and fluttered months ago,
 With a rhythm soft winds know.

'Twas a white dove's form assuming,
 And so wistful and presuming
 It had nestled there, I wondered why the storm this refuge sought,
 And, with its cold icy fingers, such a lifelike thing had brought,
 Daintily and strangely wrought.

Surely this hath some sweet mission,
 Said my heart with breathed petition
 That the coming and the greeting might a speedy good fulfil,
 For in human incompleteness it was measuring every ill,
 Throbbing in its weakness still.

Wild the storm-winds moaned and drifted,
 But this look my soul uplifted,
 Far above the whirling tempest, though no speech or voice I heard;
 Hidden springs were thrilled with healing, as by subtle influence stirred,
 At some potent soothing word.

Thus, I knew that Love had spoken,
 In this beauteous storm-wrought token;
 That from out each gathering darkness some white wings might yet appear,
 And I seemed to hear "Love watcheth, and in all earth's fainting fear,
 Angel helpers will be near."

Then I clasped, with full confiding,
Hopes and promises abiding,

And I would the loving Father with a firmer faith adore:—

Love that's clinging, ever clinging, when life's bitterest storms sweep o'er
I will doubt no more, no more.

Never came the sunlight streaming,
Or through summer foliage gleaming,

Scattering flecks of gold and amber, in its shining meshes caught,
That such bright and cheering radiance to my waiting spirit brought,
And such humble trust had sought.

Still the storm-winds moaned and drifted,
But my soul had been uplifted:

This frail visitant was swinging gates of inner vision wide,
And in tenderest love enfolded, flowing from a boundless tide,
This dim earth seemed glorified.

Emma B. L. S. Dunham.

Emma B. Dunham, (Leoline,) daughter of Joseph Smith and Ann Hoyt Sargent, was born in Minot, Me., Aug. 25, 1825. At an early age she showed great taste and love for the beautiful in poetry, and wrote her first poems for publication before she was sixteen. Her poems have appeared in the *Portland Transcript, Press, Argus, Boston Journal, Ladies Repository*, and many other well-known publications, and for years she has been a regular contributor to the religious papers of the Universalist denomination.

THE YOUNG LAPP'S CRADLE.

Far in a northern country,
Where snows forever lie,
And strange, fantastic lightnings
Are quivering in the sky,

There dwells a simple people,
Gentle and kind of heart,
Whose love finds its expression
In one sole work of art.

It is the baby's cradle,
A dainty little thing
As beautiful and charming
As violets in spring.

To form this tiny marvel
Beauty and grace unite;
'T is lined, as warm as eider's nest,
With rabbit's fur of white.

There is a hood protecting
The little head from cold,
Which lies all snugly sheltered
Beneath its friendly fold.

Around the hood, bright garlands
Of colored pearls are hung;
And copper chains or tiny links
Of silver wire are strung.

Rest sweetly, little baby,
Within thy pretty bed,
Lulled by the tinkling cadence
Of pearls above thy head.

UNSEEN BUT REAL.

Shall we only trust what the ear can hear,
What the hand can grasp, and the eye make clear?

Shall the dearest hopes of the human heart
In our inmost being have no part,
Because we fail to understand
The movements of the unseen Hand?

Shall we sadly say there cannot be
A land somewhere in immensity
Where those we loved who have gone before,
We shall meet again and love once more,
Because unexplored by us is the spot,
And those who have journeyed return to us not?

At the close of a summer's sultry day,
Walk in the garden, and choose the way
Down where the honeysuckles bud and blow
They may teach a lesson 't were well to know.

The air is full of the odors rare,
Exhaled from the blossoms clustered there;
Odors we never can touch nor see,
Nor solve the depth of their mystery.
To weigh their fragrance, again and again
The wisest savants have tried in vain.

And yet we must own 't is not wholly ideal;
Unseen and unfelt, we acknowledge it real.

OCTOBER.

The freshness of Spring has departed,
 The languor of Summer has fled,
 October holds safe in her keeping
 The wealth of the days that have sped.

In the place of the mist of midsummer,
 Which held back the sun's ardent ray,
 Great ridges of clouds massed in ether
 Illume and make perfect the day.

The leaves of the forest, like heroes
 Who feel their last hours drawing nigh,
 Have summoned the wealth of their being,
 To grandly and gallantly die.

The cricket shrills forth his loud chirping,
 The wind has a tremulous sound;
 A flock of dead leaves from the tree-top
 Comes fluttering down to the ground.

The fields and the meadow have yielded
 Their harvest of hay and of grain;
 The orchards are fragrant with fruitage,
 Good store is on hill-side and plain.

O Spring-time! so full of thy promise,
 O Summer! so heavy with gain;
 Ye've stored in the garner of Autumn
 The wealth of the sun and the rain.

Haste, Heart, that hast felt Spring's assurance,
 Make growth in the summer of life,
 That when the perfected days find thee
 Thou mayst with good fruitage be rife.

Albert Moore Longley

Albert M. Longley was born in Norridgewock, in 1826, and died in that town, July 14, 1850. He was the son of a respectable farmer, and is represented by his town's people to have been a young man of unblemished character and a Christian. An editor for whose paper young Longley wrote regarded him as a very promising poet. Mr. Longley was the victim of consumption, but met his early fate with composure and resignation.

THE KENNEBEC.

Noble river! downward rushing,
 From thy fount exhaustless gushing
 Onward to the waving sea;

Thou dost proudly, unmolested,
Lave thy banks where I have rested,
Ever unconfined and free.

From a northern source thou springest,
And a cooling fragrance bringest
From the forest dark and deep;
Where the giant pine is growing,
And the northern breeze is blowing,
Where the growling panthers leap.

Mighty river, never resting
On thy way, but oft contesting
With the old dun rocks that rise
From thy bed, to send thee roaring,
Like a mighty torrent pouring,
From the stormy, stormy skies.

Oft on childish sports I've fed me,
When thy quiet waters led me
On its smiling banks to play;
In the cheering sunbeams' lustre,
Where the pebbles thickly cluster
All along the happy way.

Placid river, where are growing,
In the summer-time, and showing
Eyes so lovely, bright and fair;
Daisies sweet and honeysuckle,
While a curious, hollow chuckle
Echoes in the morning air.

'T is the *dore*, that I've heard often,
Laughing in the rays which soften
The sweet vales, that fan the tide;
Sending forth its notes so gaily,
Which Aurora waketh daily,
With its orient gates op'd wide.

At Aurora's first appearing,
While no other one was hearing,
Save the god of night and day,
On thy shores the tall oaks under,
Casting worldly thoughts asunder—
I have knelt me down to pray.

Then thy glassy bosom sweeping,
 While the day-god's rays were leaping
 O'er the steamer's crowded deck,
 I have sailed with fond emotion,
 Gliding toward the briny ocean,
 Down thee—lovely Kennebec!

Here at Norridgewock, the red man,
 With the Jesuit, the head-man,
 Worshiped in the chapels near;
 Till his white-faced foe, by slaying
 Him e'en while he yet was praying,
 Ended quickly his career.

He hath left you, gentle river;
 Chapels, wigwams, bow and quiver,
 Lie with his own bones in earth:
 History wraps the pall around him,
 Round his name, where first it found him,—
 Child of nature! *where thy birth?*

In a veil of mystery shrouded
 Is its origin beclouded,
 With uncertainty it stands;
 Like the wand'ring eagle flying—
 (From what rest we know not) sighing
 For its mate in distant lands.

River, river, flow on, flow on—
 Northern breezes gently blow on
 Till old Time shall be no more;
 Still the music of thy water,
 As when erst mid strife and slaughter,
 Sweeps the hills and valleys o'er.

THE DROP OF HONEY.

Sweet flowers, by light-winged zephyrs softly fanned,
 By busy insects, humming o'er you, scanned;
 In forest glade, and on the water strand,
 In loveliness ye bloom.
 Alas! ye're faded now; for Autumn's breath
 Hath swept the glade, the strand, and scattered death
 On every hand, and with its frosty teeth
 Hath nipped you for the tomb.

But flowers, your sweets ye 've left behind, to cheer
The heart and feast the taste—we 'd shed a tear;
For like the good, whose good works still live here,

Ye fade—and droop—and die:

And though ye 're gone, there yet remains, to lure
The most fastidious, a liquid pure,
Which bursts in plenty forth, so sweet, from your
Ambrosial nectary.

From out the fractured cell, the honey-drop
Was gushing clear, and I essayed to stop
Its downward course; so with a hasty scoop

I caught the limpid store:

But, O within that drop there lurked, unseen,
A sting acute, and poisonous; which e'en
Did pierce my mouth; the smart how keen!

My soul cried out—no more!

Still to my smarting palate it would cling,
As 't were exulting in the pain 't could bring;
Till gladly I drew forth the ruthless thing,

And ever since that day,
Careful am I, when I do honey eat,
To know if it has not a sting, to cheat
Me of the joy that 's oft so passing sweet,
And dash the cup away.

MORAL.

Examine well the honey ere you taste;
The sweetest pleasures here, if sought in haste,
May give you pain—nay, they will often bring,
Unseen by careless eyes, a *deadly sting.*

Thaddeus Pomeroy Cressey.

Thaddeus Pomeroy Cressey was born Feb. 23, 1826, on Flagg's Meadow Road, in Gorham, Me. He received a common-school education until his fourteenth year, when he entered Gorham Academy, where he completed an academic course. He worked on his father's farm while pursuing his studies. At the age of seventeen he left his native town and went to Saco, Me., where he served three years in the capacity of clerk in a store. He then engaged in mercantile business in Dover, N. H., where he now resides. Many of his poems have been published in the newspapers. He has a local reputation.

MORNING ON LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

I saw incoming morn with silent tread
Enter the azure portals of the east,
"The smile of the Great Spirit" wide out-spread
With floods of golden light upon its breast;
And from the fleeting shades of parting night
Wake with the flush of blushing beauty bright.

I saw the orient sun paint varied hues
Of gold and crimson on the horizon's rim;
Stars paled their light, as gleam on gleam arose
And pierced the caverns now no longer dim,
While in the sunlight transient visions fade
That flecked with broken light the mountain glade.

The dewy mists, that bathed the mountain's brow,
Had kissed with lingering lips the flower-crowned height,
Hung diamond drops upon each leafy bough,
And, when the sunbeams met departed night,
Then slowly rising into mist-cloud flake,
They swept their shadows o'er the crystal lake.

Then suddenly from out the fleecy cloud,
A stately eagle rose with out-spread wing,
And floated in the sunlight, calm and proud,
His shrill-toned voice made echoing mountains ring;
A thousand voices woke the sleeping hills,
And gaily rang the lucid crystal rills.

Among the hills and vales and islands green,
Were waving ferns beneath the arching trees,
And shafts of glimmering light, the hills between,
And woodland choirs breathing sweet melodies;
I heard a voice in every fountain's flow,
All things were fair around, above, below.

A QUAKER CHURCH.

Eastward from my window on the hillside,
A Quaker church, with architecture plain,
Stands clad in unpretentious drab outside,
With windows small and glass without a stain.

No steeple pointing from its roof above,
To show the worshipers the way to heaven,
Believing, if they live in peace and love,
That here below a rich reward is given.

No pulpit to adorn its sacred walls,
Or organ notes, or tuneful voices raise,
But, listening to the inward voice that calls,
Their very silence is a song of praise.

They find, when sorrows steal upon their way,
A sweet release within that sacred place;
Their burdened spirits there can watch and pray,
And build within their souls a throne of grace.

There, without words, their worship pure has flown,
 And error's monstrous shape from earth is driven;
 While trusting safely in the great unknown,
 A living truth will make this world a heaven.

The progress their expanded souls have made
 In their maturer years and bolder right,
 Each gleam of brightness coming to their aid
 Will guide their footsteps in the path of right.

These sainted witnesses to brighter skies—
 When parting with this world of endless strife—
 Bear to the sunny dawn of paradise
 The fruitful blossoms of an earnest life.

BALD HEAD CLIFF.

The lone dark rock stands out against the sky;
 High o'er its summit white-winged sea birds sail,
 And fleck the azure ether as they fly
 Above the splendor of the mist-cloud veil.

I've watched the weird, wild waves on swelling tide,
 That through the long perpetual ages
 Have climbed high up the lone cliff's rugged side,
 And carved thereon memorial pages.

I've seen the white-plumed waves along the shore,
 Like warriors brave, advancing in a line,
 Dash high against the cliff with clash and roar,
 Though ineffectual on the cliff's incline.

So mid the restless waves of passion braving,
 Calm-fronted, staunch, defiant may we be,
 And meet the foe's onset with banners waving,
 Unyielding, conquering, absolutely free.

Charles Greene Game.

Charles Greene Game was born in Buxton, Me., Sept. 26, 1826, and died Jan. 16, 1879. Graduated at Yale in 1849. Studied law in Portland, and admitted to bar in 1852. Practiced in Rockland and Portland. Was editor of *Portland Advertiser*. Was elected member of Maine House of Representatives, February, 1854, and re-elected September of same year. In May, 1857, became editorial writer on *Boston Journal*, where he remained till his death. Married, September, 1855, Miss Sarah M. Lewis, of New Haven.

THE BOYS OF OLD BUXTON.

EXTRACT FROM CENTENNIAL POEM.

The Boys,—the boys of old Buxton, how stood they the fight?
 As firm, as grand, I ween, as their Fathers on Bunker's height;

apt wheeling into line with the mighty loyal host,
fought their battle through, nor stopped to count the cost.

baiting march, the deadly trench, or whizzing shell,
ferous breath of the hospital, or rebel prison-hell,
ards, disease, or death, they met them all to save
mpire without a king, a land without a slave.

all it ever be; though the blessed flag advance,
welcomed o'er the Continent, its stars in glory glance,
ittle town, a speck on the nation's boundless plains,
her single drop of blood coursing through the nation's veins,

tal as any other, as near the central heart,
the union e'er shall stand, with that alone depart.

hile the sun smiles on her, or Saco rolls its waters down,
ugh all, aye, all the ages, God bless our Native Town!

Truman Summerfield Perry.

Perry was born in Oxford, Me., Dec. 20, 1826. In boyhood, he attended public schools, fitting for college mostly at North Bridgton Academy. He is a Bowdoin, class of 1850, of which Senator W. P. Frye, Gen. Oliver O. Howard, C. Everett, of Harvard, Prof John S. Sewall, of Bangor Theological Seminary, Gardiner, of Massachusetts, and other men of note, were members. Before Mr. Perry became a sufferer from a weakness of the optic nerve; for about two years he was unable to use his eyes at all for reading or study. He wrote considerable, however, using a writing machine made from a description of the one by Prescott, the historian. For several years he was engaged in business, but received an appointment as one of the clerks of the U. S. Senate, being in office during almost all the time of the Civil War. While thus engaged, he was correspondent of the *Portland Press*, *Portland Transcript*, and other papers, furnishing some articles for the *Washington Chronicle*, and doing some general work. In 1868 he resigned on account of impaired health, and lived on a farm for two years. His health and eyesight improving, he was ordained as a Congregational man, 1873. He has since prosecuted the work of the ministry, principally at L. Me., where he labored twelve years, and at Limerick, Me., where he is now pastor of the Congregational Church. He still writes, as he has usually done, rather by inspiration than serious work, furnishing occasional articles for the *Advertiser*, *Advertiser* and other journals. In 1854 he was married to Miss Elizabeth G. Hale, of L. Me.

SILVER.

Five and twenty years have sped,
Gentle heart, since we were wed!
Some in shade, but more in light,
Some bedimmed, but more bedight;
Five and twenty years have run
Since the day that made us one.

I will weave a simple lay,
Wifie mine, for thee to-day;
Glad and thankful shall it be,

Time has touched us sparingly;
He has stolen away our youth,
He has left us love and truth.

Loyal faith and tender love,
Fortune's golden gifts above,
More than praise of sweetest tongue,
More than plaudits said or sung;
These have made us rich alway,
These our treasures are to-day.

Blessings on thee, gentle wife,
Who hast crowned with love my life,
Shared each sorrow and annoy,
Doubled for me every joy,
Sweetness of the sweet lang syne,
Blessings on thee, heart of mine.

Unto Him whose will benign
Made thee mine, and made me thine,
Who has filled our lot with weal,
Made us loving, kept us leal,
Kindly led us on our way,
Render we our thanks to-day.

Thanks to God for years gone by,
For these moments now that fly;
May He guide us hand in hand,
Journeying toward the better land,
Keep us still in trust and love,—
Bring us to the home above.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Fleeting winter days, or dark, or halcyon,
Once again are swiftly gliding by,
Great Orion, with his flaming falchion,
Marches, warder of the midnight sky.

Summer blossoms, dead and buried lying,
Bloom again in spectral flowers of frost;
And the last sigh of the Old Year dying,
In the glad hail of the New is lost.

Still the New Year comes with hopeful greeting,
Gallant air, and promise frank and brave;
Still the Old Year, like a phantom fleeting,
Glides regretful to his snowy grave.

Hoary Time is born anew in dying,
One hope brightens as another pales;
Still our ships come homeward gaily hying
With the sunshine on their gleaming sails.

Glad we hail them, though their keels may never
Make a crease upon the yellow sand;
Though these fairy argosies may never
Bring their fairy treasures to the land.

Sink they in the ocean as they leave us ?
Or drop anchor on the farther shore ?
Many a joy of which the years bereave us
Shall we find when years shall be no more ?

Hope is very fair; and barren, nathless,
As the gay mirage's grove of palm.
Is the future to all promise faithless,
Ever bringing to us gall for balm ?

God forbid ! It glads Him not to grieve us;
God forbid ! He makes us not in vain;
Earthly hopes may wither, joys may leave us,
But His mercy ever shall remain.

Not in vain, though ever fleet and fleeter,
Sad and sadder, years should come and go,
If the heart be purer still and sweeter,
If the work of life completer grow,

While we hold these toilsome ways of duty,
Comes to cheer us many a sweet-voiced bird
From that wondrous land whose joy and beauty
Eye hath never seen nor ear hath heard.

Far beyond the desert's mocking glamour
Green oases offer cheer and rest;
Far beyond the ocean's angry clamor
Brightly bask the islands of the blest.

Brave and patient, then, be our endeavor,
Strong our hearts with courage, calm and high;
Still expectant of the glad Forever,
Seeking still the Land beyond the sky.

SPRING.

Through and through grim Winter's mail of azure
Smite the flaming arrows of the Sun;
All his flashing arms and gleaming treasure
Fall a spoil to hot Hyperion.

Come, O Spring, for bruit of storm is dying,
 And the sea is growing bright and calm;
 O'er its glancing waves with footsteps flying
 Hither hasten from thy isles of balm.

Smile, and skies will lose their wintry sadness;
 Breathe, and all the swelling buds will break;
 Laugh, and all the streams will leap for gladness;
 Come and kiss the dreaming earth awake.

All the birds will pour to greet thy coming
 Blitest carol, gladdest roundelay;
 And the honey-bee with drowsy humming
 Soothe thine ear when thou art tired of play.

Field and wood will gaily don to greet thee
 Kirtle fair, and robe of golden sheen,
 All the flowers will bloom and blush to meet thee,
 Crowning thee with beauty like a queen.

Come, as when of old thy coming thrilled us,
 Bring the days of gladness back to men;
 Many winters now, alas, have chilled us—
 Let us taste the wine of youth again.

Bring us with thy sweet and gentle presence
 Hope and token of that land of light,
 Land of perfect peace and endless pleasance,
 Where the flowers bloom, but never blight.

Hanson Derby White.

Hanson D. White, eldest son of Peter and Huldah (Hanson) White, was born at Windham Hill, Me., sometime in the year 1811, and was educated at the common schools in Windham, and Gorham Academy. He made literature a profession, writing for various publications—the Boston *Olive Branch* and *Portland Transcript* among others—both in prose and verse, making a specialty of agriculture, criticisms and short sketches. We are told he was rather eccentric, and for the most part his life was quiet and isolated. Mr. White enlisted at Portland in the summer of 1861, and since then none in his native town have known of his whereabouts.

PATIENTLY WAIT.

If the world looks coldly on thee—
 If by loved ones thou'ret forsaken,
 Be thou firm as oak, rock-rooted,
 Which no blight or blast hath shaken;
 Still around thee glows God's sunlight—
 Still upon thee falls his shower;
 Wait with courage—wait with patience—
 Wait the coming of thy hour.

Stand erect with heart unshrinking,
 Looking trustfully on high;
 Let not scowls or frowns depress thee,
 But, unflinching, pass them by.
 Words of bitter condemnation,
 It may be thy lot to hear;
 Foul reproaches,—keen aspersions,
 Breathed, alas! by lips most dear.

But heed not the defamation,—
 Heed thou not the deaf'ning clamor;
 Wisdom mocks at folly's madness,
 As right reason mocks at glamour.
 Slander's tongue is oft self-palsied—
 Groundless rumor aye recoils,
 While the upright and the righteous
 In life's battle win the spoils.

When the evil days have vanished—
 When the storm has spent its ire,
 Thou, unscathed, shall stand triumphant
 Purified like gold by fire.
 Patient waiters are no losers,
 Even when misfortunes lower;
 Wait with courage—wait with patience,
 For the coming of thy hour.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

"In earlier days, and fairer fortunes, she had plighted her troth to a peasant with whom the May-day of her life had been happily passed on the vine-hung shores of the sunny Rhine; but a cloud brooded portentously over her future, and her lover was taken from her presence to bear arms in his country's defence. Her parents favored the suit of a wealthy noble, who, attracted by her uncommon loveliness, pressed his addresses, and, by the authoritative assistance of her sordid relatives, won, at last, her hand. She married him, but the leaf that was green at her bridal fell upon her tomb"—*From an unpublished MSS.*

I have told him that I loved him,
 And it cannot be unsaid;
 Yet my speech shall never grieve them,
 Though my heart he cannot wed:
 I have breathed the vow they bade me—
 And he dreams that he is blessed—
 Thus he said as he embraced me,
 And his lips to mine were pressed.

They have torn me from my idol,
They have changed my heart to stone,
But the grief that wrings my bosom
I must utter unto none.
He hath wealth and worldly honor,
And his name is one of pride,
Yet my heart is now another's—
I can never be his bride.

But I've breathed the fatal promise—
On my hand I wear his ring,—
'T is a gem of priceless value,
But it hath an adder's sting.
What, alas! are rank and station!
Can they soothe a breaking heart?
Were my home a prince's palace,
'T would not cure my bosom's smart.
Still my destiny I cannot,
I may not seek to change;
Though from him my soul adoreth
My love they'll ne'er estrange.

When the red leaf in the forest
Tells of Autumn's merry times;
When I list in thoughtful sadness,
To my native village chimes—
When the lover's star is beaming
In the deep sky clear and gray—
Ah! my thoughts must sadly wander
With my heart —away—away!

And he will sit beside me!
He will mark my tearful eye!
He will see my bosom tremble!
He will hear love's smothered sigh!
But he ne'er must know the fountain
Whence my wordless sorrows flow;
I must breathe my grief to no one—
I must bear alone my woe.

But I've told him that I loved him,
And it cannot be unsaid;
My speech shall never grieve them,
Though my heart *he* cannot wed:
I have breathed the vow they bade me—
And he dreams that he is blessed—
Thus he said when he embraced me,
And his lips to mine were pressed.

Clara M. A. Towle Shores.

C. M. A. T. Shores was born in Parsonfield, Aug. 1, 1827, her mother being the daughter of Samuel Knapp, one of the first settlers of the town, and a writer of poetry, creditable pieces having been found among her papers after her death, showing delicacy of thought and expression. Clara began writing rhymes when only eight years of age, but was so painfully diffident she carefully concealed them. Her father, a farmer, was passionately fond of poetry, and often read aloud to his family in the evening, from the pages of Scott and Byron. Clara attended the academies in Ellington and New Hampton, N. H., in her girlhood, and graduated from the latter in 1840. Several of her compositions were published about this time. Subsequently she became a teacher, and, Aug. 23, 1852, she was married to J. A. Shores, a graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1851. Mrs. Shores has written under various fictitious names—"Clara," "Juliette," "Melissa," "Clara Parsons," and some times under various initials. She resides at West Bridgewater, Mass. Mrs. Shores has taught in the Ladies Seminary at Tilton, N. H., in the Seminary at Parsonsfield, Me., and in the Leland and Gray Institute at Townsend, Vt. Her husband was Principal of the High Schools in Ipswich and Lancaster, Mass., and of the Connecticut Literary Institute, Suffield, Conn., until when he left teaching.

TO AN INFIDEL.

As meet two ships upon the wave,
Who give each other hailing,
So met our souls for one brief hour,
O'er life's wide ocean sailing.

I answered to the "Whither bound?"
"To endless life I'm steering,
Where sin is not, nor pain, nor tears,—
Heaven is the port I'm nearing."

You answered, "I've no port in view,
I go by Fate's ordaining,
At last to sink beneath the waves;
And I'll make no complaining."

"But have you not a chart on board,
Nor Pilot for your guiding?
How know you where those waters wild
Are rocks and quicksands hiding?"

"Law, stern, unchanging, ruleth all,
What use its power defying?
Reason my pilot is, and chart,
I'm on myself relying."

"My Bible is my trusty chart,
I'm safe its precepts heeding;
And Jesus is my Pilot strong,
His help I'm ever needing."

"And when the winds and storms awake,
With black clouds me enfolding,
I have an anchor steadfast, sure,
My bark in safety holding."

"There are no clouds, nor winds, nor storms,
We're only, *only* dreaming;
What matters how our life we pass,
Not real 'tis, but seeming;

"And I have peace upon my way,
Nor fear, myself resigning
To nature's laws, trusting to Fate,
I drift without repining."

"But I have more than peace, I've joy,
And faith, and hope ascending,
Above, beyond this transient life,
To that which is unending.

"O leave your cold, harsh, cruel creed,
Your soul it is deceiving;
'Become a little child,' and be
Not faithless, but **BELIEVING.**"

TO DR. AND MRS. MOSES SWEAT, OF PARSONSFIELD,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR YOUNGEST SON, JOHN B., A BROTHER OF HON.
L. D. M. SWEAT, OF PORTLAND.

From stricken hearts your bitter tears are falling,
Father and mother, o'er your loved one's grave;
And many friends join in your sad bewailing,
For him whom love the fondest could not save.

He, whose young life was full of future promise,
Whose kind love cheered your now declining day,
From all his noble aims and hopes so buoyant
And life of usefulness,—has passed away.

The wintry winds o'er his dear grave are sighing,
And earth so desolate—her flowers all gone—
Seems like your hearts in their lone winter lying,
While o'er your withered hopes grief makes its moan.

Yet, but "a little while," and earth, rejoicing,
Shall find again her leaves and beauteous bloom,
And ye, O stricken ones! shall change your weeping
For songs of joy beyond the graveyard gloom.

Those words which his loved voice breathed forth in dying,—
"Heaven, O heaven"—may they evermore
Echo within your minds, your thoughts uplifting
To that bright land where he has gone before.

He joins the song which the redeemed are singing:
 He knows the joys which mortals may not know,
 Perchance with angel-bands his glad flight winging,
 He visits scenes which once he loved below.

Is not his ransomed spirit sometimes whispering:
 "Bear meekly on a little while, and then
 In a new home, our sorrows all forgetting,
 We'll meet once more and never part again."

Hannah Augusta Moore.

This author was born in Wiscasset, March 15, 1827 or '28. Her father was Herbert Thorndike Moore, of New York City, son of Col. Herbert Moore, of Waterville, Me. N. P. Willis introduced Miss Moore to the literary world, and her poems found favor with Longfellow, Bryant, Dr. Bonar and men of that class. Littell's, Scribner's, and other leading magazines, have for years published what she has offered, and many of her pieces have been set to music. The poems she has sold, that are wandering on their mission in this land, and in Europe, would probably fill six 8 mo. volumes, yet she has been like a hidden singer in a hedge, and "such 't is now her choice to be." She has not signed "Hannah" to her writings from a dread that she might be supposed to consider herself a second "Hannah More." When she was a small child she moved with her parents to Philadelphia, and it was in that city that she began to write. New York was for many years Miss Moore's place of residence, but in 1886 she came back to Benton, Me—"dear native land"—as she expresses it, to stay. The mother of Miss Moore was a poet, too, as was her father, a handsome, genial spirit, who almost worshiped his wife. After her mother's death, Augusta attended school at Waterville, Me., and almost her first publisher was Mr. Ephraim Maxham, editor of the *Waterville Mail*, who, as long as he lived, manifested an unselfish interest in her welfare. It was in this paper that Miss Moore, then using the *nom de plume* of "Wanona Wandering," and Frances (Laughton) Mace, whose *nom de plume* was "Inez," made each other's acquaintance, and the friendship thus formed, has continued all through their progress to their present distinction. Miss Moore wrote many poems for religious publications, in early life, under the *nom de plume* of "Helen Bruce." We are allowed to close this short sketch with an extract from a letter written to Miss Moore, by N. P. Willis: "It is the language of true genius through tears. * * * * The *Home Journal* will rejoice to be the usher of such genius to the world." The volume entitled "Plymouth Notes," was prepared by Miss Moore, 40,000 copies of which were sold in Europe during the book's first year.

JUNE IN MAINE.

Beautiful, beautiful summer!
 Odorous, exquisite June!
 All the sweet roses in blossom,
 All the sweet birdies in tune.

Dew on the meadows at sunset;
 Gems on the meadows at morn;
 Melody hushing the evening;
 Melody greeting the dawn.

All the dim aisles of the forest
 Ringing and thrilling with song;
 Music—a flood-tide of music—
 Poured the green valleys along.

Rapturous creatures of beauty.
 Winging their way through the sky,
 Heavenward warble their praises—
 Mount our thanksgivings as high ?

Lo ! when a bird is delighted,
 His ecstasy prompts him to soar;
 The greater, the fuller his rapture,
 His songs of thanksgiving the more.

See how the winds from the mountains
 Sweep over meadows most fair;
 The green fields are tossed like the ocean,
 Are shadowed by clouds in the air.

For now fleecy shadows are chasing
 The sunshine from woodland and vale,
 As white clouds come gathering slowly,
 Blown up by the sweet-scented gale.

Birds and the gales and the flowers
 Call us from study away,
 Out to the fields where the mowers
 Soon will be making the hay.

Buttercups, daisies, and clover,
 Roses, sweet-briar, and fern,
 Mingle their breath on the breezes—
 Who from such wooing could turn ?

Out ! to the heath and the mountain,
 Where mid the fern and the brake,
 Under the pines and the spruces,
 Fragrant the bower we will make.

Ravishing voices of Nature,
 Ye conquer—and never too soon—
 We yield to thy luscious embraces,
 Thou odorous, exquisite June !

SPINNING AND WEAVING IN THE BIRDS' HOME.*

I sit by my fire and spin,
 And my thoughts like swift birds go,
 Through door and window, through earth and air,
 Through the decades, to and fro.

* *Jewankee*, which is an Indian name, meaning "The birds' home."

Without the white-robed night,
And the January moon,
Make glory no earthly king can show,
And beauty unknown to noon.

The earth wears a glittering robe;
The trees are in diamond mail;
The bushes in sapphires and rubies glow,
In emeralds, and opals pale.

Keen, keen is crystal air;
But purer and sweeter far
Than the drowsy and odor-laden winds
Of the languid summer are.

On the tiles of my hearth I weave—
O never beneath this roof
Was woven such web—but *you* cannot see
One shred of it, warp or woof.

I spin, and my thread is gold,
'Tis the gold of memory;
I weave—in the loom of departed years—
A mantle to cover me.

A mantle in which my heart,
Enfolded, may sweetly rest;
A shining fabric more fair than day
As it dies in the beaming west.

A mantle so soft and fine,
So glorious, glistening white,
Its folds have the power to charm away
All sorrow and gloom and night.

O beautiful days of old!
O beautiful days of home!
Forever and ever abide with me—
I unto my own *have* come.*

And I sit by my hearth and spin,
And when I have spun, I weave,
Till all that I love in my bright web smile;
Though I sit alone, at eve.

* Two years ago last summer, during a season of great trial and depression, I dreamed of being with one who was earnestly condoling with and comforting me, saying repeatedly, "Never mind it now, 'tis all over; you have come unto your own." Was it prophetic of this then utterly unexpected return to my dear mother's early home, the very house and room in which I was born?

Alone? In the ancient home?
 Ah, never such thing can be!
 I have come to my own, and my own are *here*,—
 They never will part from me.

At morn, and at noon and eve
 They hallow my dwelling still,
 Till with them I pass to the home above,
 At the blessed Master's will.

EARTH'S VIGIL.

O heart of the earth, where they laid him,
 Didst *know* what was trusted to thee,
 When, in the still evening, they brought Him,
 With the rich in His burial to be?

There once was a forest-born maiden,
 Whose love went, unsought, to the king;
 He roaming, disguised, through the forest,
 Felt under his doublet a sting.

His sight and his strength were departing,
 He staggered and scarcely could stand,
 As he entered a forester's dwelling,
 Holding fast a dead snake in his hand.

'T was the home of the maiden that loved him;
 And there sat the maiden alone;
 She sprang to assist and console him—
 Him instantly, perfectly known.

"Fear not, O my king, 't will not harm thee,
 For short, though so potent, its spell;
 'T is only to sleep, while I guard thee,
 And soon thou wilt wake and be well.

"My couch is sweet fern, newly gathered,
 And spread with fresh linen to-day;
 Lie down, and I'll sing to thee softly,
 And keep every danger away."

She sings, while his splendid eye closes:
 His cheek to her pillow is pressed;
 "No power of the serpent can hold thee;
 This slumber is only for rest."

And there lay the lord of her bosom,
The king of a mighty realm there;
His power and his grandeur forgotten,
All helpless, asleep in her care.

"He is mine! he is mine!" sang the maiden,
"While this blessed slumber shall last;
Ah! when he wakes and goes from me,
My joy and my life will be past."

Her king was a warrior heroic,
Triumphant wherever he trod;
With the courage and strength of a Titan,
With the face and the form of a god.

His shining locks, decking her pillow,
Were sweet with a costly perfume,
The which, with the scent of his garments,
Like incense pervaded the room.

The aloes, the myrrh, and the spices,
Brought late in the dark of one morn,
This slumbering king in his beauty,
His pride and his glory, had worn.

O say, yearning spirit of woman,
Hath earth any language can show
The rapture, the pain, and the trembling
Such life-drinking vigil must know?

And when in Earth's quivering bosom
The King and her Maker was laid,
Disguised in the flesh, still she knew Him,
And trembled with joy, though afraid.

And while all His brethren were doubting
The Christ if they ever had seen,
Earth doubted not Him, though in wonder
At what his strange slumber could mean.

And still as she watched Him she chanted,
"Thou art mine while asleep in my breast,
And no power of the serpent can hold Thee;
This slumber is only for rest."

And nothing one moment could win her
To turn from her vigil aside.
How should not all nature stand waiting
When He, in whom life is, had died?

Thus faithfully, rev'rently watching,
Earth saw him awake and arise;
And she quaked to her heart at His triumph,
With pleasure, but not with surprise.

THE LIFE SAVERS.

All night long—do you know it? Do you care?
Up and down the ocean beaches they are marching;
All the lonesome peril of the winter nights they dare,
Where the surf shoots, seething, landward in the bitter, biting air;
And the fitful lights and shadows of the lanterns that they bear
Make more wild the gloomy sky above them arching

Where the coast is bleak and cold;
Where the rocks are high and bold,
While the wind and snow and sleet are beating;
Where the breakers rush and roar,
There they watch for ships ashore,
The cry for help with instant succor meeting.

All night long where the surges flood the dunes,
Stern watch and ward they keep, strong eyes sweeping
The offing, while the breakers are roaring savage runes,
While the stormy winds are howling or wailing dismal tunes,
While the rocks and sands about them are becoming broad lagoons,
The life-saving watch these braves are keeping.

All night long while the timid landsmen sleep,
Dreaming, snug and warm, on their downy pillows,
The coast-guard, the surf-men down by the deep,
Steadfastly, bravely, their watch heroic keep,
Or into the sea—icy cold—they boldly leap,
To rescue fellow-men from the billows.

Talk not of heroes whose trade it is to kill!
Life savers! these are the god-like heroes still,
Risking their lives for every life they save
From the plunging wreck, or snatch from swirling wave.

O when your beds are warm,
In nights of winter storm,
When you are safe from wind and sea—
Think of the surf-men brave:
Their life watch by the wave,
And cheer them by your grateful sympathy.

CALLING THE COWS.

'T was a vision of the morning,
'T was a vision of the mist,
Ere the purple hills of dawning
By the sun's first rays were kissed.

Up floated, through gray shadows,
To my chamber's silent gloom,
The tuneful voice of Gracie —
Its music filled my room.

It called me from my roving
In the land of pleasant dreams,
The land of happy loving,
By soft, untroubled streams.

Fair as an Easter lily,
And beautiful and tall,
Stood Gracie—from the shadows
Making her winsome call.

"Soh, Fan! soh, Fan! soh, Pinkie!
Soh, Pinkie! and soh, Fan!"
Paint ye a morning picture
More spirit-like who can!

The breathings of the river
To phantom shapes had grown;
They curled about the mountain,
They through the vale were blown.

Lightly they clung to Gracie,
Standing on dew-drops there;
Lightly they veiled her features
And flowing golden hair.

Was it a mortal maiden,
Thus, half-revealed, that stood,
On an oread of the mountain,
Or a dryad of the wood?

Or, from the darkling river
Had a fair naiad sprung,
Wearing the form of Gracie,
With Gracie's silver tongue?

"Soh, Fan! soh, Fan! soh, Pinkie!
Soh, Pinkie! and soh, Fan!"
Paint ye a morning picture
More spirit-like who can.

THE SENTRY'S HYMN.

The following lines are based on an actual incident of the late war, and a subsequent revelation of the sentry's peril.

"Jesus, lover of my soul!"
On the midnight air it rung,
Echoed through the darkling pines,
From the sentry's tuneful tongue.

Strange unrest and homesick thought,
Nameless dread his heart opprest —
What such saddening change had wrought
In the sentry's cheerful breast?

Calm and still the starry night;
Beautiful and full of balm
Were the fields, the groves of pine
Singing low their wonted psalm.

But until his latest day,
Like a writing clear and plain,
Memory of that lonesome night
With the sentry will remain.

Its unwonted, haunting dread;
Its unreasoning, restless gloom;
Its deep sense of helplessness;
Its sore pining after home.

Unknown danger in the air
Seemed to threaten, close and strong;
So he made to God his prayer
In the sacred words of song.

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,"—
Was it but a charméd pine
Bending low to hear him sing ?

"Other refuge have I none,"
Then he thought, "What need I more?"
And his trouble all was gone,
Like the wave that meets the shore.

* * * * *

"Jesus, lover of my soul!"
From a steamer's deck it rung;
When, entranced, a silent throng
On the singer's accents hung.

Marvelous his gift of song!
Melody, pathetic, clear,
Angel music! every heart
Thrilled the wondrous strains to hear.

From the outer, spell-bound crowd
Pressed a stranger, dark and tall;
"Once before I heard you sing,"
Said he gravely; "I recall

"Well that voice, that starry night;
Underneath the pines I stood,
With my rifle aimed to send
Lead to shed your brave heart's blood.

"I was chosen for my skill—
Ah! my deadly aim was sure;
'Cover my defenseless head,'
Thus you sung and were secure."

Death's cold shadow! how it pressed
Dense and close the sentry lone;
But he sung his prayer, and lo!
All the gloom of death passed on.

Clasping warm the other's hand,
Spake the sentry chokingly:
"Henceforth this, my dearest hymn,
Is most holy unto me."

THE CRYSTAL MORNING.

DEDICATED TO FRANCES L. MACE.

No "golden coast" for me;
For me the crystal shore; *

The North wind blowing free;
The Frost King's magic lore,
Written on every bush and tree,
In dazzling, diamond tracery.

O gracious, glorious morn!
O weird and wondrous sky!
From which white stars are born;
Behold them float and fly!
Resplendent in prismatic light,
They almost take away the sight.

The snow-clad earth is fair;
But oh! the mountain wood!
But oh! the tree-crowned hill!
Where I in childhood stood,
To watch for my beloved mate—
Her coming, *still*, is overlate.

The stately trees arise
In majesty supreme;
In more than royal guise
They glitter, glance and gleam.
The ledges and the rocky wall
Are clad in burnished armor all.

My apple-tree is decked
Like an imperial bride—
Nay, *all* in diamonds dressed
Was any bride beside?
Here gems of white and rose and green
From topmost twig to stem are seen.

The fir boughs at my door
 Wave with a thousand lights;
 Each weed so dull before,
 Beaming, the eye delights.
 Banners and plumes of feathery grace
 On everything have found a place.

No flowery tropic land
 Can ever rival this;
 No scene more pure, more grand,
 On all the round earth is.
 The Glory of the Lord is HERE,
 O Native Home, so bright! so dear!

THE WATCHER.

Think not of me as dead—I shall not die,
 But pass into a larger, freer room;
 And though unseen by thy weak mortal eye,
 To watch beside thee I shall often come.

“Equal unto the angels” is the word;
 And “as the angels” when with them we dwell;
 And I will ask it of our gracious Lord,
 That I may guard the soul I love so well.

Denials are not there; when lone at eve
 Thou sittest, thinking of the past and me,
 My whisper shall forbid thy heart to grieve,
 Though thou wilt think ‘tis only memory.

And when thou standest mid thy flowers at morn,
 And over thee soft breezes from above
 Float tenderly, as of frankincense born,
 Know thou the kisses of thine angel love.

When thou art happy, when no danger waits,
 I may be far away with heavenly friends,
 Praising the king within the pearly gates,
 Before the throne where every angel bends.

But in thine hour of danger or of woe,
 Be sure, be sure that I am at thy side,
 Strong to defend mine own from every foe
 That comes unwelcome—strong to cheer and guide.

When sounds the solemn word that thou must go
 From all the works and ways beneath the sun,
 My hand shall lead thee forth from all below—
 My arms receive thee, O belovéd one!

Caroline W. D. Rich.

ne W. D. Rich is a native of Byron, Oxford County, Maine. Her father, ridge, was a lineal descendant of John Stockbridge, who came to Boston, Kent, England, in 1627. Her mother, Anna Leavitt, was a lineal descendant of Leavitt, who came to Dorchester, Mass., in 1628. Both grandfathers came from New England while Maine was yet a province. The father of Caroline was fitted for his father's school in Freeport. Circumstances led him to farming in the Western Maine. Caroline early showed a fondness for writing. Her home idst of beautiful natural scenery. Forests, fields, ponds and meadows, divers oaks and mountains, contributed to a picturesque landscape. Doubtless family varied scenes accounts for her delicate truthfulness and appreciation of over her "various moods" and her imagery is drawn from the storehouse of memory. At the age of thirteen she wrote a piece that was sent to a paper in Bass, by a young friend to whom she showed it. She spent a year at Gor-ry under E. P. Weston. She afterwards graduated from the Cambridge, School, and then entered the Charlestown, Mass., Female Seminary when Whiting was principal, graduating in 1850. Mrs. Rich has written two temperance story, "Slippery Paths," which passed into the third edition; poem, "A Summer Idyl," printed especially for a souvenir for friends. Poem of considerable length was written for the Turner centennial; it is embodied in "History of Turner," and also in pamphlet form. It is creditable for a poem and critics have pronounced its descriptions of early times very felicitous. Poems of the imagination, legends, and ballads have been written by her, and never been published. A few translations have been added to her work in more than fifteen years she was unable to do any poetical work. During this time she wrote some meritorious stories for children, which have been copied into various publications, but, invariably writing under a *nom de plume*, it is quite impossible to identify her. She resumed her poetical pen six years ago, and it is evident that her literary ability have been gained in silence. Her style is versatile and her poems cover a wide range of subjects. Some hymns are well written and devout in spirit.

MUSINGS.

The evening zephyrs softly blow,
By brooklets where the hare-bells grow,
While through the sunset's after-glow,
 Soft and low,
The whispering pines sway to and fro.

O dying day; O fading light,
Thy purple tints, now dark, now bright,
Like joys and sorrows in their might,
 Come to-night,
While beckoning spirits charm my sight.

Night's curtains shroud the pearly west;
The vision fades---yet am I blest—
Sweet peace once more within my breast,
 Giving rest,
Abides with me, a heavenly guest.

LOVE'S DREAM.

SWEETHEART, you came one summer day
As 'neath the fragrant pines I lay,
And with kind tone and gentle sigh

Whispered, "Dear love, a long good-bye;
 I only wait the dread command
 That bids me pass the unknown strand."
 We stood with tearful eyes of mine,
 With a sweet trustful look in thine,
 I tried to speak. I felt the chill
 Of coming loss—felt my own will
 Yielding to fear: while nearer came
 A messenger I will not name.
 My lips touched yours,—no word or sign
 Returned that soulful kiss of mine,—
 ETERNITY that moment seemed,—
 Darling! I woke, and lo, I dreamed!

SHADOWS.

Upon the river's bank I lie
 Beneath the cloud-flecked, azure sky,
 While sedge, and fern, and waving tree,
 In Nature's looking-glass I see—
 The hay-rack, with its fragrant load
 Passing along the grass-grown road—
 The teamster with his easy swing,
 The mower's scythe, with backward fling,
 The falling grass, the rhythmic tread,
 Mirrored upon the river's bed.
 The swallows flitting to and fro,
 Meet shadow-swallows down below—
 While nearer, with their busy hum,
 The bumble-bees and blue-flies come.

UNKNOWN.

Only an old, bent woman,
 Who came through the open door,
 Standing unnoticed and weary
 Where she never had stood before.
 Only a stir and whisper
 When she entered a vacant pew;
 Not one, in all that churchful,
 Whom the poor old woman knew.
 Only an earnest preacher,
 Only a plain, gospel text—
 Words that were thoughtful and simple—
 About this life and the next,
 Only the old scenes thronging,
 Only fast-falling tears,

And glimpses of sinless girlhood,
Far back in the vanished years.
Only the bright home fireside,
In the days of long ago,
When the clustering curls were raven
That now are as white as snow.
The church is empty, and silence
Is resting on organ and pew—
Only an old woman lingers
Whom none of the church-folk knew.

DECORATION DAY.

r again,
reaths for the dead,
s for them
r freedom have bled;
> fragrance of flowers
· shall be
· nse of glory
liberty's tree.

they reck,
oop to entwine
of bright flowers,
ld, trailing vine!
ows not a Nation,
warriors so keep
· love
· comrades who sleep.

music, each spring-time,
ibutes so sweet,
anx, slow-moving,
ums' muffled beat,

And veterans, war-scarred,
With their standard above—
Such pageants repeat
Freedom's undying love.

Though mosses may creep
Over names carved with care,
The grasses grow tangled,
Neglect everywhere,
O'er hillocks where only
The epitaphs tell
The legend of him
Who for Liberty fell—

Aye, these names all may perish;
This granite decay;
The mounds become shapeless,
Where children will play;
But the ransom our nation
For freedom has paid
Will never, no, never,
From history fade.

RAINDROPS.

Falling, gleaming in the sunshine,
Down upon the fragrant hay
Came a thousand tiny raindrops,
Like a fairy host at play.
Through the clouds a golden sunbeam,
Like a smile, from heaven came;
Instantly the falling raindrops
Changed into an arch of flame.

IN MEMORIAM

OF MRS. F. B. LITTLE, AUBURN.

She has passed on over the river,
On through the pearly gates;
Her weariness now is over,
Yet still she watches and waits.
Watches beside her loved ones,
Waits in the room—the hall,
Sits by the flickering firelight,
With a loving thought for all.

How oft, when the heart in sadness
Longs for an answering word,
And life seems shorn of gladness,
And the depths of the soul are stirred,
Will the presence of the loved one
Come, with a thrill so sweet
The heart will quicken its measure,
As it waits for the quiet feet.

O strange and sweet the fancy!
I ask not now to know
How the spirits of our loved ones
Around us come and go;
Whether with shadowy footsteps,
Or, borne on noiseless wing,
They come with the old love to us,
And spirit healing bring.

For me, the veiled presence
Is clothed with heavenly grace,
I would not rend the mystery
That hides the cherished face.
All longings of the present,
All tears for joys now past,
By sorrow's subtle alchemy,
Will change to bliss at last.

Nancy Barrows Yeaton.

Mrs. Nancy B. Yeaton, a sister of the late Judge Barrows, of Brunswick, was born at North Yarmouth in 1816, and died in Naples, Oct. 21, 1864. Much of her early life was spent in Fryeburg. She furnished an excellent poem for the centennial exercises of Fryeburg, Aug. 20, 1863. Before her marriage she taught, for several years, in the Gorham Seminary. Later, she married Rev. F. W. Yeaton.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CORHAM SEMINARY, 1839.

Is it aught but a dream?
 Has another year sped
 Along Time's chilling stream,
 To the home of the dead?
 Has the autumn leaf faded, the wintry day gone,
 And gay spring, with its music of birds, hastened on?
 And the ashes of flowers in memory's urn
 Been quickened to life by the summer's return?

It appears like a dream;
 Glitters hope's morning star,
 With the same dazzling beam,
 As in days that are far.

Still blossoms the rose-tree of feeling, entwined
 With the wild vine of joy that around it we bind;
 The same skies are o'er us, and soft through the trees,
 With its spirit-like voice, steals the whispering breeze.

'T is not all a dream—
 On the wing of the year,
 Have flown voices that seem
 To be still floating near;
 It is only their echo in memory's cells,
 With a tone from the land where the pure spirit dwells—
 We hear them no more—they have joined in the song
 That is warbling forth from the seraphim throng.

'T will be more than a dream
 When our pilgrimage here
 From dark time shall redeem
 The next wild fleeting year—
 For kind friends are departing, and those who shall roam
 Far away from the mountains and streams of their home,
 We may ne'er meet again till flown life's brief day,
 This world and its changing scenes vanish away.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY 1840.

Shall Freedom sleep? on sunlight borne,
 Come tones of vanished years, that fall
 Upon the listening ear of morn,
 While summer's thousand voices call;
 Waken, Spirit! by mountain, stream, and tree!
 Waken, Spirit of the free!

To calm thy slumber—Time's dark wing
 Had fanned and cooled thy burning brow;
 Then Pleasure touched the witching string
 That lulls thee to repose e'en now;
 Waken, Spirit! by mountain, stream, and tree!
 Waken, Spirit of the free!

The shades of heroes long at rest,
 Arise and mingle in the throng,
 Around their country's altar blest,
 Their harps attuned to Nature's song;
 Waken, Spirit! by mountain, stream, and tree!
 Waken, Spirit of the free!

And thunder notes afar are heard,
 That swell upon the air around;
 The sullen ocean depths are stirred
 And bid the rocks send back the sound;
 Waken, Spirit! by mountain, stream, and tree!
 Waken, Spirit of the free!

That thunder voice—it speaks of one
 Whose plume ne'er drooped on battle plain;
 Thy name, illustrious *Harrison*,
 Is mingled with the hallowed strain;
 Waken, Spirit! by mountain, stream, and tree!
 Waken, Spirit of the free!

Anne Augusta Nichols Hall.

Mrs. Anne A. Hall, formerly Anne Augusta Nichols, was born at Augusta, Me., on Nov. 11, 1825. During her early life she wrote comparatively little, the most of her poems being written after her marriage, and in the midst of home cares. Much that she has written gives evidence that many of her deepest and purest thoughts came to her through the consciousness of the holy trust of motherhood; yet again we find them oftentimes outpouring of a sorrowing heart, following closely upon some heavy bereavement. Hall died in Gibraltar, Spain, in 1865.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S BELIEF.

I believe in God, the Father,
 Who made us every one,—
 Who made the earth and heaven,
 The moon and stars and sun;
 All that we have each day,
 By Him is given,
 We call Him, when we pray,
 Our Father in heaven.

He taught us to be holy,
 Till on the cross he died,—
 And now we call him Saviour
 And Christ, the Crucified.
 I believe in Jesus Christ,—
 The Father's only son,
 Who came to us from heaven
 And loved us every one;

I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve it,
Will never go away;

From Heaven, upon Jesus,
It descended like a dove,
And it dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

THE NURSERY.

Nay, bring no lamps,—I would no light,
Save the moon's soft beams be here,
For she in loveliness bathes to-night
These cherub faces dear.
And I have heard each lisping prayer,
And pillow'd each fair head,
And spoken low and loving words
Beside each little bed;

And O my heart is all too full
To bear intrusion now,
Alone I'd press my good-night kiss
On each sweet childish brow.
My children! O no other sound
My heart's deep love hath stirred,
Like the utterance of this simple one,
This sweetest "Household word."

Its magic turns each grief to joy,
Each cloud to silver light,
And makes life's short o'er-shadowing sky
With heavenly radiance bright.
Not all the glittering gems of Ind,
Beneath a lordly dome,
Can match the mother's priceless pearls
That deck her humbler home.

My treasures these,—O be my prayer
For grace from Him on high
To guide aright these cherished ones
These blessings from the sky.
And not one doubt for coming years
My want of faith shall prove,
That He who gave these precious gifts
Will guard them with His love.

Caroline Nichols Hobart.

Mrs. Augustus Hobart, whose maiden name was Caroline Nichols, was born at Augusta, Me., March 20, 1827. She was married, March 20, 1850, after which time she lived in Boston, Mass., and it was there that she died in 1856. During the second year of her married life, and soon after the birth of her little girl, while happy in the full enjoyment of the love and devotion of her husband, family and friends, fresh with the hope of a bright earthly future, she one day visited the Old Ladies' Home, then but recently established. This visit suggested the following lines.

ON VISITING "THE OLD LADIES' HOME."

Shall we grow old,
And will our hair grow gray;
And will our hearts be saddened,
And our hopes decay?

Shall we, who now
Have parents, friends and home,
Of these rich gifts be rest,
And be at last alone

Shall it be ours
To see a father die,
And by a mother watch and hear
Her last drawn sigh?

Then, orphaned, turn
A brother's love to share,
Or trustingly resign us
To a sister's care?

But while we trust,
These, too, have passed away;
And dark and dreary seems
Our future day.

Hope lingers still,
A friend has faithful proved;
And trusting, honest, loving,
We are still loved.

New ties are formed,
And hearts that love are one,
And joy increases, and life seems
But now begun.

A parent's joy!
Our cup of bliss o'erflows;
Too happy and too blessed to think
Aught of our woes.

When, suddenly,
Death's veil, long hid from view,
Before us waves and falls upon
The loved and true,

And wraps them both,
Husband and child in its dark fold
And bears them to the tomb,
So dark, so cold.

Alone, alone,
To live and die alone;
Without one friend to love
And call our own.

Our Father, God,
O give us strength to bear e'en this,
If 't is thy will, and cheer our hearts
With promised bliss.

Let the sweet words,
"Lo, I am with you even to the end,"
Bring peace, and teach our will
To thine to bend.

And though we're old,
And friends have passed away,
We're hopeful still, "He is the Life,
The Truth, the Way."

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

Our little girl was all undressed,
Clad in her robe of white;
Then kneeling down, she prayed that God
Would keep her through the night.

But three years old, this little one,
Yet grief had touched her heart;
For with her brother, "baby boy,"
She had been called to part.

She knew that he had gone to heaven,
Her faith was strong and pure;
The blessed Saviour cared for him,
Of this she seemed so sure,

That when her little prattling tongue
Could find a listening ear,
She'd talk of baby cold in death,
Although without a fear.

"For God," she said, "had taken him
Up to a happy home,
To wait until his dear papa,
Mamma, and she should come."

To-night I had been telling her,
When summer months were here,
Of a long journey we would take
To visit friends most dear.

At first she merry seemed, but then
So quickly said, "Mamma,"
And added very thoughtfully,
"Is heaven very far?"

As if she felt we e'en might take
A journey to that land,
Where little brother's loving face
Helped form an angel band.

O darling one, through thy whole life,
Faith be thy guiding star;
Then when sweet voices call thee home,
Thou 'lt know heaven is not far.

William Belcher Glazier.

Born in Hallowell, June 29, 1827, and son of Franklin Glazier, Esq., a member of the old and well-known firm of Glazier, Masters & Smith, booksellers and publishers. William entered Harvard University in 1844, and, on graduating in 1847, returned to Hallowell, and read law in the office of H. W. Paine, Esq. He was admitted to the bar in 1850, and opened a law office in Newcastle, where he remained three years, when he again returned to his native city. He removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1855, and practiced law there until his death, which occurred in November, 1870. A volume of Mr. Glazier's poetry was published in Hallowell, in 1853. Many of these pieces originally appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, of which he was a highly esteemed contributor. The following poem was highly praised by William Cullen Bryant.

DECEMBER SNOW.

Fall thickly on the rose-bush,
O faintly falling snow!
For she is gone who trained its branch,
And wooed its bud to blow.

Cover the well-known path-way,
O damp December snow,
Her step no longer lingers there,
When stars begin to glow.

Melt in the rapid river,
O cold and cheerless snow!
She sees no more its sudden wave,
Nor hears its foaming flow.

Chill every song-birds' music,
O silent, sullen snow!
I cannot hear her loving voice,
That lulled me long ago.

Sleep on the Earth's broad bosom,—
O heavy, winter snow!
Its fragrant flowers and blithesome birds
Should with its loved one go.

THE SUMMER SEA.

O Summer Sea, thy murmuring waves are singing
A song of sweetness in my listening ear,
Youth, Love and Hope, that lulling strain is bringing
Back to my heart in forms distinct and dear;
Again the glorious visions of life's morning
Rise on my sight and make the darkness flee,
Again upon thy shores, at daylight's dawning,
I walk with one beloved, O Summer Sea.

Your soft waves kiss her feet and love to linger
 Upon the sand where her light steps have strayed,
 Now in thy tide she dips her snowy finger,
 And now I feel it on my forehead laid;
 "I sign thee with a sign," she softly murmurs,
 And turns her blushing face away from me,
 "Thou shalt be happy, love, through many summers,
 And I will love thee, hear me, Summer Sea!"

Thou heard'st the vow, O gentle Sea of Summer!
 Thou heard'st it laughing in the morning ray,
 Thou knewest well that Love, the earliest comer,
 Is very prone to make the shortest stay; -
 The sign dried up beneath the rays of morning,
 The vow found wings as fast and far to flee,
 Now, I prefer my sleep at daylight's dawning,
 To wandering on thy shores, O Summer Sea!

John Bodwell Wood.

John B. Wood was born in Lebanon, Me., Dec. 7, 1827. His parents removed to Great Falls, N. H., after John had received his education at the district schools, and in the Kennebunk Academy. His father desired he should become a lawyer, and with that end in view put Blackstone and Kent into his hands. He took a liking to the limpid English of the latter, and then was induced to enter a printing office and learn that trade. Subsequently he worked in the offices of the *Dover Gazette*, *Dover Enquirer*, *Morning Star*, and in offices in Concord, Boston and elsewhere. In 1847 he started the *Thursday Sketcher* at Great Falls. Three years afterwards he went to New York City and began his long career as a journalist. At the time of his death, which occurred in 1886, Mr. Wood was attached to the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*. A book from his pen, entitled "The Wharves of New York at Midnight," was in press at his decease.

THE WORTH OF BAUBLES.

A sailor on an iceberg, lone,
 Afloat within the frigid zone,
 Mid Alps of ice and icing snow.
 Where winds that chill forever blow,
 Sank helpless, under torpor given
 By icebergs 'neath the polar heaven.

And as he sank, he spied afar
 A thing that glittered as a star,
 And, scrambling o'er the slimy ice,
 Grasped the great diamonds of rich price,
 And rusty gold, of value rare,
 The record of some shipwreck there.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "and these shall give
 The warmth and bread I need to live!
 These, these in princely hands shall gleam
 While I rejoice on fortune's stream!
 But, heavens! there are no princes here!
 This, this is worse than worthless gear!"

"Were diamonds charred to coke again,
 And gold but fire, Promethean,
 Then I could make a royal turn!
 O how I'd have these brilliants burn!
 But, here are diamonds, icy cold;
 Here is not warmth, nor bread, but gold!"

In anger and contempt he threw
 Those jewels into ocean's blue,
 And sank upon the ice, and then
 Relapsed into despair again;
 E'en while world's wealth lay at his side
 He sank, and of starvation died.

COURAGE FOREVER.

What we do, let's do with boldness;
 What we know, let's speak for aye!
 And respect naught for its oldness
 If it be not right to-day.

What is right, with will is power;
 Truth is truth, and must prevail;
 And true courage for an hour
 Often is of great avail./

Naught is gained by coward groaning
 Under each mishap and ill;
 Give us men not always moaning—
 Men of nerve and iron will.

Firmly stand to Freedom's calling,
 Battling to defend the right—
 Fainting not though scenes appalling
 Startle others' timid sight.

Susan Smith Nason.

ady was born in the town of Westbrook—Saccarappa—Jan. 17, 1828, and there her childhood was passed. At an early age she was sent to the seminary at Gor-., where young pupils could receive a common-school education before entering higher course of study. She was always glad when "composition week" came, because it was much easier to write a transposition, or essay upon any given subject to translate Latin fables, or to parse "Paradise Lost," even. Knowing this, the Principal of that institution advised her to become an author; but, having a preference for music, and better qualified for that work, it was finally adopted session, though supplemented by occasional contributions to the press. As most work was in the form of stories, book reviews, etc., it can readily be inferred few poems which have now and then appeared from her pen were sent adrift on of literature not as *poetry* in the true sense of that word, but rather as the outcome thought or feeling that found expression in a *poetical form*, perhaps, and their way into that special department of light reading known as the "Poet's

RETROSPECTION.

On the shore of isle-gemmed Casco Bay

 Stately and fair to see,

Stands the beautiful city that I love;—

 O Queen of the Bay is she!

Level and wide are her pleasant streets,

 O'ershadowed in summer days

By oak and maple, and grand old elms,

Through whose green branches the sunlight sends

 Its shimmering, golden rays.

But now are city and sea and wold

 Embalmed in a light divine,

That shines o'er woodland and vine-clad hills

While smiling Ceres her chalice fills

 To the brim with ruby wine.

Grand and stately her public hall,

 And the churches of worship, where

Through aisle and chancel glad anthems ring,

While votive gifts God's people bring

 To the altar of praise and prayer.

* * * * *

I remember a summer fair and bright

 As the roseate flush of dawn,

When the beautiful things of earth did lie

Under a blue and cloudless sky,

 With the light of heaven thereon.

And lo! on Mem'ry's storied page

 Are pictures quaintly set;

While forms familiar, and faces rare,

And the welcome footsteps on the stair—

 I see, and hear them yet.

But O, the story I might have told!
The romance that came to be—
What time the roses were all abloom
Till they drooped on the passionate heart of June—
The light of my life to me!

That light has faded and fled for aye;
On the desolate shore I stand;
For a ship went over the Western sea,
And a grave is all that remains to me—
A grave in a foreign land.

And now, though years have passed away,
I oft hear, as of yore,
The muffled roar of the busy street,
The ceaseless patter of hurrying feet
That passed my open door.

And oft I seem to see and hear
The sea at night, and the curlews call;
While over the city that lies asleep
The stars their silent vigils keep,
With God's peace over all.

ESTRANGED.

We stood beside the flowing river,
My love and I;
A stately ship with flag and pennons flying
Went sailing by.

Low in the Eastern skies a golden crescent
Shone like a star;
While zephyrs soft, with incense sweetly laden,
Came from afar.

We spoke of by-gone days, of friends departed
To their long rest;
Of a lone grave by kindly strangers tended
In the far West.

Of this and that theology and ism,
Science and art,
We calmly spoke as if no wide abyss
Held us apart.

Of this and that;—of things we little cared for,
All had their share;
But ah, the tender words we might have spoken
Found no expression there.

The moonlit bay, the night in all its beauty
Before us lay unseen;
We only felt how sure and near the ending
Of our love-dream;—

Of hopes that might have made our separation
Less hard to bear,
Though years should pass ere we two, reunited,
One home could share.

The hours sped on, then with her colors flying,
The ship but touched the land;—
One mute embrace—the last—and I was praying
Alone upon the strand.

A NEW ERA.

“What shall the harvest be” in this new cycle?

Ah, who can say?

What valiant deeds shall mark the coming era,

Or work begun to-day?

For men have many ways to solve life’s problem;
Some trust to chance—or fate;

While others, on the “promised word” relying,
Bravely work on and—wait!

Your brother reaps and gathers in his harvest,
And deems his part complete;

While you with patient hands are deftly sifting
Tares from the wheat.

What though your friend has won the cross of honor
In one short night,

While you with aching feet are slowly toiling
From height to height?

What though to win a cause for which you’ve labored
Early and late,

You give, but give in vain—a lifetime service,
Its truth to vindicate?

Be not dismayed, nor deem your labor wasted,
 "Take heart of grace;"
 Not always to the strong belongs the battle,
 Nor to the swift the race.

Shall not the noble deeds here unrecorded
 By pen or tongue
 In His great Book, wherein all things are written,
 Be numbered, one by one?

Remember this, ye who are daily striving
 With heart and hand,
 By word and act some kindly means devising
 To help your brother man.

O tried and true! who sit in earth's high places
 To do the peoples' will,
 Let time record on history's future pages
 Some great design fulfilled.

And while our "Ship of State" is onward sailing
 Upon time's flowing sea,
 O, let the colors* at her mast-head flying
 Your true credentials be.

John Walker May.

John W. May was born in Winthrop, January, 1828, and is the son of the late Hon. Seth May, who was for many years Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine. John W. is a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1852, and the first year after leaving college he was an instructor in Baltimore, Md., in what was styled Newton University. He then pursued legal studies with his father, and was admitted to the bar in 1855, and entered upon professional practice in Winthrop. In 1863 he removed to Lewiston, where he has an office, and resides in Auburn. He has held the position of register in bankruptcy; is much liked by the members of the Androscoggin Bar for his genial characteristics, and at their request published a unique volume of legal and local reminiscences, in 1864, under the title, "Inside the Bar." This book contains verses of artistic merit, as well as humorous and rollicking lines, and is a very acceptable addition to the literature of Maine. Mr. May was married, in 1869, to Harriet Blaine, daughter of Dr. H. L. K. Wiggin, of Auburn.

OUR AUBURN.

Ours is a city, but not by the sea
 Where the stately ships sail by,
 Where the blue waves dance when the winds are free,
 And the yachts like sea-gulls fly.

*The colors that float from the mast-head should be the credentials of our seamen.—
HENRY CLAY.

Ours is a city remote from the shore
Where the thundering surges break
O'er jagged rocks with a deaf'ning roar,
Till the deep foundations shake.

Nor dwell we where the mountains grand
Lift up to the vaulted sky
Their lofty summits o'erlooking the land
Where our possessions lie.

But the river is ours, and it flows serene
Through a landscape passing fair;
By its winding shores the valleys are green,
And they smile with the husbandman's care.

And though but a remnant remains to-day
Of the forests that gloomed around
In the ancient time, and stretched away
To the far horizon's bound;

Yet scattered groups by river and hill
Of the dark green pines of old
Are blending their sombre shadows still
In the picture we behold.

Shadows unchanged, though the maple woods
Are changing their emerald hues
To crimson and gold, and the sunshine floods
Their banners with glories profuse.

Behold, what vistas on either shore
Of the beautiful river unveil!
How the waters reflect as they flow evermore
Panoramas whose charms never fail.

The grandeur is ours of the cataract, too,
When the river leaps up in its might
With a torrent uncurbed and terrific to view,
And a voice like the thunder at night;

Gathering volume and force as it bounds o'er the rocks
Far down to the chasm below;
Foaming white in its vengeance which maddens and mocks
At all barriers opposed to its flow.

Here nestling cosily down by the bank
Our city lies with the falls in view,
And suburbs close to their western flank
And the gorge where the floods pass through.

And the elms and the maples line each street,
 And the spires mount up to the sky,
 While the western heights with the oak woods greet
 And captivate the eye.

Who shall say that our words proclaim
 But a boast which the truth belies ?
 No fairer town with a beautiful name
 Is under New England skies.

THE ADVENT OF THE SNOW.

Again ye come, ye feathery forms
 Of the white untrodden snow;
 Shaken from wings of the mountain cloud,
 Ye cover the earth with a crystal shroud,
 And ye bring us merriment now.

Ye come—O how softly at first ye come,
 Bright messengers from the sky!
 I watch your coming, but listen in vain
 For the rustle of wings at the window pane,
 As your marshaled hosts go by.

Ye fall in the nooks where the violets bloomed,
 Through the leafless boughs ye sift,
 And ye load the arms of the evergreens down,
 With a clustering load as they struggle and groan
 'Neath the stress of the fleecy drift.

For the winds are hushed, and ye gather and cling
 Wherever ye chance to alight,—
 On trellis and post and garden wall,
 Assuming shapes grotesque and tall,
 Like the frost-spirit's imps at night.

And the brown hills sleep 'neath the counterpane white,
 Which ye spread the wide waste o'er:
 But ye force from my heart a sorrowful sigh,
 As ye strew the grave mounds white where lie
 The dear ones gone before.

Whence do ye come, O beautiful flakes !
 And where is your crystalline home ?
 Are ye wrought in the sky where ye silently rove,
 Or wafted to earth from some heaven above,
 Whence types of the beautiful come ?

Are ye born of the ocean mists afar,
Are ye flung from the wide sea's foam?
Or is it from realms of the polar night
Ye have taken your long and wearisome flight,—
Tell me whence do ye come?

What mission is yours from the upper skies,
What message to earth do ye bring?
Have ye no lesson, nought to say
Of the Power that works in such wonderful way
To fashion each crystalline wing?

We know that your delicate workmanship
Is frail and ephemeral too,—
That the sparkling bars in each crystal thread,
Soon trampled and crushed by a thoughtless tread,
Are lost to our idle view.

Do ye teach us thus the glories will fade,
Of that far-off, unseen world;
To whose portal bright beyond the skies
We yearningly strain our mortal eyes
For a glimpse of the light unfurled?

Ah, no, not such the lesson ye bring,
Bright messengers from the sky!
Though the fashion of earth dissolve and pass
From our clouded view, like withering grass,
We know, in that world on high,

That decay and death and change prey not
On the treasures there in store;
And we wait with a love that cannot wait
To press dear hands grown chill of late,
Which beckon from the shining shore.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

“A merry Christmas,” did you say?
Ah, such it were if one wee face
Could answer back our smiles to-day,
And lisp papa, mamma! But nay,
With us there is a vacant place.

That little chair, a year ago,
Held its sweet treasure at our board;
It hath been vacant months, we know,
But yet to-day it grieves us so
We cannot speak one merry word.

Only a year! We had no thought
 So brief would be the baby's stay;
 Her little hands flew up and caught
 The joy with which our hearts were fraught,
 On that her only Christmas day.

Where art thou, darling of our love ?
 What merry Christmas now is thine ?
 Do kindred arms in heaven above
 Enfold thee with a parent's love
 And clasp thee, child of mine ?

If thou art happy, why not we ?
 Here joy and grief sit side by side
 To join the general jubilee.
 Ah, yes! but still our thoughts must be
 Of one not here this Christmas-tide.

Appleton Oaksmith.

Appleton Oaksmith, son of Seba Smith ("Major Jack Downing") and Elizabeth C. Smith, was born March 22, 1828, in Portland, Me. His parents removed to New York when he was twelve years of age. He followed the sea in early life and was a brave gallant commander. He afterward carried on a shipping business in New York, and at that time lost a fortune in lending assistance to the Cuban patriots. He removed to North Carolina after the close of the Civil War, where he represented his county in the General Assembly, and filled many local offices of trust, and was always a leading man in his section. He was possessed of great beauty of person and most agreeable manners, always making many warm friends everywhere. He wrote many sketches and articles, and many poems that have been highly praised by the critics. His poem entitled "Maggie Bell" was greatly admired, and has been reprinted many times. He died on October 26, 1887, and was buried at his old home - Hollywood, Carteret Co., North Carolina.

THE LITTLE STRAW HAT.

We all of us have our secret hoard
 Of things that we cherish and tenderly prize—
 Things that are neither of value or rare,
 Or for which any one else would care,
 Yet priceless to us—and we keep them stored
 Far from the sight of all other eyes.

I have one treasure among my store,
 Which is dearer than all of the rest to me!
 You will smile mayhap with disbelief,
 Unless you have had the self-same grief;
 For the trifles of those who are no more,
 The loved and the lost grow precious to be.

Would you know what it is, so dear to my eyes,
And what so often will make them dim?
For it brings to mind the dear little head
That so long has slept with the loved ones dead,
'Tis nothing—this thing that I so much prize—
But a little straw hat with a ragged brim.

I often unlock the closet door
And bring it tenderly forth to the light;
The ribbon is faded, 'tis torn and old,
But no one could buy it with gold untold;
And many a time on the chamber floor
I have wept and kissed it half the night.

I love it only as a mother can love
The simple things of her little dead;
I prize it as only a mother can prize
The things so worthless in other eyes;
For it symbols the crown that I know above
Covers the little one's head.

With streaming eyes I can often see
The sweet little face in the sunlight glow,
Looking forth from the ragged brim
With the saucy glance—so sweet in him,
When he used to romp in the grass with me,
In the summers so long ago.

The little one had his holiday dress,
With a hat that was very fine and grand;
But it never to me was half so dear
As the one I have cherished for many a year,
For my lips the very spot can press
Where 't was torn by the little hand.

I have diamonds rare, and many a gem,
With which sometimes my hair I trim,
When forth in the world I am forced to go,
To mix with the mockery and show:
But there's none that I prize—not all of them—
Like the little straw hat with the ragged brim.

We are told that earth's treasures we must not hoard,
Where moth doth corrupt and rust doth dim;
Yet this is but a memento I love
Of the priceless treasure I have above;
It is not for it my tears are poured—
This little straw hat with the ragged brim.

CHANGE.

My lady-love so cold has grown
 I cannot meet her eye
 But that my heart sinks like a stone,
 And I but wish to die.
 There was a time when her dear glance
 Was warmer than the sun;
 But now my love hath little chance
 For hope to dwell upon.

"Why hath she changed?" I ask the winds
 Which pass me kindly by;
 But each dead leaf the cause reminds,
 And *all things* make reply.
 I wander in the woods at eve,
 And watch the dead leaves fall,
 And chide myself that I should grieve
 For what doth come to all.

"Change, change," is written everywhere
 Upon the earth and sky;
 We breathe it with life's morning air,
 We live it when we die.
 Then wherefore should I grieve that *she*
 Acteth so well her part,
 Since greater change can never be
 Than in a woman's heart!

FORGET ME NOT.

I walked adown the garden walk
 To bid my love good-bye,
 And as I passed the rose's stalk,
 What should my eyes espouse
 But, nestled like a brooding dove
 In some sequestered spot,
 The very thing I told my love—
 A dear "Forget-me-not!"

I stooped and plucked the little flower;
 He said, "What do you seek?"
 I answered, "In the twilight hour
 Let *this*, love, for me speak?"
 I twined it softly in his breast,
 His arms were round me furled,
 And as I leaned upon his breast
 He said I was "his world."

His sword was girt upon his thigh,
His plume waved in the breeze,
And all the twilight seemed to sigh
Among the garden trees!
I looked into his eyes and felt
As happy as maidens feel,
When first two loving spirits melt
In one, for woe or weal.

He drew me closer to his heart,
My hand was on his breast;
He said, "My love! though now we part,
This heart can never rest
Until I bring you back your flower,
And claim, where now we stand,
In some sweet future twilight hour,
This darling little hand."

These were the words I heard him say—
The last I ever heard!
I saw him slowly ride away,
While not a step I stirred.
I could not move—I saw him turn
And kiss his hand to me,
Ah! how my spirit then did yearn
For what would never be.

This little casket that I wear
The rest can better tell—
A withered flower—a lock of hair,
A blood-stained word, "Farewell!"
They buried him upon the field,
Upon the battle-plain,
And life to me can never yield
A comfort to my pain.

I often, at the twilight hour,
Steal down the garden walk,
Where once I plucked the little flower
Beneath the rose's stalk;
And when I reach the wicker gate,
And no one else is nigh,
I almost think I see him wait,
As then, to say "Good-bye."

And sometimes, when the shadows creep
 Along the garden-wall,
 I hear a voice which makes me weep
 Out of the darkness call;
 It seems to say, as still I stand
 Upon the same old spot,
 "I'm waiting for that little hand,
 My dear—Forget-me-not!"

BOOT AND SADDLE.

Boot and saddle! the bugles ring:
 Boot and saddle!
 Come, comrades, from your slumbers spring,
 The drums are beating from wing to wing,
 The bugle the morn is welcoming!—
 But a different welcome the night will bring
 To those who boot and saddle.

Boot and saddle! the Captain cries:
 Boot and saddle!
 He dreams not now of his lady's eyes;
 Perchance he dreams that the foeman flies,
 And hears Fame's morning trumpet-cries!—
 But night will bring him Fame's disguise:
 He'll no more boot and saddle.

Boot and saddle! the Sergeants shout:
 Boot and saddle!
 The morn has put night's lanterns out:
 "The foe! the foe!" hoarse bawls the scout,
 Riding all bloody to the redoubt:—
 He never will see that foeman's rout;
 He'll no more boot and saddle.

Boot and saddle! the troopers roar:
 Boot and saddle!
 Dream no more of the girls you adore;
 'T will be but a day that they'll deplore
 The lads who campward will ride no more,
 When this day's iron storm is o'er;
 Who'll no more boot and saddle.

Samuel John Pike.

Pike was a native of Newbury, Mass., born April 23, 1828. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1847, in the class that furnished several distinguished civil engineers, whom we may mention Chas. W. Barrett, formerly engineer in Portland, I. S. Metcalf, who has been connected with various railroads, and Henry D. Whitcomb, of East Bowdoin chief engineer of the famous Kanawha Co. Mr. Pike was one of the finest that any Maine college has educated. After leaving Bowdoin, he went to Dover, and following in the steps of his father, a well-known teacher of his day, gave himself to the same calling. He remained some five years in Dover, and while there had published in the *New York Literary American* several poems of great merit, which was "The Better Land." From Dover he went to New York, and was received by Mason and Brothers as critic and translator. He held a tutorship in Bowdoin College in 1852-53, was head master of several High Schools, and delivered orations at commencement and other occasions. His death occurred in Boston, Nov. 6, 1861.

THE BETTER LAND.

As pilgrims, faint and weary, lift we up our tearful eyes
To radiant bourn and blissful, whitherward our journey lies;
Land on groping Reason glimmering dimly and afar,
To Faith's clear gaze it shineth like a fixed, unwaning star.

No blinding beams of noontide on the vision flash and glow:
Midnight never cometh with her foot-falls hushed and slow,
Darkening brilliance floateth on the waves of holy air,
Ed by the smile eternal, which our Father deigns to wear.

The verdure fadeth never, and the odors never die;
Beneath unwilting blossoms piercing thorns may never lie;
Softer and diviner than from earthly lyres hath rolled,
High angelic utterance breaketh, and from quivering cords of gold.

The greenness of the meadows, sweet still waters smile and sleep,
Whose fragrant, rosy margin countless angels vigils keep
Souls by sin untainted, by temptation purified,
Through grief and patience strengthened in beatitude abide,

A dove of snowy plumage, brooding on her leafy nest,
In sacred beauty resteth, deep in every saintly breast;
Hath found the dazzling splendor of her grandest day outshone,
Through every bosom thrilleth joy that sense hath never known.

That tremble on the lashes in affliction's keenest hours
As dews of summer evenings, on the thirsty lips of flowers,
Shining, when daylight cometh, or but briefly lingering,
They may uncounted jewels round the glistening blossoms fling.

To sight hath been perfected; love new fervor hath attained;
Tly doubt and fear have perished in the heart where once they reigned.
Ring crowns adorn each forehead by the thorns of sorrow torn,
He wears the whitest raiment who the heaviest cross hath borne.

We from that fair land are sundered by a river deep and wide,
 Whose chill waves dash nearer to us like an ocean's pulsing tide;
 Day by day, beneath the billows hosts go down, who rise no more
 Till the unreturning current bears them to the heavenly shore.

There, in mansions God hath builded, evermore unperishing,
 Chant they hymns of loftiest measure to their Maker, Saviour, King,
 Who in mercy hath his creatures with eternal dwellings blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Wandering pilgrims, faint and weary, lift we up our tearful eyes,
 To the radiant bourn and blissful, whitherward our journey lies;
 While her pinions lithe and buoyant Hope unfurls to waft the soul
 From the depths of its despondence to the glories of its goal.

Henry Wheelock Ripley.

Henry Wheelock Ripley was born in Fryeburg, Oxford County, Me., June 30, 1823. Was educated at Fryeburg Academy; is the only surviving one of six sons of the late Gen. James Wheelock Ripley, a native of Hanover, N. H., and Member of Congress three terms, from 1826 to 1831, from the 2d District of Maine, and Collector of Customs for the District of Eastport and Passamaquoddy from 1831 to 1835, under President Jackson's Administration; a nephew of Gen. Eleazer Wheelock Ripley of the War of 1812, who fought the last battle between the United States and England at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane in 1814, and was also a Member of Congress from the New Orleans District of Louisiana from 1826 to 1832, and great-grandson of Eleazer Wheelock, founder and first President of Dartmouth College and of Wheelock's Indian School. Removed to Portland, Me., in 1844, and from there to Charleston, S. C., in 1848. In 1859, before the breaking out of the late Civil War, removed again to Portland. In politics like his ancestors, the Wheelocks, Ripleys and Osgoods, a life-long Democrat of the Jeffersonian-Jackson type.

NORTH CONWAY.

Brightest of gems that nestle 'mong the hills,
 Whose fadeless beauties shine on every hand;
 I see thee 'midst the touch of summer's smile,
 Breathing in fragrance sweet o'er all the land.

Behold thy mountains lifting high their heads,
 To catch the glowing light of early dawn;
 While every charm that fills the human soul,
 Comes stealing o'er the glories of the morn.

The lovely valley sleeps in sweet repose,
 The hum of busy life is hushed and still;
 No sounds discordant fill the listening ear,
 Or dim the songs that come from every hill.

O nature fair! thine everlasting hand,
Here gives the light and glory of thy charms;
And, like a loving mother for her child,
With true devotion clasps thee to her arms.

Farewell! when life's short race is done,
And all of brightest earthly scenes are o'er,
O may I catch one distant gleam of thee,
In lingering love from out the silent shore.

WHEN WRAPPED IN DREAMS.

When wrapped in dreams at night's still hour,
In visions bright I see
The glowing light of by-gone years
Return once more to me.

A lingering love is mine again,
To live each bright scene o'er,
And stronger bind in closer ties
The loving hearts of yore.

To see each face and look the same,
With hearts to friendship true;
I would not lose a world of old,
To change it for a new.

And yet, methinks, it is not all
Of friendly heart or love
That wafts our sweetest blessings here,
From that bright realm above.

Life is a mystery like a dream,
Unfolding every hour,
With gleams of sunlight peering through
The softly falling shower.

The spring-time gives its glowing charms,
And summer's sun shines bright;
While autumn's moon in beauty blends
With winter's starry night.

The world in which we live and move
Is ours to keep in trust,
Until we lay our burdens down,
To sleep in silent dust.

Hope is the ever shining star
That guides our longing sight;
The brightest flower within the heart
Is consciousness of right.

MUSIC.

There is a power which God has given,
Deep buried in the human soul;
It gives its sweetness like the flowers,
Beyond the heart's control.

We hear it in our infant life,
In simple song on mother's knee;
And feel its tender, soothing touch,
Through all her love and constancy.

'T is Music's charm that leads us on,
Amidst the din of earthly strife;
And, in our swift-declining years,
Brings back the sunny hours of life.

We love it in the waking dawn,
And in the quiet hours of night;
It lights our troubles like a star,
And gives the heart a pure delight.

O Music! let thy loving sounds
In all thy glorious notes be given;
And may this sacred gift to earth
Be ours upon the harps of heaven.

Alonzo Jackson Grover.

Alonzo J. Grover was born in Bethel, Aug. 26, 1828. His father was a farmer, though—according to a sketch in "The History of Chicago," from which this biography is condensed—attaining to some military preferment, of moderate means and a numerous family. He married Miss Sophronia Bryant, of Portland, a distant relative of the poet of that name. Alonzo was the second son of the family, a boy of push, who, after purchasing his time of his father, entered Gould's Academy in his native town, where he fitted himself for college in an unusually short time. He, however, decided not to enter college, and on leaving the academy commenced the study of law in Bethel, and was admitted to the Bar at Portland, in 1853. Becoming deeply interested in the anti-slavery cause, he lectured for the society of which Wm. Lloyd Garrison was president, traveling through the New England States lecturing and attending conventions. He formed an intimate acquaintance with Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Parker Pillsbury, Samuel J. May, and all the principal workers in the anti-slavery movement. In 1853 he removed to Illinois, and that year assisted in forming the first Republican organization in his county. In 1855 he was mobbed at Earlville for harboring a fugitive slave. Besides his professional work, Mr. Grover writes and lectures on reformatory enterprises, and many of his articles have been published. He established, and for some years edited, the *Earlville Transcript*, and has been an editorial contributor for several years to the *Chicago Sentinel*, and other publications. He was the author of the famous plank in the Republican platform of 1868, against repudiation, etc., aided in inaugurating what is known as the Greenback Party, stumping his native State. With his own hand he knocked in the head of the first barrel of rum destroyed under the "Maine Liquor Law" of 1851. His first wife was Octavia E. Norton, also a native of Maine. They have four sons, the eldest of whom is in business in Chicago, and the second is an artist of unusual merit. Mr. Grover's home is now at Muscotah, Kansas.

LINES FOR A SILVER WEDDING.*

The clock of love marks five and twenty years;
They span the morning and the noon of life;
They hold the hopes, the fears, the joys, the tears,
That sum up life, of husband and of wife.

If dreams shall fade not, but change into truth,—
If hope foresees, and tears are not in vain,—
If manhood gain the high ideal of youth,
And reach the lofty heights it would attain,—

With love must man's ambition be inspired,
And love must fill his heart full to the brim;
His wife must be all that his soul desired;
Her highest hopes must be fulfilled in him.

When passion blind shall turn to purpose pure,
And finest gold of thought be purged from dross,
'T is only then that earthly love is sure,
And, perfect grown, can bear earth's sorest loss.

And if the clock of love shall mark again
An equal span, 't will bring the golden score;
Though youthful strength be spent, there will remain
The wealth of love laid up by them in store.

When, in the tranquil eve of wedded life,
The evening shadows on your path grow long,
Cling closer, husband! closer nestle, wife!
Long years of constant love to you belong.

As steps of feeble age must weaker grow,
And brown hair turn to gray, and eyes grow dim,
Love's pure and steady flame will brighter glow,—
Cling to her closer! closer cling to him!

The way will steeper grow, the sun sink low,
The vale of years grow dim, and dark, and chill.
Cling closer to each other as you go
Together trudging slowly down the hill.

The clouds from gray will soon to crimson turn,
And light up all the twilight of your sky;
The gates of closing day will glow and burn
As hope foretells love's immortality.

*Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Warren, of Hillsdale, Ill., on their Silver Wedding-day, March 10, 1894.

The larger, fuller life beyond the grave
Eternal mates and riper love shall know,
The garnered good of earthly life shall save,
The ripened fruitage of love here below.

THE SEASON IN THE COUNTRY.

I love to muse these pensive days,
The Indian summer through,
And climb the hills and tread the ways
In boyhood's haunts anew.

A thousand voices of the air,
The sea, the earth, the sky,
Enchanting whisper to me there,
Like spirits from on high.

The falling leaves speak mournfully,
The fading flowers sigh;
The sea pours forth grand minstrelsy,
Benignant smiles the sky.

The beauteous hills bedeck themselves
In scarlet, gray and gold;
Green laurel droops and ivy clings
O'er cragged rocks and old.

The mountains rise in grandeur up
Above the ocean's beds,
And sombre clouds their curtains loop
In beauty round their heads.

The birds ring out their parting songs,
The brooks run laughing by,
The squirrels in the chestnut woods
Gather their stores on high.

The speckled trout and darting pike
In shallow waters spawn;
The bobolink's metallic notes
Are tinkling in the lawn.

The farmer in the orchard shakes
The golden apples down,
Or in the meadow ample ricks
Of gathered hay will crown.

The partridge on his drumming log
 The listening sportsman hears;
 And lo! a musket's sharp report,
 Resounding, strikes my ears.

I see and hear all these, and more,
 Through autumn's dreamy haze,
 And long to drop the added years
 Since childhood's happy days.

CONSTANCY.

How shall I tell you, dearest Love,
 My love grows stronger, day by day;
 How earth beneath and sky above
 Are light with love's divinest ray?

Thy constant heart is like the sun;
 My saddened life it warms and cheers.
 Thy changeless love, my faithful one!
 Revives my hopes and dries my tears.

And stronger yet, with purer flame,
 Our love shall glow, with latest breath;
 While falt'ring lips may breathe a name,
 Or snatch love's final kiss from death.

Shall love survive when lips are cold?
 When fades to dust the rosy cheek?
 'Tis God's great secret, yet untold,
 Which mortal tongue may never speak.

Marcella Melville Hall Hines.

Marcella Melville Hall was born at Hartford, Me., Dec. 3, 1828. She was married to Joseph W. Hines, Aug. 29, 1847, and spent the first years of her wedded life in Boston, afterwards returning to Aroostook. She has three children, all favorably known as ready writers. Her father, Winslow Hall, was among the few brave-hearted men who founded the "Liberty Party." He moved to that part of Aroostook now known as Caribou in 1843. Nearly all her first published poems found place in the *Liberty Standard*, receiving flattering commendations from its editor, Austin Willey; she also wrote for many other papers and magazines. The first newspaper in Aroostook, published in Presque Isle in 1857, received generous contributions from her pen, under various *noms de plume*, her favorite signature being "Flora Wildwood." When the request that she would take her place among the "Poets of Maine" reached her, Mrs. Hines was spending the winter in the South; hence she was obliged to refer the matter of choice among her poems to her daughters who, although fulfilling the charge to the best of their ability, yet feel that a better selection might have been made by less interested persons. Nearly all of her poems have a personal significance which a stranger might not detect, but which endears them to the hearts of those who know the incidents which called them forth. She might, if she would, have won greater fame and fortune by her pen; but, possessed of a retiring disposition, her life has been devoted to those who know and, knowing, love her best. It may truly be said of her that, in all the relations of life, for loving friends or for needy strangers, "She hath done what she could."

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER ?

Such the motto fondly chosen
 Only yesterday—inwrought
 With each rain-bow tinted letter
 Brighter hues of loving thought.
 Home was always home with mother,
 Could there be a truer, better?
 Came a message, anguish-fraught,
 Saying, "Death hath claimed thy mother!"

What is home without a mother ?
What is sky without a sun ?
What is ocean without water ?
What is life when death hath won ?
What is home without a mother ?
 Well we know, who have sought her
 Through the lone rooms, one by one,
 Home, ah me! home without mother!

Once at lightest touch of sorrow,
 Grief of heart or care of brain,
 "Mother" bore the balm of healing,
 Soothed the sorrow, stilled the pain.
 Patient, tender, blessed mother!
 Came to her all sad hearts, feeling
 They would not ask cheer in vain;
 Dear, unselfish, noble mother!

Now, like avalanche the burden,
 And we cannot hear her prayer,
 Feel her touch, though we are kneeling
 Close beside her vacant chair;
 O my mother! O my mother!
 It were joy beyond revealing
 Could we see her sitting there!
 What is home without my mother?

Hush! what was that breath-like whisper,
 What those words, like mother's own?
 "Look above in thy beseeching,
 God is love - then cease to moan."
 Brave, pure-hearted Christian mother,
 By her life such lessons teaching,
 She shall reap as she hath sown—
 Home shall be in heaven with mother.

CHURNING.

AND WHAT BRIDGET THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

nto the churn fast falleth the cream
ry drop quite alike doth seem,
never, amid such a general splutter,
I tell for the life of me which is the butter.
fasten the cover, and lift the dash,
smile as I list to the sullen splash
h each downward sweep of that merciless lash—
le the cream, all defenseless, leaps madly away
n the rough, cruel blows that unceasingly play!
there's no escape, though it rise to the top
own to the bottom despairingly drop;
a ready tormentor is on its track,
sooner or later, will bring it back.
tired of retreating, the mass will abide
more of such warfare, all on one side;
I angrily mutters, in whisperings low,
> more of such peltings will I undergo
missively, tamely—the future shall tell
lows I must take, I can give them as well;
them strike if they choose, they'll recoil from the fun,
the soft, silly buttermilk only will run."
ugh, quite enough, take the dasher away—
it was cream in the morning is butter to-day.

so with the world, mused I in my turn,
took the rich butter up out of the churn,
soft cream thus changed to so solid a ball
rong hand was needed to mould it at all,—
. so with the world, small odds can be scanned,
le the skies are unclouded, the breezes are bland
. a huge jar of cream, till there comes an hour
ommotion, fierce trial with testing power!
then, even then the resemblance holds true,
the world has its butter and buttermilk, too,
ll cream is not butter, so in the world's plan—
moral is plain, if but rightly you scann:
ety's buttermilk ne'er makes a man!

KISS ME BEFORE YOU GO.

Your path lies over the hillside,
Out in the rain and the sleet,
Out in the world's wild turmoil
Where bustle and business meet;

And mine by the noiseless fireside,
Where the fanciful embers glow
With a curious, life-like motion,—
Kiss me before you go!

My quiet way will be haunted
With visions none other can see,—
Glances more precious than diamonds;
Smiles full of meaning to me;
The sound of a welcome footstep;
A whisper thrillingly low.—
Ah, thought will clasp memory closely!
Kiss me before you go!

For this world hath a thousand mischances,
And one of those chances may fall
That we two ne'er again in the firelight
Make one shadow upon the wall!
Then, yet once more, ere the parting,—
Alas! that it must be so—
Leave me a fond benediction,
Kiss me before you go!

SCANDAL.

A sallow beldam, from whose path
All sweet flowers shrink, fearing her wrath;
Withered and wrinkled, too, is she,
Like apple dried upon the tree;
Peak'd her nose, pointed her chin—
Her lips close-drawn and very thin,
So thin, so sharp when they are stirred,
They're keener than a two-edged sword;
And that is why, as logic teaches,
She always makes such cutting speeches;—
Her words glide through this narrow pass,
A strange, distorted, loathsome mass,
Creep out into the world, fell spies,
Assuming many a fair disguise;
And, when their fraud and flattery
Gain of one's thoughts the entrance-key,
Woe to that trusting human soul
Whose armor is not doubly whole.

BUILD UP THE WALL.

Two friends there were, who ever shared
 Each other's care and pleasure,
 For whom, when griefs no longer spared,
 Love filled the sinking measure.
 Their wishes, dreams, ambitions, one,
 One prayer their spirits making—
 That they might have, when night came on,
 One sleep and one awaking.

A foolish thing, that forth again
 A look, a word had driven,
 Made wider distance and more pain
 Than death each tie had riven;
 What though their paths be gloomy, all,
 And each a weary rover?
 Build higher still the angry wall—
 Let neither one look over.

Silvanus Hayward.

Rev. Silvanus Hayward was born in Gilsum, N. H., Dec. 3, 1828. His mother was first cousin to the late William Cullen Bryant. He fitted for college at home and graduated at Dartmouth in 1853. He then engaged in teaching, and was preceptor of several academies in New Hampshire and Vermont. Having been approved as a candidate for the ministry, he supplied the pulpit of the Second Church, in New Ipswich, N. H., nine months. He was ordained in Dunbarton, Oct. 9, 1861, and preached in that town until May, 1, 1866, at which time he was dismissed, and May 11, of the same year, was installed at South Berwick, this State, where he remained seven years, with great acceptance. Since then he has been Professor of Mathematics in Fiske University, at Nashville, Tenn., where he remained two years. From 1875 to 1880, he was engaged mostly in writing the History of Gilsum, N. H., which was published in 1881. He is now the Congregational pastor at Globe Village, Southbridge, Mass., and is also engaged in completing the History of Rochester, N. H., the originator of the work having died. In July, 1870, Mr. Hayward delivered at Dartmouth College, a poem, entitled, "Brass and Brains."

FOR THE DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

Ye who ope this book, beware!
 Let indifference never dare
 Stain the page that now is fair.

This is Friendship's holy shrine,
 Here Affection's tendrils twine,
 And from clusters of her vine
 Love shall press his golden wine.

Freely quaff that sparkling flood;
 'T is the heart's most precious blood;
 'T is the only earthly good.

May you, with those recorded here,
 Find its currents bright and clear,
 Unalloyed with bitter tear,

And beyond these clouded skies,
 When the eternal morn shall rise,
 Drink it pure in Paradise.

THRENODY.

O blessed Jesus! how my heart is yearning
 To clasp the darlings thou hast called away!
 With quenchless sorrow all my soul is burning
 To see, embrace, and hear them, if I may.
 How sweet the music of their happy voices!
 How dear the pattering of their feet at play!
 With ceaseless billows all my bosom tosses,
 Lorn of the darlings thou hast called away.

I know that from all earthly storms defended
 Like tender lambs they lie upon thy breast;
 No more they weep; all childish griefs are ended;
 Safe folded in thy loving arms they rest.
 But, Lord, my eyes are dim with mists of sadness;
 My faith is weak, and darkness blots the day;
 I cannot see the beauty and the gladness
 That crown the darlings thou hast called away.

Lord, touch my sightless eyes that upward turning
 Still fail with longing their delights to see,
 That healed and cleansed they may, with faith's discerning—
 Look on the mansions where they rest with thee.
 Let the dark pinions of this sorrow nearer
 Bring thee, O Saviour! to my soul, I pray;
 Sweeter the richness of thy love and dearer
 Because my darlings thou hast called away.

Shrouded in darkness, drinking down the bitter,
 Thy love can sweeten every scalding drop;
 Thy smile can make the murky midnight glitter
 With the bright dawning of eternal hope.
 Through life's slow cadence never more forsaken,
 O lead me in thy loving steps each day,
 Till with thy likeness satisfied I waken,
 And find the darlings thou hast called away.

Mary Hathaway Rowe.

This lady, daughter of the late Leonard and Lucy C. Hathaway, was born in Paris, Jan. 6, 1829. She taught school before her marriage, and has written interesting articles for reunions, family gatherings and other special occasions. She married Ellery W. Rowe, of Woodstock, and has resided many years in Portland. Her life has been saddened by the loss of several children, one of whom, Carrie M. Rowe, was a graduate of the Portland High School, "a young lady," says the Historian of Paris, "distinguished for her amiability of character, and her scholarly attainments, and who was held in the highest esteem by a wide circle of friends." Mrs. Rowe composed the following lines on the occasion of revisiting the old homestead in Paris, which has passed from the family into the hands of strangers.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

**Home of my childhood, the last link is severed
That bound me to that spot I loved so well;
No more shall voice of kindred there recall me,
No more entice by friendship's magic spell.**

**- The voice that soothed the early griefs of childhood,
The willing hands that toil for me no more,
A mother's love, a father's kindly greetings;
All, all have crossed to yonder happy shore.**

**The weight of years is stamped upon my forehead,
The weight of grief sometimes too heavy seems;
But in my heart the home and joys of childhood
Are oft recalled by sweet and happy dreams. .**

**The rock that stood beneath the apple blossoms,
The brook that murmurs 'neath its shadows yet,
The tree our brother planted by the roses,
Are memories dear that I would ne'er forget.**

**The dear old woods that crowned the western hillside,
Whose sunset shadows waved around our home;
In school-days, warm and tired, oft have I rested
Beneath the spread of nature's emerald dome.**

**The woods are gone; a stranger's hand hath laid them;
We rest no more beneath their grateful shade,
But all the hills are there, as in our childhood,
On one more dear, a sister's grave was made.**

**As in a dream I hear the distant church bells,
Resounding where my youthful feet have trod;
In all besides, a sacred stillness reigneth;
Those Sabbath days so dear, so near to God!**

**I see the brook and hear the river's murmur,
Mingling with songs of birds and matin chimes;
But list in vain for loved and kindred voices,
For they who walked with me now live in brighter climes.**

**Beyond the hills and woods, beyond their shadows,
Beyond the clouds, tinted by sunset skies,
We there shall see our loved ones and be with them,
In brighter homes unseen by mortal eyes.**

Hezekiah Jordan Leavitt.

Mr. Leavitt was born in Naples, then a part of Baldwin, March 10, 1829. His father was one of the first settlers of that region. Being the youngest in a pretty large family, Mr. Leavitt received that "liberal education in chores," which Mr. Warner thinks indispensable to subsequent usefulness; but his other educational advantages were quite limited. He learned something in the common schools, but more by himself, and without a teacher. With few companions of his own age, and fewer of like tastes, he early formed an ardent attachment to natural objects, both animate and inanimate, and never lacked good company with the fields and woods about him. Without envying the glittering prizes won by others, he has felt it a kind lot that has given him his "little farm," and some modest inspiration of the Grecian muse. His ambition in life, as expressed by himself, has been "that in some way, and in some small degree, the world may be the better and the happier for my having lived in it." He married Miss Mary Barker Russell, of Newry, Me., May 16, 1850. His home in Naples, Me., commands a beautiful view of Long Lake, with its bright and far-spread waters, its gracefully indented shores, and its picturesque hills clustering thickly about it.

LONG AGO.

Ye rolling years that evermore
 Are speeding silently!
 With rapid pace ye mark the space
 Betwixt my youth and me!
 But oft, with memory hand in hand,
 Whilst wandering to and fro,
 I journey to the happy land
 In the realm of Long Ago.

O who shall sing the matchless songs
 Of the joyous Long Ago?
 And who shall tell the loves that dwell
 In the blessed Long Ago?
 The loves that ne'er had doubt or fear
 When hearts no shadows knew,
 And hope's gay voice sang sweet and clear
 In the bowers of Long Ago!

Bright days of blissful ignorance,
 When all was fair and true;
 When life paused not to question aught,
 But trustful reveled through
 The golden day in dreamy play,
 While Time's deceitful flow
 Outbore us from the enchanted isles
 Of the glorious Long Ago!

O never smiles can be so bright
 As the smiles of Long Ago;
 And never friends so staunch and true
 As the friends of Long Ago!

Here's a mournful sigh for the joys that lie
In the far-off Long Ago!
Here's a song and a tear for the loved and dear
Of the blessed Long Ago!

CHARITY.

The oak that grows on the mountain
Has many a twist and crook,—
Stunted, and gnarled, and knotty,
With never a pleasant look;
For by every storm it is beaten,
And beset by every blast;
And the soil is cold and sterile
Wherein its roots are cast.

But the oak that grows in the valley
Is a fair and shapely tree;
Straight, and tall, and majestic
As ever an oak should be!
For 't is fed by the land's best fatness
And sheltered from every storm,
With never a blast of the mountain wind
To mar its graceful form.

Yet the stunted oak of the mountain
With as fair a form was blest,
When, a young and tender sapling,
It clung to its mother's breast;
And had it grown in the valley,
And been fanned by the tempered breeze,
High and wide it had towered in pride,
A giant among the trees!

A THOUGHT.

O what is life, that we should be
So wedded to a few brief years?
And what is death—the master-key
That opes the grandest mystery,—
That we should view with dread and tears?
'T is but to drop a weary quest,
To lay our useless garments by,
And fold the hands across the breast,
And close the eyes in peaceful rest,
And wake to immortality!

SONG OF YOUTH.

O youthful hours,—delightsome hours!
No clouds should change your light to gloom,
No time so fit to gather flowers
As when they are in bloom!
The sorrows that beset our life—
Full soon their burden we must bear,
If while the roses blossom rife
We hide away from care.
And doth not every preacher say
That life is but a narrow span,
And youth, at best, a summer's day?
Let us be happy when we can!

Old Age is stealing on apace,
Old Age, so sad—Old Age, so grim,
With wrinkles on his care-worn face,
And eyes so dull and dim!
The oaken staff he leans upon
Can scarce support his tottering frame,
And from his heart the fire is gone
That lit life's glorious flame.
Then ere his presence chills our powers,
And drives the sunshine from the day,
We'll make the most of youth's bright hours—
Let us be happy while we may!

SONG OF AGE.

Ah, hoary hairs! triumphal crown!
The last, the dearest gift of time,
We would not cast your glory down
For all the joys of youthful prime.
Could we, by wish, displace the years
Through which we've trod our pilgrimage,
And face again the hopes and fears
That meet us on life's opening stage,—
We'd scorn the wish, nor lift the veil
That dims the memories of the past;
Enough that we have trod the vale
And gained the heights at last.

Think not we view with envious glance
The fickle phantoms of delight
That for a little moment dance

In youth's bright path, then flee from sight;
Too well we know their emptiness—
 Too well we've proved their feeble power
To make life's weary burdens less,
 Or brighten the declining hour.
But we can sing of labors done,
 Of life's great mysteries overcome,
The long, long battle fought and won,
 And—we are almost home!

Harriet Selden Baker.

Miss Harriet S. Baker was born in Norridgewock, Sept. 11, 1829, and has always lived in her native town. She has been much of an invalid for many years, but possesses a cheerful temperament, is very fond of good literature, and many of her pieces, contributed to leading religious publications and family journals, are regarded as specimens of merit. Miss Baker has, also, for some time, written successfully in prose.

THE EMPTY "TRUNDE-BED."

"Mother, do n't you think it best,
 To sell our trundle-bed?
A neighbor just across the way
 Would like to buy, he said.

"Our children all are grown, and now
 For years have been away
From the old home, as man and maids,
 While *this* seems in the way!"

The husband's voice, though never harsh,
 Smote through the "gude wife's" heart
Like as a sword --and with her tears
 She whispered, "Do not part,

"Dear William, with this relic old,
 Of our bright youthful days;
When little children filled the house
 With all their childish ways.

"You can't forget when we at night
 Had each our pet lamb fed,
We'd gently lay them down to sleep
 On this same little bed.

"And ne'er so happy were we then
 As when we went to rest,
We'd look down on the darling face
 That sleeping looked so blest!

"True, they have left us—all—and now
In other lands yet roam;
But often, midst my household cares,
I fancy them at home.

"How plainly I can see our twins
Sleeping here side by side;
They seem yet *still* my 'little girls,'
Though one is now a bride.

"I see our light-haired Carl, and Em—
The little dark-brown heads
Of rougish Lou and 'little Dot'
In turn upon this bed!

"And O such memories fill the heart—
And young I seem to grow,
Forgetful that my auburn locks
Are now as white as snow!

"We cannot let it go. I'm sure
You do not think it best!"

"No, mother, no! I will deny
Our neighbor Hans' request.

"And strange it seems that I could part
With what brings now such joy;
This tender link that binds us to
Our girls and darling boy!

"Their little hands have one by one
Lain on this little bed;
Keep it? O yes, in memory of
The living and the *dead*."

LIFE'S KNITTING-WORK.

My knitting-work I laid aside
When the week was done;
But I took it up again
With Monday's rising sun.

Stitch by stitch, hour by hour,
Through the live-long day,
Do I go the many rounds
Of life's busy way.

But I find that I oft drop
Stitches, here and there,
From my tired hands that are
Burdened so with care.

But each stitch I patiently
Through the meshes draw;
Till my work is once again
Whole, without a flaw!

O that when my life shall close,
And all its acts laid bare,
It might all be found complete—
Perfect everywhere,—

A well-rounded life that should
Receive our Lord's bequest:
"Well done, Faithful, enter in
To my promised rest!"

DARKENED PARLORS.

e the lattice,
ie windows high;
summer breezes
're flitting by.

cold these parlors,—
i birds and flowers;
not be autumn
e summer hours!

se dainty curtains
very top;
olden sunshine
lose a drop.

now it dances
h the emerald trees,
's at "hide-and-seek"
ie summer breeze.

See how quick it kisseth
This cold marble floor;
Giving it a warmth and glow
It never knew before.

It rests on those rare pictures
Hanging on the wall,
So that we can almost hear
The murmuring waterfall!

Strike the chords of music,—
Like a chime of bells,
They now float around these walls,—
O who can ever tell

What a change the sunshine
Hath wrought within this room;
Warin, and sweet, and golden,
Robbed of all its gloom.

Margaret Jane Mussey Sweat.

at (Margaret Jane Mussey,) daughter of Hon. John Mussey of Portland, was
t city and has always made it her home. Married Hon L. D. M. Sweat, Octo-
Visited Europe in 1855, and wrote letters thence to *The Christian Register*,
minent Unitarian paper in Boston. Her first book, "Ethel's Love-Life: a
was published by Rudd & Carleton, New York, in January, 1859, followed in
same year by "Highways of Travel, or a Sumner in Europe," published by
Wise, Boston. Traveled extensively in Europe in 1873-4, and again in 1887.
gs include poems, essays, criticisms, and sketches of travel in Egypt, Europe,
it parts of our own country. Has been a frequent contributor to *The North*
Review, *The Galaxy*, *New Orleans Picayune*, *New York Saturday Press*,
Advertiser, *Portland Transcript* and other periodicals. Mrs. Sweat has passed
ers in Washington, D. C., and still spends the cold season there.

for the Sanitary Commission Fair, held in Philadelphia, during the Civil War.

OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

War's cruel ploughshare cleaves the land
With furrows wide and deep;—
Each furrow is a hallowed grave
Where our loved heroes sleep.
But costly seed we're planting now
In weariness and pain,
Shall, at the harvest-time, bring forth
Fair fields of priceless grain.

Our hearts are saddened by the sight
Of sick and wounded men:—
It seems as if God's summer air
Could ne'er be pure again.

But side by side with War's dark sins
 Man's noblest virtues shine,
 And woman's sweet compassion beams
 With lustre half divine.

Sweet Mother Earth with tender care
 Covers her wounds with flowers—
 And we would learn her loving art
 For these deep wounds of ours.
 For, though our tears fall sadly now
 They, like the summer rain,
 May bring rich blessings for the time
 When sunshine comes again.

Only for thee, dear native Land,
 Could we thus bear our woe:
 Only for thee see day by day
 Our brave men thus laid low.
 But though our griefs must only bleed
 Through many a coming year,
 Each sorrow makes our Country's Cause
 To patriot hearts more dear.

THE PILGRIM'S PLAINT.

As if across Sahara's sands,
 Dear Love, to thee I stretch my hands—
 Between our hearts the desert lies
 Barren beneath the burning skies.

Each morn to cross the arid waste
 I start and strive with eager haste:—
 Each night I see at set of sun
 My journey is but just begun.

Sometimes beneath the noontide glare
 The mirage gleams before me fair—
 Only to lure my weary feet
 Still farther with its fond deceit.

Long trains of travelers pass me by,
 Careless of all the crowd am I:
 Uncharmed by all that most they prize,
 Untrammeled by their fondest ties.

But as alone I wander on
 Seeking the way thou mayst have gone,
 Methinks the desert sweet might be
 Had I but kept clasped hands with thee.

Could I now lift mine eyes to thine
Light heart and lighter step were mine—
Apart from thee, the lengthening way
Grows darker, drearier, day by day.

Dear Love, come forth and set me free,
Draw all my being up to thee—
Bid dreams of desert sands depart,
And take me to my home—thy heart!

MY FRIEND—MY FRIEND.

A thousand thoughts unwritten and unspoken
Fly from my heart to find their home with thee;
And not one link of pleasantness is broken
Which bound thee in the dear old time to me.

No day goes by with heavy step or fleeting.
But bears its weight of loving hope or fear,
With which, for thy dear sake, my heart is beating,
As quick and fond as if thou still wert near.

No morning hour shines, or evening darkens
Without some question from my soul to thine,
And as for thy reply my spirit hearkens,
The winds bring answer that thou art all mine.

I know that through this dark and hopeless sorrow
We shall love on as we have loved so long—
And though no ray of promise gild the morrow,
Each day will prove our trust more true and strong.

What matters then for us this earthly parting?
What though the daily life be sad and lone?
Ah me! such tears as these should ne'er be starting
To eyes that once have looked into thine own.

No thought save one of deep and earnest gladness
Should fill the heart which thou hast stooped to win,—
Thou art so strong, that when I yield to sadness,
Against the greatness of thy love, I sin.

My Friend! my Friend! forgive my weak complaining,
I shrink at thought of all these passing years!
So few are gone—so many yet remaining—
How can I choose but count them through my tears?

But do not fear that though I now am weeping,
No glorious lesson by thy strength is taught:
Not all in vain these vigils am I keeping—
Not all unworthy is the work I've wrought!

"LET NOT HIM THAT GIRDETH ON HIS HARNESS BOAST HIMSELF AS HE THAT PUTTETH IT OFF."

O thou who standest in the morning dawn,
 Whose pulses quicken and whose heart beats high,
 Longing to gird the untried harness on,
 Flushing with ardor—sure of victory;—
 Thou little know'st how long the day may be—
 Nor how its heat and toil may waste thy strength,—
 Youth's buoyant confidence can only see
 The conflict's opening—not its weary length.

The blood and dust may stain thy snowy plume,
 The tired hand may fail to strike the blow;
 The morn that smiled may prove a day of gloom,
 And hopes that rose in joy may set in woe.
 Traitors within and foes without may wound—
 Friends that are dear fall prostrate by thy side;
 Through the long day upon the battle-ground
 Thou must remain till the full even-tide.

Then hush the boastings of a thoughtless pride,
 Put on thine armor—draw thy flashing blade,
 God for thy strength and Jesus for thy guide,
 In nought exulting—yet in nought dismayed;
 Fight bravely for the cause of Truth and Right
 Through the long day—and, when the setting sun
 Shall bid thee hail the welcome shades of night,
 All heaven and earth shall own thy victory won!

NOW AND THEN.

When you and I were true
 How fast the moments flew,
 Days were but hours;
 We were a loving pair—
 We had no thought of care
 Whose bliss like ours ?

I find you charming still,
 Of course; and you, too, will
 Still call me clever;
 But that's another thing,
 A different song to sing—
 I'm not your lover!

Each look of yours beguiled;
 I worshiped when you smiled;
 Thrilled when you sighed.—
 And if by chance a frown
 Brought your fine eyebrows down,
 I almost died !

And you—were not you then
 Blind to all other men—
 Deaf to their praise ?
 Was not your heart all mine ?
 Was not I quite divine
 In those fair days ?

Farewells have been spoken;
Sunder hearts been broken;
And yet we've parted!
Well to love awhile,
Better still to smile
At love's departed!

Alack! Alack! Alas!
How human passions pass,
Floating away!
Where once we whispered vows,
We now give smiles and bows—
Alack-a-day!

WATCHING.

Far out into the twilight
I gaze with throbbing heart:
At every sound I tremble,
At every footstep start.

Faster the darkness deepens,
Faster the night comes on,
And through the long, long hours,
I sit and weep alone.

The neighbors' lamps are lighted,
And from each window shine
Bright beams of friendly welcome—
There is no light in mine!

Their households are assembled,
Their homes are full of glee,
Their shadows flitting swiftly
Across the light I see.

And there is one whose coming
Would make my home more light
Than those which glow the brightest
This dark and dreary night.

And though my heart grows heavy,
I still must watch and wait—
For surely he will enter
Some night within my gate.

THE INVALID.

In the hushed stillness of a darkened room
Through the long days I lie;
Buried and hidden in a living tomb,
Shut out from earth and sky.

Lonely and sorrowful and weak and faint,
Stretched on my couch of pain,
The oft-repeated utterance of complaint
Comes sadly forth again.

And in the depths of this poor aching breast
 Such utter darkness lies,
 That I cease not to only ask for rest,—
 My only language—sighs!

Thus the sad hours have slowly passed away
 Through all these weary years;—
 These silent walls have witnessed day by day
 My anguish and my tears.

O Heavenly Father! unto Thee I turn
 And, with humility,
 Strive evermore the lesson sweet to learn
 Of perfect trust in Thee.

I know that through this weight of pain and woe,
 Thou, in thine own good time,
 Wilt raise my spirit, now so crushed and low,
 Up to that height sublime,

Where, in Thy presence—'neath the glorious light
 That streams from Thy “white throne”—
 My earthly faith-changed into heavenly sight—
 I shall feel peace alone.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

If time is measured by sensations,
 And passions make us centuries old;
 If sympathy begets relations
 To which the ties of blood are cold;—
 Then thou and I, though lately meeting,
 Have made the moments fly so fast
 That our two hearts, together beating,
 Through years of love and life have passed.

Then do not wonder that I woo thee
 With strangely rapid words and ways—
 But let me, as a lover, sue thee
 To count as years these fair, sweet days;
 Each hour has proved a month of pleasure,
 So dearest, I have loved thee long—
 Cease then by minutes life to measure—
 Love's Calendar will prove thee wrong!

Nathan Franklin Carter.

Nathan F. Carter was born in Henniker, N. H., Jan. 6, 1830. He graduated at Exeter College in 1853, and was principal of the High School in Exeter, N. H., during years, ending in 1864. In 1865 he graduated at the Theological Seminary in Bangor, Maine, State, and was ordained as a Congregationalist minister, in North Yarmouth, where he remained till 1869, when he became pastor of a church in Orford, N. H., and continued there till 1874. He then went to Bellows Falls, Vt., and in 1879 to Quechee, where he now labors. Mr. Carter is engaged on a large biographical work of celebrities of New England, and writes many articles, poems and sketches, for magazines and newspapers. He was, for several years, one of the editors of the *N. H. Journal of Education*.

IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

In the battle of life do the best that is in thee,
 Climb up with a will and an eye on the stars,
 The noblest of names aspiring to win thee,
 At the price, if need be, of perils and scars!
 There is room in the radiant spaces above thee;
 On the tops of the mountains are conquerors' palms.
 Live grandly for God.—make the great world love thee,
 For the sowing of sunshine and giving of alms!

Grow virtues and graces to ripen for glory;
 Seek riches and honors that pass not away;
 With manifold blessings make golden life's story;
 For the good of humanity labor and pray!

Be a peer and a prince in the grace of forgiving;
 Keep ever to pathways the saintly have trod;
 In love with the good, be the best of the living;
 Do the best for the world by the favor of God!

With a bold, brave heart, and a holy endeavor,
 Girt surely and well with an armor divine,
 Press on to the conflict, surrendering never
 To the foes that confront thee in darkening line!

What is servile and groveling, heartily scorning,
 With an eye on the prize, not a moment delay,
 But valiantly press to the Gates of the Morning,
 And live in its fulness of glory for aye!

W. K. Weare.

uthor, born in one of the coast towns of Maine, about 1830, was one of the first to California, and, later, drifted into Virginia City, Nev. He was for several years an officer in the California State Prison, situated at Point San Quentin, under the command of Mount Tamalpais, the Monarch of the Coast Range. Mr. Weare, in the days of Comstock's glory, was the boon companion of such men as Judge Goodwin, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and was regarded as the brightest of the lot. He wrote a prize poem which he received \$100, and a volume of his poems, entitled "Songs of the Golden Shore," was published in San Francisco, in 1879. Mr. Weare died in Carson City, Nev., in 1883. We are indebted to the Rev. Josiah McClain, of Ogden City, Utah, for the following selection of Mr. Weare's poems, from which we make the following selections.

SONG OF THE "BULLION."

Where the snowy crests of the mountains towered
 O'er an aspect stern and wild,
 Where no harvests gleamed in the autumn sun,
 Or the flowers of the garden smiled,
 For ages I lay in my gloomy shroud,
 Unblessed by the Day-god's beam,
 Ere the igneous floods of the earth welled forth
 In the lava's fearful stream.

I was there ere the Shepherd Kings of old
 Worshiped the rainbow fair,
 And thought that it rose from the shades of death,
 And was born from the breath of prayer;
 That its aureole stripes, with their golden light,
 Reached over the wide earth's rim,
 To carry the prayers of the culprits up
 To the Throne and the cherubim.

I was there ere the towers of the Nile were seen,
 Or a pyramid raised its head,
 Or Egyptian graves in the solid rock
 Were filled with the mighty dead;
 Ere the Orient nations waxed and waned
 In the ages long since gone,
 Or the Eastern World bowed down before
 The giants of Macedon.

I was here in the wilds of our wondrous West
 Ere its empires rose and fell;
 But none invaded my lone retreat,
 Or dared in these woods to dwell.
 Yes, cycles of ages before the time
 When was peopled the verdured earth,
 And the age when its burning caldron cooled,
 Was the date of my fiery birth.

But now! I am lord of land and sea—
 All bow to my mighty power,
 And the loftiest head bends meekly low
 For a tithe of my princely dower.
 I bring to my arms from distant lands
 The fruits of the teeming earth;
 From my path in despair flies the vulture Want,
 While hope in the heart finds birth.

Do you ask why so long in my shroud of gloom
 I lay in my hidden lair ?
 Why I came not forth to the glorious light,
 A boon to a world more fair ?
 Go ! ask of the Mighty One who rules
 The universe supreme :
 I abode His time in the darksome caves,
 Unblessed by the Day-god's beam —

To come forth at the time when tyrants mocked,
 And traitor hands were raised,
 When the long-pent fires of a smouldering hate
 O'er the walls of Sumpter blazed.
 Then I came, a boon to the gallant ranks
 Of the millions brave and true,
 Who were sworn to the stars of the grand old flag,
 Bequeathed by the patriot few.*

Do you ask who am I who in haughty pride
 Bend the earth to my stubborn will ?
 At whose frown the fiery passions rise,
 At whose smile the fiends are still ?
 Ye have known my name, ye have owned my power !
 From the time of your birth 't was told,—
 I am "Bullion," seen in the silver's sheen,
 And the gleam of the radiant gold.

COLUMBIA, MY COUNTRY.

Columbia, my Country ! the last born of nations,
 The herald of freedom, the Star of the West,
 The brightest of stars midst the earth's constellations,
 Still on thy broad bosom mankind shall be blest.
 Long dispersed are the clouds that rebellion once gathered,
 And to dim thy resplendence no mists intervene ;
 Your old "Ship of State" all the tempests has weathered,
 And your zenith in beauty glows calm and serene

* * * * *

Columbia, my Country ! I love your cold regions,
 The home of my childhood, the place of my birth.

Utilization of the silver from the Comstock was nearly coeval with the attack on Fort Sumter, and from that time a continuous stream of bullion flowed into the treasuries of the Federal and Christian Commissions. Had it not been for the discovery of gold, millions thrown into the lap of the nation, it is doubtful whether our credit would have carried us through the war. And, had the Western Slope been in sympathy with the South, and the stream of bullion gone there, the result would have been entirely different. The Union could not have been preserved.

Temptations are powerless, though counted by legions,
 To make me forget that one spot on the earth.
 But I love your calm South, with her sunny savannas,
 I love your stern East, near Atlantic's unrest,
 And I love—yes, adore—with its sunshine and shadows,
 Your beauteous, resplendent, and wealth-giving West!

Columbia, my Country! No myths or traditions
 Did your birth and your infancy ever obscure;
 You arose on the ruins of old superstitions
 At the dawn of an era whose promise is sure.
 We claim not the fabled "St. George and the Dragon,"
 St. Michael of Russia, St. Dennis of France,
 Or the gods of the pagans, Astarte or Dagon—
 We trust the Almighty to guide our advance.

Columbia, my Country! With lustre undying
 Your banner in glory and honor sustained—
 The base machinations of all foes defying,
 Your eagle high soaring in might unrestrained—
 Now that sweet Peace is beaming from ocean to ocean,
 Again highly prospered, by Providence blest—
 The hearts of your children swell high with devotion,
 And proudly exult in their "Star of the West."

NATURE'S DOWER.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO ASKED WHAT WERE THE WRITER'S POSSESSIONS
 AND PATRIMONY.

Where, do you ask, are my acres paternal?
 What can I bring to your hand?
 What is the dowry reserved for the bridal?
 Where are the realms I command?
 This is the portion bequeathed by my father,
 All my domain, where I stand.
 That is my brook, which the meadow enlivens,
 Decked with its margins of green;
 Hold I my castles where snow-crested mountains,
 Stately, high-towering are seen;
 There! where the turrets, to heaven up-reaching,
 Gleam in the sun's golden sheen.

These are my gems, ever pure and resplendent,
 Strung in the firmament's dome;
 Brightly they glisten with lustre unfading,
 Luring my spirit to home:
 Never a watchman I need to protect them,
 Robbers of light never come.

See ye my statues? Antique are the models,
 Known to the ancients of yore.
 Groves were the temples where man first did worship,
 First did their Maker adore,
 When o'er the aisles of the forest primeval
 Smoke from the altar did soar.

Where are the minstrels that joy to delight me,
 Breathing their souls into song?
 There! where the brook bubbles forth from the grotto,
 Sweetly their lays they prolong;
 Nature's wild warblers—the lark and the linnet—
 Far from the world's busy throng.

Where are the paintings, my chambers adorning,
 Breathing of beauty divine?
 See ye the flowers that hang from the creepers?
 Art can but copy their line;
 Matchless in tint, and in splendor effulgent,
 They all the graces combine.

See ye the rainbow, the child of refraction,
 Born from the affluence of light?
 See ye the bright burnished clouds of the sunset,
 Fairer than fancy's proud flight?
 Art's highest labors appear in the contrast
 Clothed in the darkness of night.

Bring me one guerdon—'tis all I solicit;
 Help all these gifts to employ;
 Wanting that help, earth a wilderness seemeth;
 With it, bliss hath no alloy.
 Then shall we find as earth's borders we travel
 Ceaseless the sources of joy.

Bring me the charm that, in sympathy blending,
 Looks to the regions above;
 Those who can see not the bounties of heaven
 Know not its lessons of love.
 Then will my heart ope its portals to greet you,
 And the Ark will make welcome the Dove.

Salome R. Warren.

This gifted writer, a native of Pownal, who died in May, 1865, wrote many fine poems and tales for various publications, and under the *nom de plume* of "Claire Crofton" soon found herself a favorite among thousands of readers. *The Northern Monthly*, *Salem's Illustrated News*, the *Transcript*, and other papers, were enriched with the products of her pen. She was one who suffered greatly many years, and yet through all her trials preserved a pure and gentle spirit. Had health and strength been given her, she

would have won a high position in the literary world. She was confined mostly to her room for several years, by a paralysis, which admitted of her writing only in a sitting posture in bed; yet such was her strong desire to give utterance to her thoughts that she could not resist the impulse. To the faithful and untiring watchfulness at the sick bed of her beloved mother, is attributed her own premature decline and early death. She was a lady of easy manners, quiet, pleasant, and agreeably communicative, apparently laboring, at all times, to be submissive to the Divine will. The heart must be insensate, that does not feel the magic of the sentiment and the truly poetic ring of the rhythm of the following lines.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

TO A—.

I am sitting in the gloaming,
And the firelight's flickering blaze,
With a sudden fitful flashing,
On the floor and ceiling plays;
Phantom-like in form and motion
Dance the shadows on the wall,
And a weird and solemn silence
Broodeth dimly over all.

Through the open casement near me
Floats a sweet and rare perfume, —
'T is the scent of apple-blossoms
Filling all my quiet room;
What a flood of mem'ries surging
Wave-like through my troubled brain!
Wakened by that gush of fragrance,
Bringing back the past again.

Thou rememberest, O my sister,
That June day of song and bloom,
When a murmuring group were gathered
Sadly in a darkened room;
There were sobs of bitter anguish,
There were burning tear-drops shed,
There were hearts with sorrow laden,
As we knelt beside our dead.

Could it be our mother lying,—
In those snowy vestments drest,—
With the pale hands meekly folded
On the sleeper's pulseless breast?
Such a still and saintly beauty
That belovéd face did keep,
As though angels' wings had fanned her
Gently to that dreamless sleep.

And a peace so deep and holy
 Did the settled features wear,
 Speaking of a rest so glorious
 Death lost half its terrors there.
 O the thought of bliss and heaven
 Should have soothed our bitter woe,
 But our eyes, with tear-drops blinded,
 Could not see the promised bow.

Through the open window drifting,
 Past the curtain's waves of gloom,
 Came the scent of apple-blossoms,
 Flooding all the darkened room.
 So their fragrance ever bringeth
 Memories of that hour of pain,
 And I hear the bitter weeping,—
 See the shrouded form again.

O my sister, if our footsteps
 Tread the pathway she hath trod,
 It will surely lead us upward
 To our mother and our God;
 We shall hear her voice in welcome
 When we reach the farther shore,
 When we pass the heavenly portals
 We shall see her face once more.

Annie B. C. Keene.

Mrs. Annie B. C. Keene, (whose maiden name was Chamberlain) was born in the vicinity of Bangor, Me., in which city she lived until her marriage with Rev. Luther Keene, whose home and work were in Massachusetts. Since his death, in 1874, she has been engaged in writing and in private teaching both in her own city and in Massachusetts. Mrs. Keene is at present residing in Windsor, Conn.

HIS WILL.

Of earthly goods I have small store;
 Of genius, or of grace, no more.
 Once, pondering on this low estate,
 I found a wondrous word,
 Which all my being stirred:
 "I will, that they be where I am—
 Joint heir with me, their Lord."

Trembling, I scanned the record fair,—
Would my poor name be written there?
“Those, Father, whom thou gavest me.”

But he can only give
The hearts he doth receive!
And mine—O joy!—hath long been his,—
By that sweet hope doth live!

I need not prove this will Divine,
Nor ask what riches may be mine;
Since perfect love hath made me heir,
Perfect the gift must be.
With him, eternally,
Whatever here my soul hath missed
Is there laid up for me.

THE HAPPY YEARS.

“A happy, happy New Year,” I heard,—
And softly glad was the childish voice,
As swift to the mother’s breast she sped,
To lean on her cheek a golden head.
Those clasping arms, those love-lit eyes,
Still kisses dropped on cheek and brow,
Her smile at morn, her songs at eve,
Are more than crown and kingdom now.

O happy, happy year!

“A happy, happy New Year, dear heart!”
The wish trembled forth from gentlest lips;
While tender eyes sought the lover’s face
To see in its light this vision of grace:
A realm the richest earth can give,
Where Love hath key to every door,
And Life sings low its hymns of peace,
Herself its queen forevermore!

O happy, happy year!

“A happy, happy New Year, my own!”
And worn hands linger on bowed heads;
A pale cheek presses the pillow of snow;
The golden hair is silvery now.
Her day of life ebbs swift away,
But heaven’s morrow dawneth clear;
Its songs float down from opening gates;
The King in beauty draweth near!

O happy, happy year!

OUR LEGACY.

No eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,
 Nor hath it been revealed in word,
 The precious things He left behind,—
 The precious thing we go to find,—
 Through pains we would not choose,
 From joys we weep to lose.

But that our waiting hearts might guess
 Some secret of that blessedness,
 The Master, e'er his work was done,
 Breathed this sweet message for his own,
 As near to death he drew,—
 “My peace I leave with you.”

“My peace”—but not the loneliness;—
 Nor friend, nor home, nor child to bless,—
 But not his scorned and hated name,
 Nor yet his poverty and shame;
 These bitter things he knew,—
 But left his peace for you.

The weight of woe for souls of men,
 To win them to their God again;
 The anguish of his cruel death,
 The cry upon his parting breath,
 No human heart e'er knew;—
 His peace was left for you.

Belovéd, take the gift anew:
 It passeth knowledge—deep and true.
 Tender as is the brooding dove,
 And stronger than the heart of love,—
 Its home—the Father's breast—
 Was left to bring you rest.

OUR QUEEN.

The falling hair upon her cheek
 Has glint of gold across the brown;
 And soft beneath a forehead low
 Gray eyes in tender thought droop down,—
 Our Queen is she—and love her crown.

Clear is her voice as bubbling spring;
 And clean her heart as morning rose;
 Her small hands' quick and gentle touch—
 Soft answers dropped where'er she goes—
 Are all the law her kingdom knows.

So rich and royal is her state,
No price is set on service done;
Whoever needs,—or small, or great,
Glad feet upon their errands run;
Her heart enfolds them, every one.

But for her thousand thoughts of love,
And thousand ways, so good and wise,
Should one say, "Thank you, Sweet, for all,"
Lifting her face in swift surprise,
"Thank you for thanking me," she cries.

As giving is but gaining more,—
And all we love becomes our own,
Each day her kingdom richer seems;
New subjects bow before her throne;
Our Queen of hearts is queenlier grown.

Thomas Hill Rich.

Thomas Hill Rich was born in Bangor, September, 1825, son of Dr. Rich, a respected physician. After graduating, as we learn from the "History of Bowdoin," he was occupied for some time by attendance on invalid friends, but at length entered on the theological course in the seminary, graduating in 1852. He was an instructor in the Eastern Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport three years, and two years in the High School, Portland. He was for six years assistant instructor in Hebrew in Bangor Seminary, and since 1872 has been Professor of Hebrew in the theological department of Bates College. In 1879 he published a version of the Hebrew prophet Nahum, under the characteristically modest title "A Study, to Indicate Endeavor and Its Incomplete Result." From the various editorial commendations of his metrical paraphrase of Nahum we select portion of that of I. P. Warren, D. D., which appeared in the *Christian Mirror*. Dr. Warren says: "His purpose has been well accomplished. The paraphrase is in iambic measure, unrhymed, but easy and flowing; the diction pure, and the effect of the whole pleasing. It is remarkable how much of grace and power is added to these inspired productions by presenting them in a dress worthy of their originals." Prof. Rich is a member of the American Oriental Society. His wife, a gifted writer, is elsewhere represented in this volume.

THE BIBLE.

See, how 'gainst yonder rock
The billows dash—
But move it not!
So stands the Bible fast,
Amid the roaring sea
Of human hate and obloquy.

ODE.

A METRICAL TRANSLATION OF THE THIRD CHAPTER OF HABAKKUK.

Jehovah, what Thou gavest me to hear.
My ears have heard; I tremble at the sound;
Yet long to see Thy judgments in the earth,
For sake of righteousness.

O Jehovah, bring Thy work to life,
Before too many years are past!
Before too many years are past,
Be it with power declared!
But in the wrath it brings,
Keep mercy still in mind!

Lo! God from Teman comes;
Whose name alone is Holy called,
From Paran's mountain hither comes!

His splendor overspreads the sky,
His glory shines through all the earth;
A brightness rises as the sun;
On either hand rays stream forth from Him—
There hides His might!—
Before Him goes the plague,
And pestilence His feet attends.
He stays His course, and shakes the earth;
One look of His makes nations quake;
And everlasting mountains burst,
And crumble into dust;
Olden hills sink out of sight—
His olden ways again He takes.
The tents of Cushan in affliction bowed,
I see; and Midian's curtained dwellings shake.
Is it at rivers, O Jehovah,
At rivers of the earth thine anger burns?
Or is it on the sea thy wrath is poured?
That thou dost hither with Thy horses ride—
Thy chariots, of might to save!
Thy bow its covering forsakes—
Its chastisements with oath foretold,
Foretold by word that never fails.
Thine arrows—they are smiting earth,
And rivers run in every cleft;
The mountains see thee—lo! they writhe;
The clouds drop floods on all the earth;
The deep lifts up its mighty voice—
In anguish throws its hands on high.
Sun, moon unto their tabernacle haste,
So shine Thine arrows as they speed!

So bright Thy glittering spear!
In indignation Thou art marching through the earth,
In anger trampling nations down.
To save Thy people Thou art come—

Thine appointed, with the might of war to save
 From house of wicked prince,
 Its head thou smitest down,
 And all is swept away,
 Nor needs a second stroke.
 Their weapons turned against themselves,
 Thou piercest likewise in the head
 His followers rude, who hither storm,
 To scatter us like dust;
 Their joy like theirs who lurk to slay the poor,
 And all he has possess.

Thou treadest with Thy horses through the sea;
 Through foaming waters vast, Thy path dost take.

The judgments that shall come, I heard,
 And trembling seized my inward parts;
 The sound to quivering set my lips;
 My bones all firmness lost;
 My feet, my knees, they trembled, too;
 For I in quietness,
 Must for the day of tribulation wait--
 The day the invader shall assault,
 And Israel distress.
 For the fig-tree will not bloom,
 Nor vines give their increase,
 Fruits of olive disappoint,
 And fields no food afford,
 In the fold no flock be found;
 And no ox within the stall.

Yet I in Jehovah will exult,
 And joy in God, who saveth me.
 Jehovah—ruling all—He is my strength;
 Like feet of hinds, my feet He makes,
 And gives me heights to tread
 In joy and liberty.

Annie S. Brown.

Only child of Dr. Nicholas Jumper, was born in Minot, Me., April 17, 1824, and died in Auburn, Me., January, 1881. When five years old, her father removed to Parkman, Me., where he died in 1834. The wife and daughter soon returned to Minot. Anna showed a great fondness for books, and not finding the school privileges needed, Rev. Elijah Jones—a rare scholar—offered the orphan girl the privilege of studying with his own daughters, whom he had educated chiefly at home. Anna's taste for poetry, and her fondness for writing verses of rare sweetness, attracted the attention of her friends. She wrote a parody on Hood's "Song of the Shirt," entitled "Song of the Shoe," which was printed

the *Maine Farmer*. Sometimes teaching, sometimes working in other ways, her girlhood sifted—not carelessly onward to womanhood. She was for a time a pupil in Lewiston Mills Academy, under E. P. Weston, and it was during her school days there that she met her future husband. She was a regular correspondent of a Boston journal, and attributed poems to *Arthur's Magazine* and other periodicals, sometimes writing sketches and stories as well as verse. She was married to Mr. Oliver H. Brown, of Raymond, Me., March, 1851. From this time Mr. Brown became a resident of Minot, until 1854, when he removed to Auburn, Me. Mrs. Brown possessed a symmetrical Christian character. She read human nature well, and rarely bestowed her friendship upon worthy persons. Whom she trusted, it was safe for others to trust. Naturallyerved, yet possessing a quiet dignity that won the love and respect of her associates. An ardent lover of nature, she drew inspiration from nature. Her most intimate friends were scarcely aware of her gift of song—for she had hidden herself behind a *nom de plume*—and when detected, would assume another. From a large collection of MSS. I printed verses, the following may convey some idea of her gifts as a poet.

THE CHOICEST TREASURE.

There are gems in ocean cave,
 White pearls in the blue-girt deep,
 And far 'neath the shadowy wave.
 Where the graceful naiads sleep,
 There are stores laid up of coral and gold,
 In measure countless, of beauty untold.

There are spars in the deep sea grot—
 That rival the costliest gem;
 There are treasures in every spot,
 In valley and mountain and glen—
 There are costly treasures with dangers bought,
 And priceless treasures that come unsought.

There are treasures the wide world o'er,
 And beauties that may not fade;
 There are honors that will endure,
 When the form in the dust is laid;
 There are wealth and fame, and love that will last,
 Mayhap till our wearisome life is past.

But away with the ocean gem—
 Away with the pearly store—
 Away with the rubied diadem,
 And your heaps of shining ore!
 I seek not your wealth of coral and gold,
 To please the eye, when the heart is cold.

Away with your beauty and fame,
 Your diamonds and costly stores;
 Away with your crowns of earthly reign,
 And gifts that ocean pours;
 Away with them all! I bid them adieu—
 But give me, instead, a heart that is true!

Give to me pure, undying truth,
 From the heart's most hidden cell;
 Give me the answering love of youth
 To what in my spirit dwells!
 O grant me, in one heart's inmost core,
 A responsive chord, and I ask no more!

O LET ME DIE IN THE SWEET SPRING-TIME!

O let me die in the sweet spring-time,
 As it blooms in my own New England clime,
 When waters, bursting their ice-forged chain,
 Send a leaping thrill into every vein;—
 When grass is springing o'er hill and dale,
 And flowerets hide in the forest vale;
 When croakings rise from each wayside stream;
 When insects wake from their winter dream,
 And their piping swells to a joyous hum,
 To rival the song of the birds just come;
 When the gales bring health on their breezy wing,
 And the heart is drunk with the joy of spring;
 When summer heralds are almost by,—
 On a sweet spring morning, O let me die!

Yes, let me die in the sweet spring-time,
 In the heart of my own New England clime;
 Let me linger on through its joyous hours,
 With its holy voices and sweet-breathed flowers,
 Swelling its love with the joy of heaven,
 That half, to my waiting soul is given—
 Till some clear, bright morn, when no sound is heard
 But the silvery notes of some joyous bird;
 When the sun's first rays kiss the twilight gloom,
 And the breath of May fills my quiet room,
 With the peace of God in my death-pulsed breast,
 Dear, loved ones, watching my place of rest—
 Then—thus—would I pillow my weary head,—
 On a sweet spring morn with the dreamless dead.

EXCELSIOR.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

Higher! yet higher! the clouds are above thee!
 Onward! still onward thy foot to its way!
 Time was when the hills and the plains were above thee,
 And thou in the valley seemed willing to stay.

ANNIE S. BROWN.

See there the waters; swift they are flowing—
Swift as the moments that measure our breath;
There was thy option, to watch in their going
The bubbles,—or join in Life's battle of Death.

The pause was one moment;—the next thou wert flying
Far over the valley and over the plain,
With soul-strong endurance thy comrades outvying,
Though bidding them still to the conflict amain!

The plain traveled o'er and the hillocks surmounted,
One step and another assisted thy way;
Till now o'er the hill-tops and high up the mountains
Thy Mentor-trained mind flings its limitless sway.

Yet, onward! still onward, thy foot is essaying!
Grim danger and toil with their train to outbrave,
Nor wilt pause in thy striving till, Nature obeying,
Thou sinkest, time-worn, to the rest of the grave.

And then, even then, shall thy God-given spirit
Bear triumph o'er Death, the grim conqueror of all,
And high in the heaven thou'st sought, shalt inherit
A name and a place that thy Maker shall call.

With a name and a place in the heavens rewarded,
Is this thy ambition when earth yields her youth?
Then high be thy earth-name for goodness recorded,
And seek thou for greatness in virtue and truth.

Not yet has thy foot trod the point of the highest;
Nor yet has thy mind found the sum of thy might;
The strength of immortals is lent, as thou fliest,
And triumph shall crown the bright goal of thy flight.

Higher! yet higher! the clouds are above thee!
Stay not for the tempest-winged arrows of earth!
Eagle-like, onward! nor pause when the lovely,
The proud and the noble acknowledge thy worth!

Higher! yet higher! the clouds shall embrace thee!
The mountains are gained and their cloud-caps nigh-riven!
Stay not thy course till the stars are beneath thee,
And entrance is made at the portals of heaven!

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

/ When these sunny days are vanished,
When the charm of youth is fled,

When the rosy bloom is banished—
 Age's frostiness, instead—
 When the eye has lost its brilliance,
 And the voice is weak and old,
 Will I lose this heart-surveillance ?
 Will this love of thine grow cold ?

* * * * *

We are plighted—we are plighted,
 In a fervent love and true,
 And we wander, heart-united,
 With a future just in view;
 And in youth's bright summer weather
 We are dreaming, each as one,
 That we, side by side, together
 Through our earthly course will run.

Life's great duties all attended,
 From this youth-time up to age,—
 Safe, together may be ended
 All our work on life's broad stage;
 Safely may we sleep together
 In the calm grave's quiet fold—
 Then, ascending, dwell forever
 Where no being e'er grows old.

George Edwin Bartol Jackson.

Geo. E. B. Jackson was born in Portland, Aug. 14, 1829. He taught schools after graduation from Bowdoin College, (class 1849), in Cape Elizabeth, Me., and North An-
 ver, Mass., a single term each; engaged in legal studies, and was admitted to the Bar
 Cumberland County, October, 1852. He then began the practice in Bath, but in the fol-
 lowing year removed to Portland, where he continued in his profession until 1865, when
 he became Treasurer of the Portland Rolling Mills. He resigned that position in 1868,
 having been elected President of Maine Central Railroad, which office he held until his re-
 signation, 1886. He has been for several years on the Standing Committee of the Protes-
 tant Episcopal Church, Diocese of Maine, and Deputy to its Convention, as also to the Triennial General Convention, and is Senior Warden of St. Luke's in Portland. In 1859 he married Cornelia Stuyvesant Ten Broeck, daughter of Rev. Petrus S. Ten Broeck, and has had three children, two daughters and a son, also a graduate of Bowdoin. Mr. Jackson is still practicing as an attorney in Portland, and is held in the highest esteem both in social and business life.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S EASTER HYMN.

Soldiers, awake! this is the festal hour,
 Forth from the grave the Saviour Christ has risen,
 Garland the cross with flowers and fragrant wreaths,
 The Saviour lives, and death no more hath power.

Soldiers, arouse! banish all Lenten gloom,
Let sacred joy this Easter morn attend,
Jesus hath burst the mighty bands of death,
And holy angels guard the riven tomb.

Soldiers, to prayer! kneel first this blessed day
To Him the Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings;
See on your banner His redeeming cross,
And there your motto, "Ever watch and pray."

Soldiers, to arms! forth to life's battle-field,
The Spirit's sword your only trust shall be,
While on your brow salvation's helmet rests,
And Christian faith protects you as a shield.

Soldiers, salute, with Heaven's triumphant host,
Jesus, the Prince of Peace, the Conqueror!
Yield Him the homage due Almighty God;
Worship the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Emily Page Webb.

Emily Page Webb was born in Hartland, a small manufacturing town on the Sebasticook River, about 1830. Her father's house commanded a fine view of the country and the river where it leaped the falls, and dashed its white current against the rocky islands. The hand of winter ever stillled its murmurs, and no hot breath of summer ever took away its sparkling freshness. The broad, low hills on the north and west, and a dark line of forest on the east seemed to encircle this little town with a magic charm, and away to the south, the silver line of the river rolled its way through the meadows. Amid this quiet beauty, Emily spent her childhood and youth. Her love of and talent of expressing herself in verse showed itself before she was ten years of age. Equally strong was her loving desire to assist her mother: picture to yourself a little girl, with laughing blue eyes and rosy cheeks, working before school in the kitchen, and, at the same time, putting her fancies into words. In later years, no house-work ever seemed to interfere with the sweet songs she had to sing. When she was old enough to attend the St. Albans Academy her poetic power was soon discovered, and she was called upon to write for the lyceum papers, for festivals or any public occasion where wit and sentiment were required. In October, 1861, she was married to Mr. Luther Webb, her schoolmate and lover from early youth. The first years of their married life were spent in Hartland, but in 1875 they removed to Skowhegan, where they still reside. She is the mother of five children, two girls and three boys. Nina, her first child, died in early infancy. Her domestic life has been a happy one, where parents and children congenial spirits, united in aim, intellect and taste. When the Woman's Club was organized in Skowhegan, she joined and was made secretary, where the wit and brilliancy of her reports gave her a high standing in public favor. Since then, she has been a prominent member of the Club, and "poet laureate" of every public occasion. Her noble womanly character, tender regard for the feelings of others, her insight and tact in dealing with people around her, portray a character of rare beauty that gives added charm to her verse.

THE MOON'S LULLABY.

I am a shepherd who wanders on high,
Across the blue pastures way up in the sky,
And the stars are my sheep with fleeces of gold,
That shine as they come from the heavenly fold;
And the shepherd and sheep will tenderly keep
The dear little child and watch it asleep.

Sometimes with a sickle I mount up the west,
 With one little lamb, leaving all of the rest,
 And scatter my sheaves of light o'er the plain,
 As harvesters do when cutting their grain,
 But I leave all and go where the babe nestles low,
 Like early May-flowers hiding under the snow.

When night holds the world on her shadowy breast,
 As mothers when hushing their babies to rest,
 And stilling its cries she bids me unlock
 The door of my fold and go out with my flock,
 Then we leave the bright skies for the darling who lies
 Asleep in her crib with her white-curtained eyes.

I love to go forth on my silvery beams,
 And light up the forests and dance on the streams,
 And look at the treasures known only to me,
 Far down in the depths of the wonderful sea;
 But I leave with delight for only a sight
 Of a dear little head on its pillow so white.

Sleep on, precious child, and my glittering train
 Shall come to thy window and look through the pane,
 And the light shall come out of each golden fleece
 And encircle thy brow with a halo of peace;
 For the shepherd and sheep will tenderly keep
 The dear little child and watch it asleep.

ANNA'S BABY.

O where did you find the starry light
 That always lies in the baby's eyes,
 Like a glimpse of the far-away midnight skies?
 And the mother said, "I wrought by faith
 On the very border land of Death;
 For while men slept I soared afar,
 Where the deepest shades of midnight are,
 And hid in my bosom a wandering star;
 It trembled and shone in the darkness alone,
 Instinct with a life and a light of its own.
 And I brought it down from the realms above,
 From the border land of Death and Love,
 And that is why in the baby's eyes
 You see a glimpse of the midnight skies."

And where did you find the dimples sweet
Playing hide-and-seek in the baby's cheek,
With the cooing words he tries to speak ?
" A south wind soft as a wind can be
Touched the face of the smiling sea,
And the dimples rose and came to me;
They flew o'er the baby's cheek and chin,
His hands and feet, and I kissed them in,
And covered them over with rose leaves thin;
But they come and go with a soft pink glow,
Now flashing above and now hiding below
As the laughing waters ebb and flow,
When they bring my baby's charms to me,
The dimples deep from the smiling sea."

And where did you find the color I trace
Like the bloom of flowers in his little face ?
It often glows like the heart of a rose
When first its dainty leaves unclose.
" O the sun was shining up aloft,
And the woods were cool, and the air was soft,
When a fairy came and taught me the art
Of painting the hue of a rose's heart;
And gave me power in her sylvan bower,
Not only to paint the hue of the flower,
But catch the essence of all its bloom,
So one could breathe its rare perfume;
And I worked with patient, loving grace
Till the rose bloomed out in the baby's face."

I asked her where in the earth or air
She found his rings of shining hair ?
And she said, " Do you know when the shadows creep
Through the valleys low and the forests deep,
And the golden sheep, the sun doth keep
In his sunset fields, arise from sleep,
And sporting at will through the pastures there
They eat their fill of the heavenly fare,
Then wander up to the purple bars
To wait for the coming of the stars?
Then I plucked a fleece of this radiant wool,
When the sun was low, and the moon was full,
And spun it in many a shining thread
For a halo bright for my darling's head."

Yet even the mother-love, stronger than death,
 Can never search out God's infinite breath;
 Or tell us the way a mortal can trace
 A little white soul to its spirit's birth-place.
 But from the sun's rise till he set in the west,
 And the star-lighted skies watch mortals at rest
 Till the sleepy bird cries in the soft downy nest,
 I pierced into nature's deep mysteries,
 From beauty *that was*, and beauty *that is*,
 I gathered those wonderful charms of his;
 The earth and the sea and the far azure space
 All added some grace to his form or his face,
 The sweetest of sweets, the brightest, the best,
 Love sought for the darling who lies on my breast.

REFLECTIONS AT NIGHT.

When at night I try to reckon what the day to me has brought,
 After adding all the figures oft I find the sum is naught,
 For my life is full of action, and I've little time for thought.
 And I often do from impulse, things that after, as I wait,
 Seem to be unjust and hasty, but reflection comes too late,
 For the hour of reparation may have shut its golden gate.
 Patience seems to sit beside me like a spirit heaven-born,
 Reading the neglected lesson that she gave me in the morn,
 Chiding me that I had gathered, not life's roses, but its thorn.
 Look backward through the darkness, up the buried day's account,
 Little good I find for others in the column as I mount,
 Self appears the central figure, and a cipher the amount.
 Love, I have not used you tender, as aforetime I have said,
 Faith, thou art away beyond me in the blue sky overhead,
 Come again, and I will follow where thou hast so often led.
 And to-morrow, sweet to-morrow, if I live to see it come,
 I'll have something for the Master, be it e'er so small a sum,
 And the teacher will remember, when his scholars lips are dumb.

KINDNESS RETURNED.

As streams flowing down from the mountains,
 By windings no mortal can wist,
 Appear to return to their fountains
 At sunset, in rainbows of mist;
 So often, some deed of affection,
 In youth, more tender than wise,
 Passed away from our own recollection,
 Returns in some loving disguise.

Julia Augusta Norton Atwood.

Mrs. Julia A. N. Atwood was born in Boston, March, 1830, her father being Benjamin H. Norton, of Portland, an editor of various publications in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Mrs. Atwood was one of eight children, four of whom died young. She began to write, both in prose and verse, at the age of fifteen, and accompanied her father to the port of Pictou, N. S., where he was sent as United States Consul, in 1849, contributing to the papers published in that locality. Some years later she returned to the United States, and soon after was married to Mr. David M. Sleeper, of East Andover, N. H. His health being poor, they went to Florida, remained there several months, and, later, journeyed to Saratoga, N. Y., and then Mr. Sleeper went South again, while our author spent the winter in Dover, N. H., frequently writing for the *Gazette* and other papers. Later, at the residence of her husband's mother, at Boscawen, N. H., Mrs. Sleeper lost nearly all of her books, manuscripts and published articles by fire. About this time she went to Trinidad, British West Indies, where her husband had preceded her, remaining there a year, where her own health became impaired owing to the prevalence of fever in that part of the Island. On her return to New York her husband died of consumption, two days after their arrival. Shortly after this event our author again returned to Nova Scotia, remaining there nearly two years, with her father, who was still U. S. Consul. It was at that time, by her mother's special request, that she began to write a book, and for many months it occupied her attention. Later, she returned to the United States, and married Mr. William Atwood, of Cape Elizabeth, where they resided about twenty years. She wrote for the *Every Saturday* of New York, about this time, under the nom de plume of "Vienta," also for the *Portland Daily Press*, the *New York Era*, *Noah's Sunday Times*, the *Kennebec Journal*, etc., both in prose and verse. After the death of her second husband, Mrs. Atwood went to Minnesota and Dakota. After some two years spent in the West she returned to Portland, where she now resides, and is still a contributor to the press.

THE PINE COOLIES* OF MINNESOTA.

O happy day! O day of rest!
Would I could be again,
With all those merry-hearted ones,
Within that rocky glen!

Just such a day, just such an hour,
With golden glints between;
But memory's pen with magic power
Will reproduce the scene.

The artist in the cavern's mouth,
With sketch-book on her knee,
Seeking to pencil forth the scene,
Ere sunset's tints should flee.

There were noble men of cultured minds,
And ladies fair to see,
Now gazing up with wondering eyes,
Now resting 'neath a tree.

And girlhood's happy, joyous laugh
Would ring throughout the glen,
With such a silvery, rippling sound,
'T would snare the hearts of men.

* Properly Canyons, but are familiarly called "Coolies."

So bright and beauteous was the scene,
So perfect and so fair,—
Trees covered o'er with brightest green,
And song-birds in the air.

Vast rocks piled up toward the sky,
As though 't was Nature's throne,
So grandly noble it all seemed,
Yet meant for man alone.

O would that I could picture forth
On canvass all I saw,
And give to others' eyes the scene,
Near Mississippi's shore.

Tall trees of ever-changing hue,
The elm, the oak, the pine,
And many others, all unknown,
Would greet thy gaze and mine.

But it were vain, indeed, in me
To dare portray the scene
Which God, with his almighty hand,
Hath framed in shades of green.

Such narrow defiles, dark and steep,
With caverns in the glen!
Such depth below, such height above,
Wrought not by hand of men,

But by One mightier far than they,
Eternal in the sky—
The God who made us, one and all,
To live, to move, and die;

That, dying, we might live again,
In brighter worlds than this,
And wander on 'neath greener trees,
In never ending bliss.

Samuel Pedrick Cousins.

Capt. Samuel P. Cousins was born in Eden, Hancock County, April 19, 1830, and has followed the sea since 1841. From 1852 to 1870 he was captain of vessels; since that period he has been a successful pilot of steamers. His ancestors came from Kennebunk to Mt. Desert Island soon after the Revolutionary War. Through the kindness of Mr. Alexander W. Longfellow, whose brothers, Henry W. and Samuel, are represented in this volume, we are permitted to select the following entertaining poems from Mr. Cousins's MSS volume.

THE STEAMBOAT DUDE.

"Tell me, ye wingéd winds, that round my pathway roar,"
Is there a steam-boat's deck where Cockneys tramp no more ?
O is there no respite from the tiresome sound,
Those thick soled, creaking boots, my pilot-house around ?
The wild winds its career did for a moment check,
And said: "Thou foolish mortal, not a deck!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep, is there a steam-boat route
Where slim-legged dandy's never, never walk about,
Saying, "Blarst my eyes," and flourishing their canes,
Wearing Scotch caps, that cover hair, not brains ?
The mighty deep made answer,—echoed far the shout,
The voice of many waters, "Not a route!"

Tell me thou bright, revivifying sun,
Is there no favored spot, the wide, wide seas upon,
Where passengers of note do not suppose they know
More than the captain does, and when the boat shall go ?
The very sun stood still, and I this answer got:
"In all my distant rounds I shine on no such spot!"

And thou, serenest moon! dost thou see some shore
Where rowdies never wait, nor dapper dudes "galore ?"
Where "dead beats" never come to beg or sly their way,
And bores, that to the pilot house delight to come and stay ?
The moon with pitying glance said, "Question me no more,"
And Boreas himself began to fiercely roar.

Tell me, ye twinkling stars, and rid me of my woes,
Is there a steam-boat line where no dude ever goes ?
I can a monster bear, though filled with wrath and sin,
But save, when blows a gale, if dude must needs be in.
One little star looked down with pity on its face,
And murmured with a sigh, "The dude—an awful case!"

THE CUTTER "WATER LILY."

Were I a "ready writer," I would the praises swell
Of the cutter "Water Lily," her mighty deeds to tell;
Of her cruise to Campobello, and of her most daring feat,
That one important capture from the Yankee fishing-fleet.

The Captain of the cutter had heard from Ottawa
That the wise-heads there assembled had lately passed a law,
Not to sell another herring to the overbearing "Yanks,"
For baiting British codfish on Canadian fishing banks.

Then the Captain of the cutter in a hurry rushed on board,
 In one hand he held a pistol, in the other hand a sword;
 "Get your anchor quick!" he shouted in the first lieutenant's ear,
 "Take a drink to raise your courage, and for Campobello steer!

"There's a Yankee lays at anchor, buying bait," the people say,
 "We will capture him or sink him—he cannot get away,
 And when the Queen shall listen to our deeds of bravery
 She will make of you a Captain, and of me an R. C. B!"

They found the Yankee schooner, and they anchored handy by,
 And the Lion of old England at the Jack-staff they did fly;
 Said the Captain of the schooner,—"What made that 'critter' come
 To this part of Campobello? I guess he's after rum!"

Said the Captain of the cutter, "Double shot your heavy gun,
 For I fear the 'blarsted Yankee' is all prepared to run;
 Get your cutlasses and pistols, lower the quarter-boats away,
 And board the Yankee schooner in a brave and dashing way!

"They are armed with forks and fish-knives, and are devils in a fight;
 With a sudden rush we'll conquer—'t will be a splendid sight!
 I did mean to lead the boarders, but at this moment find
 I've a pain across my stomach, and shall have to stay behind."

Then they rushed on board the schooner, and "victory!" they did shout
 Till the Yankee skipper questioned, "What is all this fuss about?
 I wish you'd mind your business, and let us buy our bait,
 For I am bound to Georges and can't afford to wait."

Then said the brave "leftenant," "Why, blarst your Yankee eyes!
 Don't you know you are a prisoner? this schooner is our prize!"
 Up spoke the Yankee captain then,—"If you take this craft away,
 Your one-hoss, knock-kneed government, will have the bills to pay!"

"When I arrive at Gloucester you'll hear from me again,
 I'll take my case to Butler, whose maiden name is Ben;
 He will make you 'pay the piper,' because he knows more law
 Than all the English mutton-heads that fool round Ottawa!"

Henry Adams Neely.

The Rev. Henry Adams Neely, D. D., second Bishop of Maine, was born in Fayetteville, Onondaga County, N. Y., May 14, 1830. He is the son of Albert and Phoebe Neely, his mother's maiden name being Pearsall, a Quaker family, while his father was of Huguenot descent on one side, as his grandmother was a Bevier. Bishop Neely was graduated at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., in 1849, and was a Tutor in his *Alma Mater* while studying Divinity under Bishop DeLancey, 1850-52. He was ordered Deacon, Dec. 19, 1852; ordained Priest, June 18, 1854. He married a daughter of the late John Dela-

ld, for many years a prominent banker in New York City, subsequently a resident of Utica, N. Y., and first President of the State Agricultural Society of New York. The shop, after taking Priest's orders, became Rector of Calvary, Utica, N. Y., 1853-55; First's Church, Rochester, N. Y., 1855-62; Chaplain of Hobart College, 1862-64, when he moved to New York City, and became Assistant Minister in Trinity, with charge of Trinity chapel, where he remained until his elevation to the Episcopate. He received the degree of D. D. from Hobart, 1866. He was consecrated Bishop, in Trinity chapel, New York, Jan. 25, 1867. He is also Rector of St. Luke's, Portland, and Dean of the cathedral. Writings—Occasional sermons, addresses, hymns, etc.

CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING.

Christmas bells are ringing,
Christmas Carols singing,
Blithe and glad are we this morn.

Merrily ring,
Cheerily sing,
Tell it out that Christ is born,
Christ is born.

Angel choirs proclaiming,
Shepherds answer making,
Day dispels our night forlorn;
Merrily ring, &c.

Christ, salvation bringing,
Christ, our bruises healing,
Christ, whose beams the earth adorn,
Merrily ring, &c.

Prophet, life disclosing,
Priest, our sins atoning,
King of Kings this day is born.
Merrily ring, &c.

Christmas bells are ringing,
Christmas Carols singing,
Blithe and glad are we this morn.
Merrily ring, &c.

EASTER HYMN.

Lord of life, from death begotten,
Jesus! First-fruits of the tomb;
Now, the cross and grave forgotten,
Shades of night, and Hades' womb,

Claim Thy birth-right, Son belovéd,
Take Thy throne, O mighty King;
Angels! worship Him approvéd,
Men! let earth with praises ring.

Thou hast banished all our sorrow,
 Thou hast wiped away our tears;
 Faith had drooped, but this glad morrow
 Stills our doubts, and quells our fears.

Jesus, we Thy Name confessing,
 Hail Thee, Life! and Light! and Lord!
 Pour on us Thine Easter blessing,
 Let us share in Thy reward.

Stooping, Thou didst stoop to save us,
 Dying, Thou for us didst die;
 Living, by Thy life, O raise us
 To the home beyond the sky.

THE EASTER REVEILLE.

Rouse ye, sleepers! Hail the breaking
 Of the day your Lord is making
 Bright and glad with his awaking;
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

Rouse ye, sleepers! Death is telling
 How, a mighty arm compelling,
 Open stands his dreary dwelling;
 Hail the Lord and Prince of Life!

Rouse ye, sleepers! See the token
 That the gates of hell are broken;
 Sure His promise who hath spoken
 "They shall fall and not prevail."

Rouse ye, sleepers! Seek the heaven
 (Cleansed from sin's corrupting leaven)
 Where, amidst the mystic seven,
 Christ, a King triumphant, reigns.

Rouse ye, sleepers! that unfearing
 Ye may rise at His appearing;
 Rise, His voice of welcome hearing,
 "Enter ye the promised joy."

Josiah Warner Bangs.

J. W. Bangs was born in Augusta, in 1830, and was taken, when five years of age, by his parents into Franklin County, living first in New Vineyard, and later in Farmington. He received a fair education in what was at that time the Farmington Academy, under Preceptor Hamilton Abbott. Mr. Bangs afterward kept a few country schools, and also taught music, finally deciding to learn the trade of manufacturing, in which he has been successful. Early in life Josiah began writing verses, and has always been fond of literary work, occasionally giving to the reading world the fruits of his leisure moments. During the late war he was the weekly correspondent of the *Augusta Age*, and has furnished short articles in prose and verse to other publications.

MY MOTHER.

I sit me down by the wayside and ponder,
 Of such beautiful things, though things of the past;
 The present is now, and yet "over yonder"
 The future of this life forever will last.

The home of my youth, in life's rosy morning,
 When troubles and cares my heart ne'er beguiled,
 Comes to me as sweet love so well adorning
 The innocent life of a thrice happy child.

I see through the vista of clouds, dark and drear,
 The form of a mother, in loveliness given;
 Whose lips spoke in kindness, my young heart to cheer,
 In the wayside of life, which ended in heaven.

She taught me to *lore* and work for the Saviour;
 She taught me to *pray* for the sins of the past;
 She taught me to *trust* for each day's behavior;
 She taught me to *hope* for a bright crown at last.

I ne'er can forget my dear sainted mother,
 Whose smile often cheered me in life's early day;
 Of all earthly friends, I'll ne'er find another
 So kind and so true, as I pass on the way.

Thomas Alden Crabtree.

Thomas A. Crabtree was born in Franklin, March 17, 1830, and worked on a farm until twenty-two years of age, when he commenced teaching school, in which capacity he has been engaged until the present time. He has, also, contributed to various publications, more particularly to the *Portland Transcript*, under the signature of "T. A." and "T. A. C." His present home is at Bangor.

MY CHILDREN'S HOME.

They sweetly sleep on yonder hill;
 Though years have rolled, they slumber still,
 Nor howling winds, nor drifting snows,
 Can rouse them from their deep repose.

The wild vines carpet all the ground
 That marks each little sleeper's mound;
 The dew that gathers on each leaf
 In pearls is dropped like tears of grief.

The robin comes at early light,
 And sings while all is sparkling bright;
 The whip-poor-will's more plaintive call
 Is heard when evening's shadows fall.

Oft to this spot at close of day,
 I pensively have sought my way,—
 Upon each grave I've dropped a tear,
 Yet smiled to feel that God was near.

MY LITTLE SHINING STAR.

See ye that little shining star
 That gems the vault above—
 That sparkles brightly on the dew,
 And whispers tales of love ?
 For me that little star doth shine,—
 That little sparkling star is mine.

I've watched it oft, from days of yore,
 Its light is cheering still;
 Though kings may dwell in gilded halls,
 And rule the earth at will,
 Their power there I do defy—
 My little sparkling star so high.

And when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 And I am called away,
 That little star will be my guide
 To reach Eternal Day;
 And evermore its rays so bright
 Will sparkle on my gaze at night.

CONSOLATION.

O weep not for swift fleeing years,
 Though life is formed of joys and tears,
 And were this life our all below,
 Our tears would never cease to flow;
 No Saviour's love, the world to save,
 No dust to dust, no peaceful grave,
 No thoughts of God, no sweet hope given,
 No future life, no rest in heaven. /

THE DEPARTURE.

Cold winter with his chilling blast
 Has left our fields and groves at last;
 He's loath to go, and looks with spite,
 And oft returns and chills the night.

But yet he knows that he must go,
 He's gathered up his robe of snow,
 And where his icy hand was seen
 Are bursting buds and grasses green.

Charles F. Foster.

C. F. Foster was born in Dorchester, Mass., (now part of Boston) May 27, 1830. pulses toward imaginative and fictitious literature, and the formation of his style, and as due to the influence of his early teacher, Mr. W. T. Adams, better known as "the American Rover Optic." Mr. Foster graduated at Colby University in 1855, and subsequently took a course in theology at the Newton Institution. His residence in Maine extended most of the period from 1849 to 1864, during which time he was pastor at Biddeford and Wiscasset. He has since had charge of the children in the State Primary School at Wrentham, Mass., for eleven years, and has held his present position as City Superintendent of the Public Schools in Chester, Pa., for ten years.

MAINE TO CALIFORNIA.

Maine sendeth greeting to the distant West;
Across the continent our hands are pressed;
We hail the skill which on fair Science waits,
To crown anew the sister-hood of States.

The mountain barrier lifts in vain its head,
The awe which wrapped its stern old front is fled;
Through prairie bloom, or o'er the rocky waste,
A highway spreads, and fleet-winged couriers haste.

A closer union marks this glorious day,
Though South and North are ranged in hostile fray,
Loyal New England, with her sons of steel,
Still holds thee, California, true and leal.

As from thy vine-clad vales and golden streams
The emigrant looks back and fondly dreams,
What messages the beating wires shall tell,
And make the land contiguous where we dwell.

O'er the gigantic forest-tops of thine
Shall float the music of our harps of pine;
And freshening gales on thy Pacific shore
Leap to the echo of the Atlantic's roar.

The sunset hour on old Katahdin's crest,
With tardier beam on thy Sierras rest,
And so, with message swifter than the light,
At eve, we bid thy toiling world good night.

God save thee, on thy peaceful western shore,
Amidst the war-storm's desecrating roar;
God save the country; may the flag float free
O'er one united land from sea to sea.

THE WARRIOR'S FOUNTAIN.

[It is said, that in one of the battles of the Crimea, a cannon ball very opportunely opened a subterranean spring, in which the soldiers, overcome with fatigue, were able to quench their thirst. The incident has suggested the following lines.]

The sombre drapery of war
 Hung o'er the reeking battle plain,
 And wreathed its sable folds afar,
 To canopy the fallen slain.
 Through smoke and dust the shining steel
 Pursued its devastating way,
 And boisterous shout and cannon's peal
 Told where the victor's column lay.

Now turbaned head and Cossack plume
 Flit o'er the scene like vagrant dreams,
 And now amid the parted gloom
 The crest of Frank and Briton gleams.
 And still the stream of carnage wide
 Shall sweep, though heaven her light deny,
 Till cross and crescent side by side
 Upon the crimson turf shall lie.

Ah! who can name the forms of dread
 That hover o'er the woeful hour,—
 That haunt the dying, stamp the dead
 With emblems of their fiendish power!
 There struggles many a fainting hope,
 There's many an agony of fear;
 And many an eye is dimmed, to ope
 No more on objects loved and dear.

But now, the warrior's arm grows faint,
 And feebler are the victor's cries,—
 They die with thirst,—the sad complaint
 On parched lips in anguish flies.
 As once on Horeb, Israel stood,
 The fainting remnant of a host,
 And there, in wild despairing mood,
 In madness raved of Egypt's boast,—
 So thirsting armies on the field
 Of conflict dire with frenzy burn,
 And prostrate spirits, forced to yield,
 O'er past enjoyments feebly yearn.

"Give, give us drink," is still the prayer
 With piteous tone and earnest cry;
 When, quick upon the scorching air,
 A courier of death sweeps by.

Through ranks of living men it hies,
Its path is lined and paved with gore;
Yet speed it on;—for who now dies
Shall bring new life to hundreds more.

It furrows deep the blood-stained earth,
It seeks a shelter 'neath the sod;
And to as cool a fount gives birth
As erst obeyed the prophet's rod.
Thus oft along the path of ill
There comes a messenger of good,
With terror, first, the soul to thrill,
But fraught with life when nearer viewed.

Abbie Slemmons.

Miss Abbie Slemmons was born in Westbrook, June 25, 1830, and died in Corydon, Ind., Aug. 3, 1863. Her father, Col. William Slemmons, lived several years at Strongwater, but the greater portion of his life was passed on a farm between that place and Saccarappa. Her mother was Abigail Quinby, a native of the town last mentioned. Abbie was the youngest of the family, and when quite young removed with her parents to Corydon, Ind., where other members of the family had preceded them. Abbie is represented to have been the life of the household, intelligent, quick-witted, fond of pets, and devoted to her friends. Her education was completed at the Northwestern University, in Indianapolis, where she was highly appreciated. She had the honor of writing the Commencement poem. For many years she wrote and published verses in the Western papers and magazines, and also contributed to the *Gospel Banner* and other Maine publications. Her poems were always delicate, tender, and full of a deep love of nature. On the day after the "Morgan Raiders" visited Corydon, Gen. Hobson and his men, several thousand in number, came through the place in pursuit of Morgan, and halted for water (not dismounting), and Abbie, whose zeal and devotion to the Union cause was far greater than her physical strength, stood with many others for hours in the dust and heat of a July sun, and handed water to the weary and famished soldiers. The intense excitement and fatigue of the two days were too much for the frail structure. Typhoid fever soon set in, and in three weeks she passed away to that land where wars and rumors of wars can reach nevermore. George, her only living brother, occupies a portion of the old home farm near Portland. Her sister, Mrs. H. T. Smith, is still residing at Corydon, Ind. The wives of Capt. James Alden, of Portland, and of the well-known writer, T. S. Arthur, were relatives of the family. The father, Col. Slemmons, was a member of the Maine Legislature for ten years, and held other important offices of trust.

THE OLD CLOCK.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN OLD CLOCK, DURING ONE OF THOSE HOURS
"WHEN THE FIRE WOULD NOT BURN ON THE HEARTH,
AND CLOUDS SHUT OUT THE SKY."

Tick on, old clock, tick on, tick on!
Why on sad moments dwell so long?
Moments that once sped swiftly by,
As the freed wild bird cleaves the sky;
Ah, me! more leaden-winged they've grown
Since then, old clock, tick on, tick on!

THE POETS OF MAINE.

Tick on, old clock—tick out the years;
 Tick out life's sorrows, cares, and fears—
 Its hollow joys—its secret pain—
 Its tears that fell like summer rain—
 Its aching void—its deep unrest—
 Its noble impulses repressed—
 Its memories,—a ghostly throng—
 Its doubt, its dread—tick on, tick on!

Tick on, old clock, to this smooth brow
 Bring furrows, for I care not now;
 To these brown locks bring silver-gray,
 Sweep every trace of youth away!
 Youth, with its bright but broken dreams,
 Its joys like sunlight upon streams.

Its thrilling pulse, its visions high,
 Its wild, wild hopes that spring to die;
 Its castles, baseless, built on air—
 Its soaring faith, its deep despair—
 Its idols, broken, or o'erthrown—
 Tick on, old clock, tick on, tick on!

Tick on! above the buried Past
 Heap up the life-sands thick and fast!
 Hide where mossy marbles press
 Hearts of life-long tenderness;
 Hide where bitter strifes have been;
 Hide where ruined altars gleam,
 Hide where poisoned fountains pour
 Sweetness on the waste no more;
 And where trampled flowers are strown—
 Tick on, old clock, tick on, tick on!

Tick on, old monitor! and tear
 The veil that coming sorrows wear;
 Unmask them—and reveal to me
 The dread invisible to be.
 I know the picture may be drear,
 With faint, few smiles, and many a tear;
 I know it may be overcast
 With storm and clouds, from first to last,—

I know it *must* have much of gloom,
 Pain, toil, care, weariness,—the tomb!
 But O if yet *one* star appears,
 Amid the thickening gloom of years—

If to some dream and sterile steep
Clings yet one flower, lone, wild, and sweet—
The dearer that it is but *one*—
Tick on, old clock, tick on, tick on!

TO MRS. M. E. N.

Lady, thou hast likened me
To a *gem* beneath the sea;
Hiding, shrinking far below
Where the blue waves in their flow
Make unceasing jubilee.
But O I think the sea-gem's fate
Most lonely, cold, and desolate;—
Lady! list, I'll weave for *thee*
A brighter, prouder simile.

Lady, thou art like a *star*
'Mid the radiant ranks afar
Lightening up the midnight waves,
Piercing oceans' trackless caves:
There thou gleamest on a stone,
Rayless, voiceless, cold and lone,—
But amid thy warm rays then
Seeming something like a gem.
Lady, let that quick'ning ray
Cheer its darksome fate alway.

Lady, am I then a flower
Doomed to waste its little hour—
Its little need of light and bloom
Alone—amid the desert's gloom,
Uncherished by one fostering hand,
By none but desert breezes fanned?
Lady, it were a cheerless lot;
If this be mine—O name it not!

Lady, thou hast heard it told
How once in the deserts old,
A wretch, by toil and travel worn,
Without one friend to cheer or mourn,
Sank down amid the sands to die;
When lo! a *flower* he chanced to spy,
A lonely blooming desert-flower,—

To him it seemed a priceless dower—
 For close beside a gushing spring
 It grew, the wee, wild, winsome thing!
 Lady, O be that spring to me,
 If I a desert-flower must be.

VALENTINE.

A thought for thee? The boon is thine.
 When morning dewdrops gem the lea,
 When noon is bright, when eve is gray,
 When trembling "stars look on the sea."

In April hours of cloud and sun,
 When starry shapes are in the grass,
 When winds are musical and low,
 And scatter perfumes as they pass;

When sweet sounds whisper in the air,
 And poet voices in the stream;
 And glancing wings are everywhere,
 And life is all one fairy dream;

One fairy dream of hope and joy,
 One April dream of love and bliss,
 One May-time dream of song and bloom,
 One summer dream of loveliness;—

As young buds swell unto their prime,
 As waves go singing to the sea,
 As sweet thoughts form themselves to rhyme,
 My deep heart sings itself to thee.

THE PALSIED HEART.

ON READING IN "THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER" A STORY WITH THE ABOVE TITLE.

She was a being formed for happiness,
 A buoyant heart was hers, and sunny eye,
 And a sweet spirit where no bitterness,
 Marring its purity, might ever lie.
 Her heart was a deep fount wherein a spring
 Of healing waters, blessing everything
 That came within their influence, had birth,
 And mirrored all things beautiful on earth,

Yet not all things of beauty, for her own
 Bright image never was reflected there,
 Save through another's, round whose life was thrown
 Weak woman's guerdon of unwearying care.
 And his one image had o'ershadowed it
 Since first to drink of its sweet tide he strove,
 And, lingering still to gaze into its depths,
 Stirred the bright waters with the breath of love.

He was her idol—and upon his shrine
 The passionate worship of a life was flung,
 Like incense offered to a thing divine,
 And by its fervor her deep heart was strung
 For suffering and for endurance, too,
 And even resignation—for though few
 Her hours of sunshine, yet that love gave power
 And courage even in the darkest hour.

And when, at last, the flame died on the altar,
 Her heart gave one deep, passionate throb of pain,
 And then with look and tone no more to falter,
 She only said—"I cannot love again."
 The rest is but an oft-repeated story—
 'T was love that made life dear, and love was dead—
 'T was that had richened it with hues of glory,
 And it seemed worthless now that they had fled.

"And so she died"—as a sweet flower departeth,
 Drooping in silence, passed she unto death—
 Unto the dreamless rest that soonest seemeth
 To await the lovely and the good of earth.
 O such is woman—such her ministry;
 Such is her love, and such too oft its dower,—
 Man's loftier intellect may spurn its sway—
 To her, love is like sunshine to the flower.

It is her very life, her light, her air;
 Her dew, her prop, her shield, her element;
 Her past, her future, and her present care;
 Hopes, wishes, memories, fancies, fears are blent
 In that one word; she never breathes a prayer—
 No voiceless aspiration ever gleams
 Athwart her soul, that hath not impulse there,
 And does not wear the color of her dreams.

But O if that free air hath chilly grown,
 And fled that rich light from the frowning heaven,

Exhaled those morning dew-drops, one by one,
 That tender shield by rushing storm-winds riven,—
 Not like that flower, that when the storm is o'er
 Puts forth *new* buds to grace a sunnier hour,
 The *heart's* wrung tendrils learn to twine *no more*,
 For human *love* bears but *one perfect flower*.

A yielding, dreaming, trembling, trusting thing,
 Was woman ever, and will ever be;
 O'er man's imperial nature born to fling
 A wreath of beauty, love and poesy;
 To read her fiat on his lordly brow,
 To catch her meed of sunshine from his eye,
 To listen to *one* footstep, and to bow
 Her soul to *one* deep voice's melody.

And what is she to him?—a flower—a song—
 A breath of sweetness on the summer breeze—
 A momentary charm, scarce missed when gone—
 And scarce remembered—even such as these!

TO MARY.

/ "I have a passion for the name of Mary."/

Thou ask'st from the muse's shrine
 A leaf to pluck and cast on thine,—
 Accept the simple wreath I twine.

Brief is the time since we have met,
 Our partings scarce have woke regret,
 Our meetings scarcely joy as yet.

Three short and flitting months ago,
 I ne'er had looked upon thy brow,
 Or marked thy chestnut ringlets' flow.

Or pressed thy hand or kissed thy cheek,
 Or named thy name so softly sweet,
 Or dreamed that we should ever meet.

We ne'er have sat in summer bowers,
 And twined each other's hair with flowers,
 In childhood's free and laughing hours,

When hearts flush into love as soon
 As buds break into flowers in June,
 Or a bird's gladness into tune,

Or met beside the blazing hearth,
Where, amid careless song and mirth,
Deep friendships oft have had their birth.

Ne'er have we wandered hand in hand,
Through the bright realms of fairy land,
Where fair Titania waves her wand;

Together watched a sunset fade,
Together sang, or danced, or played,
Or hoped, or dreamed, or wept, or prayed;

Or felt our deep hearts thrill as one,
Beneath the spell by *genius* flung,—
Yes—we are strangers, gentle one!

But there's a charm in thy sweet *name*,
A spell of love, a sound of fame,
That binds me with its magic chain.

A Mary I have never met,
But her sweet memory was set
Within my heart and lingers yet.

And thou, I know, art good and true,
I've read it in thine eyes of blue,
When the pure soul looked sweetly through.

And so, farewell! may sorrow throw,
Or pain, or care, or aught below,
No shadow on thy heart or brow.

But may thy life glide sweetly on,
Resplendent as a cloud of morn,
Reflecting all the hues of dawn,—

Until adown the darkening West
It sinks, still beautiful, to rest
Amid the *Islands of the Blest*.

OUR CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

“T is the home of our childhood, the beautiful spot
Which the memory retains when all else is forgot.”

Our childhood's home! our childhood's home!
There's magic in the words, the tone,
And music in the accents dear
That none indifferently may hear
Whoe'er the lengthened pang have known
Of exile from dear childhood's home.

Our childhood's home! our childhood's home!
 Contains the earth in other zone
 A spot so fair, where thus the light
 Of morning lingers till the night?
 Though shadows compass us, ah, none
 May reach our Eden-childhood's home!

Dear childhood's home! dear childhood's home!
 In vain we rear the sculptured dome,
 And ply the cunning hand of art
 With costly skill to cheat the heart;
The wayward thing must needs be flown,
To nestle in its childhood's home!

Our childhood's home! our childhood's home!
 In vain o'er earth's expanse we roam,
 Or seek exemption from the band
 That binds us to our native land;—
 One chord still draws us to our own—
The memory of our childhood's home!

Our childhood's home! our childhood's home!
 To change all earthly things are prone—
 Life hath no sorrow like the fear
 Of change in what it holds most dear;
 All feelings change, or may, save one—
The love we bear our childhood's home!

My childhood's home! my childhood's home!
 The stranger calls thee now his own;
 It grieves my heart to think that he
 Will learn to love thee e'en like me,
 And that his children when they roam
 Should pine for *thee—my childhood's home!*

O childhood's home! O childhood's home!
 Let shadows haunt thy dingles lone;
 Let forms that sleep in distant lands
 Return and wave their spectral hands,
 And in the voices of the gone
 Bid him depart, O childhood's home!

Dear childhood's home! dear childhood's home!
 To thee in blissful dreams I come;
 In dreams I hail each cherished tree,
 That sheltered my young heart of glee;
 In dreams I hear the pine's low moan,
 The wild-bird's song, dear childhood's home!

Lost childhood's home! lost childhood's home!
Let silence brood, and fears and gloom
Upon thy hearth; at evening dare
No laughing group to gather there,
No foot to press thy threshold stone,
Forever more, lost childhood's home!

Mary Jane Leighton.

Mary Jane Leighton was born in Saco, July 9, 1830, and educated in the public Gram-school of that village. Her mother died, leaving her motherless at an early age, her father married a second time. She early united with the Unitarian Church of Saco, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. J. T. G. Nichols, and remained a devoted member during her life. As her father's pecuniary circumstances were limited, she was led to begin early to labor for her support, but she used her leisure time for study. Her earliest poetical production appeared in 1850, after which she continued to write occasionally while she lived. She died in Wakefield, Mass., Feb. 14, 1872, where she was at work in the cane factory of Mr. Wakefield. Her remains were brought to Saco for interment, and the following poetry from her pen was read by Dr. Nichols who was the officiating clergyman at her funeral.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

I am all thin and weak,
And sinking to decay;
The hectic glow upon my cheek,
My life flows fast away.

O lovely are my dreams
Of those bright worlds afar!
And nearer, dearer, to me seems
The home where angels are!

I cannot fear to die,—
Death will not from me take
That blessed immortality,
That life to which I wake.

Above my lowly bed
Will willows droop and pine;
But friends need not to bow the head
That such cold sleep be mine.

O spirit soon to be
Free from this mortal strife,
How wilt thou joy those streams to see—
Of high, eternal life!

Thou never more shalt thirst!
Nor think of woe or blight!
For living founts shall ceaseless burst
Upon thine eager sight.

THE GOOD IMMORTAL.

We look upon the countless sins
 Which cast a shadow on the earth;—
 We see with grief the guilt which flings
 A gloom near things of holy birth.

We fear lest the dark, cruel deed
 Shall scatter misery everywhere,
 And think lest crime with its dark brow
 Shall blot out all that's good and fair.

But let us look, too, with glad hope,
 Upon the good that round us lies,
 For never does a daytime pass
 But Friendship, with her tender eyes,

A loving glance upon us casts;—
 A gentle word speaks for our ear;
 And some kind, thoughtful act is done
 To make a way for us more clear.

How many gushing tears are shed
 In secret for another's woe;
 How many loving prayers are said
 For us by those we never know.

How many a struggle in the soul
 Is wrought for the pure love of right;
 • How many whom we thoughtless deem
 Are searching for the heavenly light.

"It is my faith" that each good deed
 Is colored with immortal dies,
 That it shall always have on earth,
 And live, too, always in the skies.

"It is my faith" that all the wrong,
 Shall by the right be triumphed o'er;
 That every heart shall learn at last
 The loving Father to adore.

How could an angel fold its wing
 And look on heaven with joyful eyes,
 If there were one lost soul to bring
 Up to the height of paradise?

Yes, from all woe, and from all sin,
 From every gloom and every night,
 There shall spring up a ray divine,
 And shed o'er all eternal light.

Edward Payson Thwing.

Edward Payson Thwing, M. D. was born at Ware, Mass., Aug. 25, 1830. Removed to Boston and entered Elliot School, 1837; graduated with the Franklin Medal, 1845; High School, 1845-47; in business, 1847-9; graduated at Monson Academy, 1851, at Harvard College, 1855, at Andover Seminary, 1858; subsequently received, on examination, the Doctorate in Philosophy, and on completion of a full course at Long Island College Hospital, the Doctorate in Medicine, also in 1887 the Gold Medal for Literary and Scientific merit from the London Society of Science, Letters and Art. Founder, and four years president, of the Academy of Anthropology, New York; member of the British Medical Association; Corresponding Member Victoria Institute Brooklyn Academy of Science, and associate editor of the *Medico-Legal Journal*, New York. Dr. Thwing is author of various religious, rhetorical and medical publications; a book on foreign travel, a compilation of "Standard Hymns," and of many tracts and leaflets, some of which have been printed in five languages. He spent eight years in pastoral and ministerial labor (Congregational) in Portland and Westbrook, five in Quincy, Mass., and fourteen in Brooklyn, N. Y., his present home; seven summers in Europe, preaching, lecturing, and visiting hospitals. Was elected Professor of Rhetoric and Vocal Culture, 1870, at Gorham Seminary; repeated the lectures at Kent's Hill, Oxford Normal Institute, Little Blue and elsewhere; was four years professor in the Lay College, Brooklyn, and is at present Professor of Psychology in the New York Academy of Anthropology.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEN. JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

Fresh from fields of civic triumph,
Welcome we our honored chief;
Bearer of the sword and olive,
Laurels of unwithering leaf.
Welcome, welcome. Scholar! Soldier!
Honored Chief!

As of old, Minerva's shrine
Echoed to thy willing feet,
Here to-day her children stand
Gladly thee once more to greet.
Welcome, welcome, Scholar! Soldier!
Honored Chief!

To thy brow may coming years
Add new honors, high and bright;
And, above, may angel hands
Welcome thee to endless light.
Welcome, welcome, Scholar! Soldier!
Honored Chief!

CROWNING THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Unfurl your banner to the breeze,
Lift now its starry folds on high;
For One above this emblem sees,
And listens to our loyal cry.

Sound out the bugle notes aloud!
Let drum-beat echo forth its call!
And waiting bands around it crowd—
Our sons and daughters—faithful all.

Too long our foes have proudly ruled;
 Too long our homes their ruin borne;
 Our hearts in sorrow have been schooled,
 O'er many a loved one called to mourn.

Hope crowns our banner now with flowers,
 Faith onward points our joyful way,
 And when the battle darkly lowers,
 Love by its side shall ever stay.

Defend, O Lord of Hosts! we pray,
 This standard which we raise to thee;
 And lead our army night and day,
 And crown our cause with victory.

Sarah Hayford Marden.

Mrs. Marden, the daughter of Arvida and Almira Loring Hayford, was born in Bangor, but her early life was spent in Yarmouth and Portland, and a few years also, with her parents, in beautiful Belfast,—a most lovely spot some three miles from the city. Their residence was on such high ground that the bay was finely in sight, and here her remarkably able and lovable mother mingled her songs and stories with the glorious views in such a manner that the dreamy mind of her child formed from them a spell that has always clung to those seaward windows. Mrs. Marden's next residence was at Bangor, where, with a bright circle of classmates, she graduated at the High-school. Then came a season full of opportunity and pleasure at the boarding-school of the Misses Lyman, at Old Cambridge, Mass. Her marriage occurred in 1862, to Rev. George N. Marden, of Concord, N. H. Their longest pastorates have been in Farmington, Me., and in South Weymouth, Mass. In 1880 Mr. Marden became Professor in Colorado College, whose seat is at Colorado Springs, where, with an only child, a daughter, they have a sunny home. Mrs. Marden's first published bits of poetry appeared in the *Waterville Mail*, later in a work entitled "Lelia's Offering," and in the "Native Poets of Maine," published at Bangor. Many of her poetical gems have been extensively circulated. Of late years she has written more prose than verse, and the *Christian Mirror*, the *Christian Union*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and other publications have been enriched with contributions from her pen.

DAME HILDRETH'S MAY-DAY.

The sun it was out, and the sun it was in,
 Sifted well on the white, spotless floor;
 The birds had come back with their news and their plans
 Well-nigh to the neat cottage-door;
 There was hope in the trees, and the song in the brook,
 And the touch of life everywhere;
 And the dame was the picture, well worth and well framed,
 By the porch in her low rocking-chair.

Her kerchief was white and her soft hair was white,
 But her eyes were the deepest of gray;
 Her cheek it was fair and her mouth it was firm,
 And a grace in her whole figure lay.

You'll paint her?—but yet there is something beyond—
A shadow, perhaps, or a pain—
That your brush, with its delicate temper, will heed,
And will catch but to lose it again.

All day have the children been gladsome and blithe,
All the day has the world called in joy;
Dame Hildreth has answered with only a nod;
She is thinking—about her boy.
There's a wound in her heart and a moan on her lips,
In the saddest and heaviest key:
"It cannot be right, and it must not be wrong;
Dear Lord, thou must show it to me!"

'T is a year and a day since there came to her side
A woman both wicked and young,
And into a heart full of love and of faith
These embers she, pitiless, flung:
"Your son was too good for the bold gypsy maid!
Your God—counts the hairs of your head!
I'll tell you no tale, but the sea knows its own;
I saw your boy last, and—dead."

The neighbors went in, and the neighbors came out,
The kettle sang on just the same;
The minister spake and the minister prayed,
But few were the words of the dame.
It was only the moan in her heart that welled up,
Whatever the minute might be:
"It cannot be right, and it must not be wrong;
Dear Lord, thou must show it to me!"

"I'm dazed and aweary, my Lord and my God;
My fingers thy promises find,
But when I would hear or would praise or would see,
I am deaf, and I'm dumb and I'm blind.
Thou hast taught me so long, and I'm patient to learn,
But, Lord, didst thou will this to be?
All the loss and the grief and the wicked distrust,
Dear Lord, thou must show it to me!"

With folded hands still and with loyal heart wrung,
With a face set in sadness, but sweet,
Dame Hildreth sat, heedless of music and shout
And the patter of hurrying feet.
As the sun it fell low and the shadows grew long,
And the neighbors passed one by one,
Dame Hildreth uplifted her steadfast gray eyes
And beheld, in the gateway, her son.

MY TWO YOUNG OAKS.

Near by my ample door,
 Gracing its entrance o'er,
 Stalwart and brave were my glad young trees;
 And they threw their branches out to the breeze
 In their thrifty length, with an easy strength
 That told of their growing power.

Fine germ and soil and space
 And largess each of grace—
 From trunk to tip the swift life-tide
 Serenely sprang; and side by side
 Their generous shade a shelter made
 For any passing near.

And I! How can I tell
 Their tender, precious spell,—
 I took to them daily my joys and fears,
 Uplooking—though I knew twice their years—
 And their swaying song, through the whole night long,
 Was an ever-present rest.

They tempered every breeze,
 My gentle, kind young trees;
 And, through their tossing foliage bright,
 I toned and framed each pleasant sight—
 In north hill-land or south stream bland,
 My oaks were half its wealth.

The Past, how rich it seemed,
 The Future, how it gleamed!
 As with folded hands or in mute caress
 I leaned and smiled in my tenderness,
 Though down the west the sun sought rest
 In his glory grand but grave.

There came a day—two days,
 When nature changed her ways,
 Stormy and fierce was her battle-cry.
 She passed the weak—the strong must die,
 While my frightened face I hid a space;
 My two young oaks were gone!

Transplanted did you say?
 I know they are away;
 And the summer is hot and the winter is cold.
 “God gave?” I know, and I am not bold.
 He has love so long and a love so strong
 I will hold to His kingly hand.

Near by my ample door
My young oaks stand no more.
Stooping to look for each sign and trace
Two infant oaks in wondrous grace
Reach up to me so trustfully—
These, too, the Lord hath given.

MY GIRLIE.

Tossing curls of chestnut brown,
Frock of white and sash of blue,
Tripping feet and good-by shout—
So the corner shuts from view
My Girlie.

And I pause with folded hands,
Looking where the brightness fled—
Smoothing with my daily prayer
Paths the little one may tread—
My Girlie.

Dolly lying on the bed—
Open book and game and toy,
Mind me of my plaything sweet,
Of my life's great hope and joy—
My Girlie.

Little garments fine and neat,
Dainty boot and ribbon rare—
How I thank the dear Lord now
For the beauty she may share—
My Girlie.

White hairs check my braids of black,
Papa counts them with a frown,
But I point with smiling face
To the head so like his own—
My Girlie.

Bursts of song and childish glee,
Unroll half my scroll of life;
Her tears plunge my thought anew
In each old, forgotten strife—
My Girlie.

Night has brought my pet to find
Prayer and pillow by my side;
Have I Christ's sweet patience shown,—
Granted well—and well denied
My Girlie?

One errs not nor sleeps nor tires.
 Lord—Thou must not trust to me;
 Please through paths both safe and bright
 Lead each step the way to thee,
 My Girlie.

James Phinney Baxter.

James Phinney Baxter was born in Gorham, Me., March 23, 1831, and was the son of Elihu Baxter, M. D. Mr. Baxter has been a successful merchant and manufacturer, and, as a public contribution from his ample fortune, is now erecting an elegant building on Congress street, just above Congress Square, in Portland, to be given to the Public Library and to the Maine Historical Society, of which latter organization he is Vice-President. He was early a contributor to the *New York Home Journal*, *Shillaber's Carpet Bag*, *Godey's Lady's Book* and other publications. He wrote poems, also, for the Longfellow celebration and Prof. Packard's birthday. Of late he has given his attention to historical work, and has had the "Trelawny Papers" published by the Maine Historical Society, "George Cleeve," by the Gorges Society, "British Invasion from the North," in the Munsell Historical Series, and is at work on a history of "Sir Ferdinando Gorges," and his "Province of Maine," to be soon issued by the Prince Society. A portion of his poetical work has been published in a little volume called "Idyls of the Year."

FLOOD.

Out from the east, O sea!
 Dawn's kisses still aglow
 Upon thy breasts of snow,
 Thou flowest unto me.

The echo of a song,
 Whose meaning hearts translate,
 To suit each fleeting state,
 Thy billows bear along.

To one a dirge it seems,
 Leaving a trace of pain;
 To one a sweet refrain,
 Bringing elysian dreams.

But unto me, O sea!
 Thy song majestic swells
 With triumph which foretells
 Things glorious to be.

Richer than sceptered king,
 All things are made for me,
 On land, in air, and sea!—
 I can but sing.

For all my buoyant hopes
 Are ships, with every thread
 Of snowy canvas spread,—
 Slant masts, and straining ropes.

They come,—a gallant fleet,
 Bound home from Orient ports.
 Laden with richer sorts
 Of merchandise, I ween.

No spoil of land or sea,
 Nor handiwork of art
 Treasured in costliest mart,
 But hither comes to me,

Borne upon ideal ships
 With sails more light than air,
 And pennons passing fair,
 Unkissed by zephyr's lips.

MAY.

From a green osier in the sun,
Tossing bright bubbles one by one,
She sees with glee her gay worlds, spun
From vapory light, their cycles run.
Her flute-like laughter all the day
With witchery fills the balmy air,
Which toying with her sunny hair
Weaves many a flossy toil and snare
For loiterers by the way.

In meadows veiled with misty light
She hears the herd-bells with delight,
And the mad mirth of brooks which smite
The lagging wheels to swifter flight;
While the lark, lost to earthly gaze,
With music fills the heavenly leas,
Luring her thoughts to haunts of ease,
Where isles of pearl on azure seas
Float in a dreamy maze.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

(SWEET-IDLENESS.)

The day o'er-brims with splendor like a rose;
No hint of storm is in the far-off sky;
I watch the blue sea as it comes and goes
Beneath my eye.

Toward the mirroring waters slowly dips
The broad-winged gull, and, rising, seaward glides;
Toward the city toil the laboring ships
On favoring tides.

There comes to me the tumult of the keys,
The murmur of the marts, and scents which bear
Me into zones where every passing breeze
Is a sweet snare,—

A lure to languor. Ah, but what of this!
I must the sweet spell shatter, and away;
And midst the mart's moil, where gray Duty is,
Wear out the day:

For Duty saith, "Life is too real a thing
 To waste in worthless ways,
 For bread men moan,
 For soul and body, bread,
 'T were shame to bring
 Them but a stone."

I glance down shame-faced-wise! "T is true," I sigh;

Then goldenly the sun gilds dome and spire,

And then an oriole goes sparkling by,—

A wingéd fire,—

And a fair city of a long dead day

Beameth before me, and the gleam of gear,—

Broad shield, and billowy plume, and bannercl gay,

And lissome spear,

Leashed hound and hooded hawk, and rare-robed dame—,

And knights who curb tall steeds; and to my ear

"Sir Launcelot! Sir Galahead!"—glorious names—

The soft winds bear.

And the sound stirs my soul as doth the air

A slumbering lyre; and, come whatever may,

I am lost to the world and all its care

For one brief day;

And gathering glory in the tourney field

Will I forget my time, and be as one

Who weareth mail, and beareth lance and shield

Till set of sun,

And winneth glance of damosels whose lips,

As they would fain be kissed, smile down on him:

For thoughts skim silent centuries, as swift ships

The oceans skim.

So will I have one joyous holiday,

Despite of men and marts and merchandise,—

A little tide in pleasant fields to stray,

'Neath cloudless skies.

Hannah E. M. Allen.

Mrs. H. E. M. Allen, known in the literary world as "Rose Sanborn," was born ~~among~~ⁱⁿ the hills of old Oxford, at Paris, Oct. 6, 1831. Her maiden name was Maxim, and ~~she~~^{she} was reared on a farm, in a rural neighborhood where educational privileges were ~~few~~^{few}. She began to write prose and verse when quite young; spent several terms at Hebron Academy, and the Oxford Normal Institute, at South Paris, and taught district schools for several years. She married John W. Allen, a native of West Minot, Me., but then a resident of Southern Iowa, where he had been for several years Principal of an Academy. Since then, Mrs. Allen has lived in various States of the Union, her husband's impaired health having made a change of climate necessary, from time to time. Mrs. Allen is now living at Agnew, Lancaster County, Nebraska.

THE STORY OF A QUEEN.

Because the blood of kings ran in her veins
Love was forbidden her. A sacrifice
Upon the altar of the state, she wore
Her orange blossoms on a joyless brow;
Nor could the blaze of diamonds flashing through
Soft mists of bridal lace, or shimmering lights
Of gorgeous satins falling to her feet,
So dazzle her sad eyes that she saw not
The spectre sitting at her wedding feast.
No lover he, who ringed her slender hand
And laid a bridegroom's kiss upon her cheek.
No lover she, beholding on his brow,
The aureole of demi-god or saint.
Yet from that hour, so runs the tale, she took
Love's marble image, Duty, to her heart,
As it were Love himself; and even wore
The dignity of wifehood royally,
Striving to lend her home its utmost grace:
Nor sought to drink from a forbidden cup
The wine of life.

At last a princely boy
Came, an embodied sunbeam, to her arms.
Then, day by day, the fair young mother bore
The dimpled prattler to his father's knee;
Nor ever chilling look or angry word
Availed to fright her from her loving task,
Until the kisses of his innocent child
Unsealed at last within his bosom springs
That touched their arid home-life into bloom,
And he was drawn by those small baby hands
Back to paths of virtue and of peace.
Thus late she won her wifehood's rightful crown,
More precious far than queenly diadem—
Her husband's heart, and Duty's lifeless form
Was quickened by the living soul of Love;
As in the ancient myths, the sculptor saw
The marble shape of rarest loveliness
His hand had wrought, grow warm with blood and breath,
The pale lips blossom red and the white lids
Uplift from tender eyes that smiled in his.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

'T was a glorious scene—the mountain height
Aflame with sunset's gorgeous light.

Even the black pines, grim and old,
Transfigured stood with crowns of gold.

There on a hoary crag we stood,
When the tide of glory was at its flood.

Close by our feet, the mountain's child,
The delicate harebell, sweetly smiled,

Lifting its cups of tender blue
From seam and rift where the mosses grew.

The everlasting's mimic snow
Whitened the dry, brown grass below,

While the yellow plumes of golden-rod
Through clumps of starry asters glowed.

And the sumach's ruddy fires burned through
The tangled hazels of duller hue.

Below stretched wide the skirt of wood
Where the maple's green was dashed with blood,

Where the beech had donned a golden brown
And the poplar was gay in a yellow gown,

And the straight birch stems gleamed white between
The sombre spruces, darkly green.

Clasping the mountain's very feet,
The small lake lay, a picture-sheet

Where the pomp of sunset cloud and shine
Glowed in a setting of dark old pine.

Far in the west, blue peaks arose,—
One with a crest of glittering snows,—

With hill and valley and wood between,
And lakes transfused with the sunset sheen.

Over the line of sky and hill,
Strange cloud-shapes tossed at the wind's fierce will,

Drifting and shifting, till lo! at last
A shadowy cross rose grim and vast.

But the sunset's gold behind it fringed
Its ragged edges leaden-tinged,

And over its dusky length was spread
Such a flush of purple and rich rose-red.

The grim shape seemed but an omen bright,
Crowning our bridal eve with light.

With hands clasped and raptured gaze,
We watched it in a sweet amaze,

Till, drifting up the zenith's blue,
It melted slowly from our view,

While the far hilltops' saffron glows
Shifted to amethyst and rose,

And the dark old pines grew darker still
As the deepening dusk crept up the hill.

Many long years have slipped away
Since we stood there on our bridal day,—

Years that have brought the noon-tide heat
For the dew of morning cool and sweet;

Yet ever the cross that hung above
Has been touched with the sunset hues of love.

A YELLOW BIRD IN WINTER.

Across a drear white waste of snow,
A sweet familiar warble came,
And lo! upon a bare, brown bough,
A tiny bit of yellow flame.

So strange it seemed that, while I heard,
Forgotten was the wintry gloom;
I felt my heart within me stirred
By summer's breath of balm and bloom.

I seemed to hear the answering note
From his shy mate among the leaves;
To see the thistle-down afloat,
From which his dainty nest he weaves;

And the far purple hill-tops swim
In shimmering heats of August days;
Across the blue, the swallows skim;
Beside the brook, the cardinals blaze.

Gone, gone, alas! A glint of gold
Lost quickly on a leaden sky;
Did I in fancy but behold
A singing sunbeam glancing by?

I know not. I but know there came
New sweetness into life that day;
The flashing of that wing of flame
A thread of gold shot through the gray.

BABY'S GRAVE.

Only a rose-bush. In my grief I said
This sacred spot no cold white stone should bear;
Only a rose-bush, set with loving care,
Should mark the place; and lo! as summers sped,
It seemed no more a grave but a rose-bed.
Now plucking the red seed-cups from the bush,
The warm, rich after-glow of its June flush,
I find at last the memory of my dead
So painless grown, so beautiful and sweet,
That even a passing sigh seems half unmeet;
And I but pause to lift a voiceless prayer
That ever this dead grief of mine may bear
Roses of faith and hope, whose blossoming
May unto other lives some fragrance bring.

THE SCARLET FROCK.

Vision of all loveliness,
Baby in his scarlet dress!
Half I guess some tropic flower
Has just blossomed in your bower;
Or rare bird from palmy isle
Dropped into your nest awhile;
Such a dainty red-bird he,
Dancing on his mother's knee.

Yet mine eyes are growing dim,
Looking, bless his heart! at him;
For I've laid my baby down
In a little snow-white gown.
Where my darling's face is hid
Under grassy coverlid,
Summer's roses bloom and die;
Winter's stainless snow-wreaths lie.

Yet more blest than you, mayhap,
With your cherub in your lap,
Feasting on his budding charms,—
I who sit with empty arms.

Yours the toil and anxious thought,
His white soul to keep from spot,
Yours the ceaseless watch and prayer;
God hath taken my sweet care.

While you clasp your winsome sprite
In his scarlet plumage dight,
Press to yours his mouth of rose,
Fold his living sweetness close,
I can see by faith my own,
Wearing white and white alone.
God shall keep my lamb from hence
In immortal innocence.

Henry Rand Edwards.

Henry R. Edwards was born Dec. 22, 1831, on the farm that he now occupies in Lincoln, Me., when it was a mere clearing in the wilderness. He was reared to farm-labor with such meagre school advantages as the town afforded, but after he was twenty years of age made efforts to enlarge his knowledge with commendable zeal. He went West with the intention of becoming a teacher, but owing to incurable deafness which came on in his absence, was obliged to return home and fall back on "bone and sinew" for the support of himself and family. Mr. Edwards has always been a passionate lover of books, and though his opportunities to cultivate literary talent have been necessarily limited, he is classed as a well-read man, and has written many years with acceptance for some of the best journals in the State. "The Closing Year," a grange poem, from Mr. Edwards's pen, has been much admired. He is at present occupying the editorial chair of the *Up River News*. As a prose writer, Mr. Edwards has produced some unique and interesting articles.

ECCLESIASTES.

Not now for the joyous and gay I write,
For my heart is oppressed with a strange unrest,
And my spirit quails and withers like blight
In the chilling shade of some terrible night,
As the pale moon sinks in the west.
For Morven's legions are marching to-night,
The sheen of their armor is wild and bright,
And an awesome eeriness holdeth me.
I feel that I stand on the border-land,
The border-land of mystery.
For the wheel at the cistern is broken now,
And the fountains of youth no longer flow,
The windows are darkened with threatening woe,
And light are the burdens at which I bow,
For the sound of the grinding is low.

On the border-land, for the east winds moan,
And the moon goes down o'er forests brown,
And save the distant glimmering town,
Forest, still forest, dark, unknown,

Where cheerful home-light never shone,
 To far Katahdin, cold and lone.
 Beneath the mystic Northern Light,
 And on, still on, to the frozen zone,
 And the grim abodes of frigid night
 On the shores of the unmapped sea,—
 Thus lies the beyond untraced for me,
 For faith is dead, and hope is fled,
 And the Temple of Science is reared instead.
 And I join in the quest of the soul's behest,
 As its votaries cry, Lo here! lo there!
 But I sometimes fear that our idols are clay,
 And often I feel that our worship is cold,
 And fain would I weep with Mary of old,
 That they have taken our Lord away
 And laid Him I know not where.

My children lie sleeping the sleep of the just,
 Yet o'er them I sigh, I know not why,
 For even my love in which they trust
 Is a far prophetic, beneficent *must*,—
 And not of their merit, and not of my will,
 Strange power to be born of unconscious dust,
 And motion more inanimate still!
 And even I dare to murmur a prayer
 Sent aimless into the vast unknown,
 If, perchance, it may find a resting-place there,
 Or bring some token of fostering care,
 Less impotent than my own;
 For my strength is little and much is due,
 The measure is great and the grains are few
 And I tread in the wine-press alone.

For this is a barren life indeed,
 If collision of atoms at different speed
 Is all the creed we ever shall need;
 And the boon of thought is too dearly bought,
 If it eats its own heart and comes to nought.
 And the “force of nature” is incomplete,
 If it builds a hope it never can meet,
 As our own half-truths declare;
 And I strive with pain and weary brain
 To trace the threadless labyrinth out,
 For the doubtful hope and the hopeful doubt
 Are harder than utter despair to bear,
 And the wisdom of earth is a snare.

And if a man die shall he live again?
Or ever the evil day shall come
When the clouds return not after the rain,
Nor man from his long, long home?

Why linger longer on weary theme
Of weary measures through which we grope?
At last and at least a flickering gleam
Is promised, perhaps, that may lead to hope,
As the magnet tells of the hidden mine,
As the needle-lines cluster around the pole,
To one great ultimate incline,
The varied truths that we discern;
And we have only more to learn
To see that this includes the whole.
And the force behind is the rest before,
And the base below is the goal above,
And this part, that is the whole and more,
That flexes every divining-rod,
Is the primal vibration we know as love,
And may be—near to the Christian's God,
For "God is love!"
Be still, my soul, nor seek to know
What thy dim sight, not darkness, hides;
Thy powers may grow as we farther go,
For a truth that is true to itself abides,
Though long and erring thy way may be,
Be sure thy Father watcheth thee.

THE SILENT SYMPHONY.

Where is the song that never was sung?
What is the story that never was told?
The changes have long ago all been rung,
And the new of the newest was old of old.
Over and over we carol our lays,
With few to listen and fewer to praise;
For we sing not now as in olden days,
And the fervor of lips grows cold.

Yet there is a song that the poet hears
That never was sung under heaven's blue dome,
And it moves to the stately march of the years
With the steadfast throb of the metronome.
And sound for ears mortal the Song hath none,
But silently speaks to the soul alone
In the meaning rhythm of the isochrone,
The mother-tongue of its home.

But mark how it blendeth the airs of earth,
 That song of songs that forever is new;
 The pæan of joy, at a gladsome birth,
 With the wail of death, of the Ululu.
 For the gladness of earth is but sorrow begun,
 And sorrowing endeth as joy hath done.
 But there, the wail and the pæan are one,
 The Beautiful and the True.

Nancy Bixby Dinsmore Lovett.

Nancy Dinsmore Bixby was born in Norridgewock, Me., March 24, 1829, receiving there a good common-school and academical education, inheriting a poetical temperament, enhanced by the fine scenic surroundings of the "old home" and the literary impulse of Maine air. In 1858 she went to reside with her prosperous brothers in California, where, in 1860, she was married to William E. Lovett, a San Francisco lawyer, who died a few years ago, leaving her to care for and complete the education of their five children. Her life has been domestic rather than literary, still, this lady has been a welcome writer to the columns of papers on the Pacific coast, as well as to those of her native State.

MY OLD HOME.

As by my fire I sit to-night,
 Watching the embers glow,
 How busy memory brings to sight
 The scenes of long ago.
 For looking back I seem to see
 Myself again a child,
 When, like a fairy-land to me,
 The earth as Eden smiled.
 Once more among familiar things
 In fancy do I roam,
 As to my sight fond memory brings
 Again my childhood home—
 The dear old house where I was born,
 The barn, the brook, the spring,
 The oil-nut-trees where every morn
 I heard the robins sing;
 . The orchard-hill with breezes sweet,
 That made my face so brown,
 When from its top, with romping feet,
 I chased the apples down;
 The river where the grape-vines grew
 Into a perfect bower,
 And cherry-trees that shadows threw
 Across the wild sunflower;

The sylvan path that led the way
Where spring-flowers used to grow,
And where I stole at hush of day
To watch the sunset's glow;

The path that to the hill-top led,
From whence I looked away,
Where, like a painted picture spread,
The lovely landscape lay.

And when beneath the summer sky
The old pine woods were seen,
No place unto my loving eye
So fair had ever been.

For deep within each shady place
The rarest mosses grew,
And there the wood-flower's lovely face
Smiled all the summer through.

Each spot was like a precious gem,
And dearly prized by me,
And though so distant far from them,
Yet all to-night I see;

And so I sit and muse and dream
Within my firelight warm,
Until once more a child I seem
Upon my father's farm.

Amos Bixby.

Amos Bixby is the son of Amasa Bixby and Fanny Weston Bixby, and the grandson of Solomon Bixby and Benjamin Weston, who were of the earliest settlers of Somerville, Me. The home of the Bixbys and Westons was by the beautiful Kennebec. The subject of this notice was prepared for college at the Bloomfield Academy, under the tutelage of the Hon. Stephen Coburn, and was for two years a student at Water-College, and afterwards studied law with Hon. Joseph Baker, at Augusta. While in the practice of law at Searsport, in the same State, he was married to Miss Augusta Washington Carlisle, and to them were born four children. The family left Searsport in 1850, members of a colony, composed mostly of New England people, to settle upon an unbroken prairie, the principal town of which was called Grinnell, in honor of the founder, on J. B. Grinnell. Moving westward again, Mr. Bixby engaged in mining in Gilpin and Boulder Counties, Col.,—settling finally in the town of Boulder, 1872, where soon he established a newspaper, and became well known among the earlier journalists of the State. He afterwards held some offices of trust. Early in the present year, 1888, he and his family again took their way westward, making a home at Long Beach, a pleasant sea-resort, Los Angeles County, Cal.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE WESTON CELEBRATION AT MADISON, MAINE.

Our fathers walked in perfect trust:
They held the promise blest,

Through lives of toil and frames of dust,
To their eternal rest.

Their perfect trust, it left them here
No moment for despair;
No time to lose, no time to fear,
Nor doubt their Father's care.

Their perfect trust, it gave them breath
Of the divinest air!
Their perfect trust, it gave them faith
Of heaven being everywhere!

Now honor, learning, truth and art,—
Uplifting love of right,
And sweeter graces of the heart,
Enduring in God's sight,—

Such heritage we celebrate:—
Earth doth not better give:—
Spirit to keep the high bequest
Must in our children live.

And their descendants, from afar,
Will send the message down
That the fathers' blessings are
The children's children's crown.

Our fathers' God! in Thee we'll trust:
We'll trust the promise blest,
By lives of faith, through frames of dust,
To our eternal rest.

James Clemens Chilcott.

James Clemens Chilcott was born on Ironbound Island, Frenchman's Bay, within the limits of the town of Gouldsboro', April 2, 1832, and is now in his fifty-sixth year. When he was one year old, his parents moved to Sullivan, Me., where he resided until 1872. He was reared on a farm, and, with the exception of two terms at a private High School in Sullivan, and one winter at Bluehill Academy, he was educated in the district schools of Sullivan. In early life he went to sea for a short time, and three voyages to Bank Quereau, in the fisheries. At the age of nineteen years he became a teacher in the district schools, continuing in that calling for twenty years, and teaching nearly sixty terms. Enlisting in 1861, he served as a sergeant about two years in the 13th Maine Regiment, of which Neal Dow was colonel. In 1872 Mr. Chilcott was appointed Special Deputy Collector of Customs at the port of Ellsworth, an office which he held for more than thirteen years. Shortly after his appointment, he removed to Ellsworth, where he has since resided. He has served in many municipal capacities, including fifteen years on the school-board in Sullivan and Ellsworth, several terms as Chairman of the Board of Selectmen and Assessors of Sullivan, and also as an Alderman in the City of Ellsworth. For several years he was a contributor to a number of papers, including the *Portland Transcript*, *Lewiston Journal*, *Machias Union*, *Ellsworth American*, *Mount Desert Herald* and *Phrenological Journal*. Since August, 1885, he has been editor and manager of the *Ellsworth American*. For many years he has been an earnest temperance worker.

BERTIE.

My bark, launched on life's troubled sea,
Stood boldly out from land;
No steadfast needle guided me
To shun the rock and sand.

Temptations swerved me from my course,
The breakers round me lay,
And though the gale raged loud and hoarse,
I saw no sheltering bay.

Ambition lured me, hope beguiled
With honied blandishment,
When 'board my bark there came a child
Of trustful, calm content,

As pure as lone Siberia's snow,
As glad as morning bird,
As welcome as the solar glow
By arctic night deferred.

He came to pilot and to bless,
To win my purest love,
To strew my path with happiness
And lift my thoughts above.

In heart all pure, from stains all free,
He came, my precious boy,
Exemplar, teacher, friend to be,
A source of holy joy.

Ten years rolled on, the last one fled—
Sad day to mine and me—
The unreal boy lay cold and dead,
The real soared lithe and free.

Dead! Nay, not dead! But just begun
To live with shackles rent;
And more than erst is he my son,
Whose presence brings content.

A REFORM CLUB HYMN.

God of the right, uphold our cause,
And make its rule thy righteous laws;
Make Thou its aiders firm and true,
With hearts to dare and wills to do.
Our work demands no feigned applause;
We celebrate a noble cause,

The birth of valor in the soul
 Emancipate from rum's control;
 A declaration, firm and strong,
 Of independence from the wrong;
 A manly turning to the right,
 With hearts and homes and lives made bright.
 When men, forsaking error's ways,
 Have pledged to right their future days,
 Their acts are nobler, more sublime,
 Than martial deeds of every time.
 A conquering hero's dread command
 May blight and blast a happy land;
 But he who turneth back from sin
 May bless the world he liveth in.
 Lend Thou, O God! Thy spirit's might,
 To make our cause a league with right,
 A league with truth, a league with Thee,
 A league with love and liberty,
 Whose work on earth shall ne'er be done,
 Till all from sin and shame are won.

Mary E. Bryant Tourillotte.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryant Tourillotte was born in Corinth, Me., June 13, 1832. Her first poem appeared in the *Portland Transcript* in 1851. The title was "Angel Visits." Afterwards she had poems in the *Temperance Watchman*, *Morning Star* and *Portland Transcript*. She married Franklin Tourillotte in the year 1854, and is still living in Maxfield. She has written very little since her marriage, as her family, four girls and two boys, has occupied her attention. The youngest daughter is the only one who possesses any poetical talent.

THE WELCOME.

Sweet indeed will be the greeting
 Of the loved ones gone before,
 When, all tempest-tost and weary,
 We have gained that heavenly shore:
 Sweet will be their angel welcome
 To that world of endless day;
 But another Friend awaits us,
 Dearer, truer far than they.

He who left his home in glory,
 Fallen man from sin to save;
 He who rent death's bands asunder,
 And in triumph left the grave;—

He the golden gates will open,
He will bid us enter there,
Free from sin, and pain, and sorrow,
All the joys of heaven to share.

Though our eyes have never rested
On that form divinely fair;—
Though our ears have ne'er been gladdened
By that voice of music rare;—
He unseen has walked beside us,
All along life's winding way;
He has soothed the keenest sorrow,
He has cheered the saddest day.

When our work for Him is finished,
At His feet the cross lay down,
He will clothe us in white raiment,
On each forehead place the crown.
All our toils and trials ended,
Conflict past and victory won,
He will be the first to greet us.—
He will speak the glad "Well done."

Henry Laurens Talbot.

Rev. Henry L. Talbot was born in East Machias, about 1832. He received his early education at Washington Academy in his native town. He studied three years at Woburn, Mass., then at Williston Seminary, East Hampton, N. H., graduating from Andover Theological Seminary in the class of 1870, and was called to settle as pastor of the Congregational Church, in Durham, N. H., November, 1872, which charge he resigned about 1882. Since then he has continued to live in that town, giving his time principally to teaching and literary labor.

WINTER SCENE.

I walked, to-day, in a silver grove,
Bedecked with shining crystals rare;
The waving branches tossed above
Their frosty diamonds in the air.

I gazed enraptured on the scene,
And thought of the world that needs no sun,
All radiant in the dazzling sheen
Of the perfect day so long begun.

And I thought, if God on the streets of earth
Lavished profusely light and gem,
What would it be, at the heavenly birth,
In the streets of the New Jerusalem!

EGBERT, MY DEPARTED BOY.

He sleeps no more upon my breast.
The music of whose gentle feet
My listening ear was wont to greet,
Whose golden curls I oft caressed.

His bed is where pale violets sleep.
The narrow mound I may not see.
But pitying voices say to me,
"Tis where the sad-eyed violets weep."

Our own stout hearts are filled with dread,
We shrink with terror and dismay
To walk the dark, mysterious way
That leads us to the silent dead.

How can *he* tread the darksome way—
Who ever in the path of life
Has shielded been from every strife —
Up to the confines of the day!

And should he reach that better land,
Will he not feel himself alone,
As if an uninvited one,
And on its threshold trembling stand?

O who will know the child is there,
In that vast world of dazzling light?
Amid the hosts of seraphs bright,
Who'll see that little form so fair?

Ah, some one from the angel band
Who watched *our* angel here on earth,
And claimed him with a kindred birth,
Will greet him in that better land,—

Lead him, through ranks of legions bright.
To One who trod life's pathway dim,
And called earth's children unto Him,
Now seated on a throne of white!

And he will take my little boy
And fold him to His gentle breast,
Till, sinking in that blissful rest,
His soul shall taste eternal joy!

James Albert Libby.

v. James A. Libby, a Methodist clergyman, was born in Poland, Me., July 3, 1832, had a common-school and academical education. He has spent some six years out of native State, and preached and taught a while in South Carolina, among the Freedmen. Mr. Libby has been a minister of the Gospel since he was twenty-six years old, has written considerably in verse, and contemplates publishing a volume.

THE OLD DOOR-SILL.

Always under foot remaining,
Yet with not a word complaining,
 What a story it might tell—
What through all its years unfolding
Changeful scenes, ever beholding,
 Mirthful moods, and sorrow's spell!

How gay hearts have bounded o'er it,
And light feet have tripped before it,
 When as yet the home was new!
Then dull care found not the dwelling,
And no burden worth the telling
 Lay upon the happy two.

Didst thou hear the merry laughter
Fill the house from floor to rafter,
 When, on creeping hands and knees,
Little rogue edged closely to thee,
And with wonder first did view thee
 With so much outside to please?

But with baby joy soon over,
Thou didst see the watching mother
 Snatch the pet from danger's brink,
Smothering half his screams with kisses,
And for outdoor joy he misses
 Quickly of some toy doth think.

Not all pleasure was thy portion,
For how many had the notion,
 With their rough and snowy feet,
To come down on thee with power,
And through years how many an hour
 Thy poor form was sorely beat!

Yes, and hard thy fare for shelter,
Storm, or mild, or furious pelt.
 Found thee always in the way:

•
THE POETS OF MAINE.

And what must have failed to cheer thee,
Was to have a door so near thee,
And be forced without to stay.

Thou art worn with time and friction.

Hast thou stories of affliction?

Surely long has been thy day.

"Yes; the feet that traveled o'er me
Many a year, uneven wore me;
But at length they passed away.

"Tears fell on me as we parted
From the mourner, heavy-hearted,
Close behind the casket borne;
One by one the inmates scattered,
Till the house grew old and shattered,
Then they left it like a tomb.

"Ruin played his pranks above me,
And his mighty hand did shove me
From my place, and here I fell,
Desolate, till you came to me,
And with pity seemed to view me,
Helping me my story tell."

A BLISSFUL VISION.

I sat me down to muse one weary day,
And soon in thought was wandering far away,
Before me rose a shining, narrow gate;
It swung, and lo! a saintly form did wait
Within for me. Amazed I saw him stand
And stretch his own to grasp my mortal hand.
"Come unto me," he said, "earth-weary child,
And I will teach thee;" and so sweetly smiled
That all my fears were fled, and by his side
I held his hand—my more than mortal guide,—
And he was speaking as he led me forth:
And first he told me, "This is God's new earth;"
And I had guessed it, though my searching eyes
Had swept but once the landscape and the skies.
For at my feet the soil seemed new and clean,
And all the grass grew thickly fresh and green,
Which all among were flowers of every hue,
And bursting buds just pushing into view.
And trees, and vines, and all I saw below

Seemed beautiful as God could make them grow.
 And I was thinking of a sacred verse
 When he who led me, spake it: "*No more curse —*"
 And I was listening as we passed along
 To catch the floating snatches of a song,
 Till coming nearer, thus I caught the strain,
 "Worthy the Lamb for us that once was slain."
 I gazed entranced, for mighty hosts were singing,
 And golden harps with richest tones were ringing,
 As now the glad refrain came pouring forth:
 "For us, and we shall reign upon the earth!"
 What beams of glory danced on every brow,
 And every cheek wore health and beauty now.
 "And is disease a stranger here?" I asked, full fain;
 My guide responding, answered, "*No more pain.*"
 He brought me and we wandered long beside
 A flowing river, deep, and clear, and wide,
 Till high on either bank, a branching wood,
 Kissing the sky in awful grandeur, stood,
 With monthly fruitage full. "Life's trees," he saith,
 And then kept on repeating, "*No more death.*"
 My eyes were chained intent till when my guide
 Bade me look farther back, on either side,
 And lo! a city—but with mortal tongue,
 I stop and leave its glories all unsung.
 And now such radiant light around was shining
 Methought ourselves beyond the day's declining;
 For wave on wave the city flashed afar
 Its dazzling splendor like a burning star.
 And he who led me read my thoughts aright,
 And spake them shortly, saying, "*No more night.*"
 What! "*No more curse, nor pain, nor death, nor night?*"
 Bright vision of a world, surpassing bright!
 "And can it be that things will always stay
 As beautiful, and glorious, as they seem to-day?"
 I said, as coming to the shining gate,
 My guide still holding me, content to wait.
 "Always," he said, "the nature of this clime
 Is one bright, balmy, constant summer-time."

FAST ASLEEP.

Beautiful little creature—
 Noiseless innocent sleep,
 Holding each limb and feature
 Fast in the cradle deep;

THE POETS OF MAINE.

Forehead smooth as the marble,
 Clustered with golden curls—
 Eyes gently shutting out teardrops,
 Glistening very like pearls;
 Cheeks aglow and bedimpled,
 Lips sweetly parted, rose-red,
 Pressed out of shape just a little,
 By the fist doubled under the head;
 Dimpled again at the elbows—
 One hand thrown over the breast—
 Thus lay the dear little sleeper
 When I beheld him at rest.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

This charming writer was born in Strong, Franklin County, Oct. 9, 1832. She resided there during her childhood, and, amid its romantic scenery and the quiet of its peaceful village life, imbibed deeply at the fount of inspiration, till her admiring soul learned to express itself in sweet melody. Her early poems appeared over the signature of "Florence Percy," and many of them were first published in the *Portland Transcript*. She came to Portland in 1855, and a volume of her fugitive poems appeared in that city just before her marriage to Mr. Akers, the sculptor, elsewhere represented in this volume, whom she accompanied to Italy, and buried there. For several years she was on the editorial staff of the *Portland Advertiser*. She has written for most of the leading magazines, and several editions of her collected poems have been published. A critic remarks, "Much of her poetry is really exquisite." Mrs. Akers now resides at Ridgewood, N. J.

VINE-LIFE.

In the dead barrenness of winter time
 I marked this woodbine latticing the wall,
 And said, "How pleasantly in summer's prime
 This vine shall beautify and curtain all!"

Ere yet in leafless elms the robins sung,—
 Nature touched tenderly the net-work screen,
 And with her silent fingers slowly strung
 The limber stems with gems of living green.

Yet some remained unbudded. Day by day
 I watched, - but not late April's gracious air,
 Nor yet the warmer smiles of perfect May,
 Brought promise to the tendrils brown and bare.

Whereat I grieved. "The winter was unkind,"
 I said, "to shatter thus my summer dream;
 How shall these dry limbs scatter shade, or blind
 My window from the sultry August beam?"

Yet see how June my faithless murmuring mocks!

Lo, those new vigorous shoots, all fresh with leaves,
Clasp with their clinging hands these dry, dead stalks,
And clamber up, rejoicing, to the eaves,—

Till the brown skeleton is all aleaf,
Fluttering, and rain-fresh through its tendriled length,—
And that, which once was death and bitter grief,
Becomes at once its glory and its strength.

Fettered and cramped by no depending cares,
Up their strange trellis the long garlands go,
As went the angels up the shining stairs
Of Jacob's vision in the long ago.

When shall we learn to read this life aright?
When to our souls will the sweet grace be given
To make our disappointment and our blight
But ladder-rounds to lift us nearer heaven?

WOUNDED.*

June's loving presence fills these green-arched glooms;
From broad-leaved branches, drooping cool and low,
Drop down the purple-veined catalpa-blooms,
Chasing each other lightly to and fro
As dainty as new snow.

The great ripe roses nodding by the way,
Drunken and drowsy with their own perfume,
Heed not that bee and butterfly all day
Make in their very hearts a banquet-room
And rob their royal bloom.

The chestnut lights her mimic chandeliers,
The tulip-tree uplifts her goblets high,
The pine and fir shed balmy incense-tears,
And the magnolia's thick white petals lie
Expiring fragrantly.

The silver poplar's pearl and emerald sheen
Glimmers incessant, shadowing the eaves:
The willow's wide, fair fountain-fall of green
Whispers like rain; a pulse of gladness hives
The world of waving leaves.

* This poem, which has not, we believe, been included in any of "Florence Percy's" published works, alluded to our gallant ex-Governor, GEN. SELDEN CONNOR, who was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness, and lay in hospital many weary months.

In yonder room that fronts the dusty street,
 Hushed and white-bedded, curtained cool and dim,
 There lies as brave a heart as ever beat,
 Bound down and tortured by a shattered limb—
 Ah! what is June to him?

To him, poor homesick sufferer, how fair
 Would be this wreath of bloom, this sunny sky,
 These gushing sparrow-songs, this gracious air!
 Yet he, with stronger right to all than I,
 Pines in captivity.

With breath of cannon hot upon his brow,
 In glorious strife it had been sweet to die;
 But no ennobling purpose fires him now,
 His soul is nerved by no proud battle-cry
 To this long agony.

What was the boldest charge, the bloodiest fight,
 The wildest rally over heaps of slain,
 To this unequal contest day and night
 With the fierce legions of disease and pain,
 Repulsed so oft in vain?

Heroic was the bravery that inspired
 His heart to daring deeds; but nobler still
 This bravery of strong patience, which, untired,
 Waits calmly, while the tedious months fulfil
 Their work of good or ill.

Sacred we hold their names, who in the strife
 Of righteous war—our nation's noblest sons—
 Have done their work and given up their life
 Amid the smoke and thunder of the guns,
 Beloved and honored ones!

And thou, brave heart, although no trumpet-breath
 Proclaims thee martyr, yet thy name shall be
 Hallowed as these, for even more than death,
 O hero, hast thou suffered patiently
 For right and liberty!

WHITE HEAD.

From the pleasant paths I used to tread
 Full many a mile away,
 I dream of the rocks of old White Head,
 And the billows of Casco Bay.
 I sit once more on the island beach,
 Where the waves dash glad and high

And listen again their mystic speech,
As the murmurous ranks go by;
While, lying here on my tiresome bed,
I cheat the dreary day
By fondly picturing old White Head,
And the waters of Casco Bay.

Beyond it the laden ships go out,
Out into the open sea,
To battle with danger, and storm, and doubt,
And the ocean's treachery;
And the homeward vessels which long have sped
Through the tempest, and spray, and foam,
Catch first a glimmer of old White Head,
And are sure they are almost home;
And many a homesick tear is shed
By wanderers miles away,
As memory whispers of old White Head,
And the islands of Casco Bay.

Ah, rarest mosses that ever were seen
Grow brightly on old White Head;
Orange, and russet, and emerald-green
Wide o'er the rocks are spread;
And when the sweet June sunlight shines,
The gossiping zephyr tells
Where ruby and golden columbines
Are swinging their myriad bells.
Ah, thus, as I lie on my tiresome bed,
I cheat the dreary day
By summer pictures of old White Head,
And the billows of Casco Bay.

Did I forget? It is winter now
On the islands and old White Head.
The snow lies deep on the cliff's high brow,
And the lichens and blooms are dead;
Under the ice, with sob and sigh,
The ~~prisoned~~ billows heave,
And the clouds hang dark, and the sea-birds cry
And the winds complain and grieve,—
Yet, lying here on my tiresome bed,
It cheers me to think alway
That the summer is shining on old White Head,
And the islands of Casco Bay!

. ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep:—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain.—
 Take them, and give me my childhood again!
 I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
 Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
 Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
 Long I to-night for your presence again.
 Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
 No love like mother-love ever has shone;
 No other worship abides and endures,—
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
 None like a mother can charm away pain
 From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song:
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
 Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Charles Carroll Lorинг.

The subject of this sketch was the son of Lucius Lorинг, who came to Buckfield, Me., in 1805, when a mere lad. He spent all the years of his active life as a prominent trader. At this writing he still survives, beloved and respected by all, at the age of 90 years, being the oldest citizen of Buckfield. Charles Carroll was born in Buckfield, Nov. 23, 1832, and was an only son. He attended the schools of Buckfield in his boyhood, and studied several years under private instructors, devoting considerable attention to reading and the study of literature. He spent several years in his father's store, devoting much time to reading and writing, and subsequently engaged in the hardware trade. But the duties of his business life were always somewhat irksome to him, as his taste led his mind far away from the associations of trade. During these years he wrote many poems and essays under the sobriquet of "Oxford," most of which were published in the *Port-and Transcript*. He was a deep lover of nature and its varying seasons, and enjoyed a quiet ramble about the fields and woods. His conversations were characterized with quaint originality. He was a close observer of men and their manners, always enjoying the society of congenial friends, but somewhat inclined to misanthropic views of the world at large. During the last years of his store life his health began to fail, and, after a short confinement to his house in the fall of 1868, he died October 7, at the age of 35 years. He was married on his dying bed to Miss Emily Atwood of Buckfield.

THE BEATING OF THE RAIN.

I lay the book aside,
 And turn my weary eyes
 To the river's rolling tide,
 And the overhanging skies.

I try to pierce the gloom
 That swallows half the plain,
 And no sound invades the room
 But the beating of the rain.

Yes, the river murmurs low,
 Like a spirit under pain,
 In its ever onward flow
 To the waters of the main.

But for these a silence deep
 All the valley seems to fill.
 The flowers of the garden sleep,
 The singing birds are still.

I hear no echoing feet,
 Nor din of moving wain;
 No noise comes off the street
 But the beating of the rain.

I love the soothing sound,
 And monotonous refrain,
 That come from roof and ground,
 At the beating of the rain.

I often think of thee
 As the hours slowly wane,
 Dost thou listen now like me
 To the beating of the rain?

Though from me thou art gone,
 Thy pleasant looks remain;
 Still I hear thy tender tone
 In the beating of the rain.

The day will shortly end,
 For the twilight shadows gain,
 Yet the river's murmurs blend
 With the beating of the rain.

And the notes of yonder bell,
 From the steeple of the fane,
 For vespers lapse and swell
 Midst the beating of the rain.

Prudence E. R. Curtis.

Mrs. Prudence E. R. Curtis, a daughter of John and Esther (Rowe) Gooch, was born at Yarmouth, April 20, 1831. Her father was son of John Gooch, an owner in the mills then located on Gooch Falls, in Royal River. Her father's brothers were J. M. Gooch, William B. Gooch, M. D., Rev. James Gooch, and Samuel Gooch, LL. D. At an early age Miss Gooch developed a marked poetic talent, and a noble Christian character which she still sustains. Nov. 8, 1858, she was married to Chessman Curtis, of Leeds.

HOPE.

AN EXTRACT.

Hope shines forever pure and bright,
It never fades away;
It is a ray of heavenly light
Unyielding to decay.

'T is hope that bears our spirits up
When falling in despair;
Nor sinks the heart, with this its prop,
Though hard may be our fare.

It rears our castles to the skies,
With faith increases grace,
And with it we may some day rise
To find in heaven a place.

Melville Weston Fuller.

A native of Augusta, and a son of the late Frederic A. Fuller, Esq., a lawyer of [redacted] city. Melville was born, Feb. 11, 1833, and prepared himself, by a course of self-education, for Bowdoin College, graduating in 1853 with distinguished honor. He began practice of law in his native city, and was an associate editor of *The Age*. He was President of the Common Council, and City Solicitor; but soon removed to Chicago. So did he perform his duties as a man of business that, in 1861, he was elected to the State constitutional convention, and in the year following to the General Assembly. He was member of the Democratic national convention in 1864, and in 1872 of the Baltimore Democratic convention. Mr. Fuller has cultivated literary tastes, as shown in lectures and poems before college and other societies.

REMORSE.

I may not flee it! in the crowded street,
Or in the solitude by all forgot,
'T is ever there, a visitant unmeet,
Deep in my heart, the worm that dieth not.

There is no consolation in the thought
That from her lips no chiding words were spoken,
That her great soul on earth for nothing sought,
Toiling for me until its chords were broken.

Too late, the knowledge of that deep devotion!
 Too late, belief of what I should have done!
 Chained to my fate, to suffer the corrosion
 Of my worn heart until life's sands are run.

Why should I weep? why raise the voice of wailing?
 Why name the pangs that keep me on the rack?
 Or prayers or tears alike were unavailing,
 She has gone hence! I cannot call her back.

And I alone must wander here forsaken—
 In crowded street or in secluded spot,
 From that sad dream, O never more to waken
 Or cease to feel the worm that dieth not.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Gaily the wine in our goblets is gleaming,
 Bright on its surface the foam-bubbles swim;
 So the smiles of our joy, from each countenance beaming,
 Are the bubbles that dance on the cup of life's brim.

O what are life's hopes and its high aspirations,
 But wishes for things that are not what they seem?
 Away to the shades with such dull contemplations,
 Utopian visions where all is a dream—

The flag at our mast-head is pleasure's own banner,
 And to the breeze boldly its broad folds we fling,
 While each stout-hearted sailor will raise the hosanna
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus, our jolly-souled king.

Then fill up your glasses, lads, fill up your glasses,
 With frolicsome pleasure the moments employ,
 Since life is a span, each bright hour as it passes,
 When seized on its flight, it is ours to enjoy.

William Henry Savage.

William Henry Savage was born in Woolwich, Me., in 1833. He is the son of Joseph and Ann Stinson Savage. The family removed to Norridgewock before the subject of the sketch was a year old, and in the latter place he spent his boyhood and early youth. In 1854 he entered Bowdoin College, graduating in 1858. He went immediately to Delaware as Professor of Mathematics in Delaware College. Just before the breaking out of the rebellion he returned to the North to engage in business in Portland. In 1862 he enlisted in the 17th Maine Infantry. After a few months he retired from the service, still in health, with the rank of captain. In 1867 he graduated from Andover Seminary and is now minister of the First Parish, Watertown, Mass.

THE HOME SEEKER.

Twilight falls: a tiny maiden
Cometh up the village street;
Vagrant locks, all dewy-laden,
Eager eyes and tired feet
Hath the shadowy little maiden.

Tired of wandering and of playing,
Up the dim street, see her come;
Hurrying now, and now delaying,
Towards the rest and love of home
Comes the maiden from her playing.

See again! a woman hastening
Down a shadowy sunset-way,
Loving, anxious glances casting
Through the twilight soft and gray;
Homeward, love-ward, she is hastening.

Laughing children run to meet her
From the home-door, open wide;
Loving words and kisses greet her,
Pattering feet run by her side;
All the home comes forth to meet her.

Look once more: a pilgrim weary
Standeth in the twilight gray;
All around is strange and dreary,
And she asks, with plaintive query,
“Can you show the homeward way?
Lead me homeward; I am weary.”

Then a Presence stood to guide her,
Pointed where the way did lie;
Gently spoke and walked beside her
To a gateway dim and high.
“Home,” she breathed, with restful sigh,
To the Presence that did guide her.

Homeward still, the tiny maiden,
Motherhood, love and care-laden,
Age, with weight of years oppressed,
Homeward turn for love and rest.
And the home, with open door,
Waits with “Welcome” evermore.

HARRY.

At the gate of Silence,
A fair boy lay:
He had fallen asleep
On a toilsome way.

The way had been hard,
But no trace of care
Was on his brow,
As he rested there.

Some blessed dream
Gave a tender grace
To the sleeping form
And the still boy-face.

Sweet as the pansies
He held in his hand,
He lay at the gate
Of the Silent Land.

Then as I waited,
The mother came:
She kissed his lips,
And she sobbed his name.

Then the father bent
By the sleeper's side,
And whispered, "Harry!"—
No voice replied.

Some strange enchantment,
Holy and deep,
Still held the boy
In his beatiful sleep,

While they lifted him gently
And bore him away;
And I stood alone
Where the sleeper lay.

Then!—Was it a vision
Came over my soul?—
Isaw the gates
Of Silence unroll.

Isaw a figure
With aspect grand,
Leading the boy
Through a beatiful land.

Isaw him gather
From every side
The friends who loved him
Before they died.

They gazed on the pansies
His white hand bore,
They spoke of the places
They knew of yore;

They asked him questions
In loving wise,
And paid with kisses
His sweet replies;

They talked of the home
From which he came,
They spoke the father's,
The mother's name.

Then spoke the boy,
Amid silence deep:
"Why did they cry
When I fell asleep?

"O it was blessed,—
The resting from pain!
Did they not know
I was happy again?

"I am sure that they saw it,—
The smile on my face,
And the light that came down
From this beatiful place.

"I wish they could see us!—
Dear Grandpa, don't you?—
And know that the best
They can hope for is true.

"Send some one to tell them!
Send quickly, I pray!
Ifear they are weeping,
While I am away."

I heard his soft pleading,
In trance or awake;
And I bring you the message
For Harry's dear sake.

Sarah Milligan Kimball.

Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball was born in Digdeguash, N. B., June 25, 1833. Her maiden name was Sarah Milligan. Her childhood and youth, from the age of four years, were spent in Calais, Me. From the age of seventeen till her marriage she was a teacher in the public schools of that city and the adjacent rural towns. Nov. 13, 1856, she was married to Rev. Joseph C. Strout, of the Maine M. E. Conference, and with him spent five years in the itinerancy. Jan. 25, 1862, Mr. Strout died, leaving her with two little children, the younger of whom soon followed his father to that golden hope of the itinerant, the permanent home. The older, F. M. Strout, of Portland, still survives. Dec. 26, 1865, she was married to Dea. Stephen Kimball of the First Orthodox Congregational Church, Wells. Since then her home has been in that historic old town. She has one child by this marriage, a daughter seventeen years old. At the age of eight years she commenced expressing her thoughts and emotions in verse. She has never aspired to the loftier flights of poetic fancy, content, rather, to wander in the cool, flowery by-paths, where she might cull a birthday garland, or a wreath for the bridal, or weave a chaplet for the pale, dead brow of some dear friend. During her widowhood, in the struggle for the support of herself and her boy, she entered the arena of story writers, her first story, "Mattie's Experience," being published in the *Portland Transcript*, in 1864. Since then, she has confined her efforts principally to that department of literature, but she has not been an industrious writer. In 1884, the only book which she has written, "My Aunt Jeanette," was published by Phillips & Hunt, N. Y. It was placed in their Sunday-school department, and has had very gratifying success. With her experience of life, and the quiet leisure of her retired home, it is to be hoped that in literature, as well as in life, her last days will be her best.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Behold the earth to-day,
Lapped in the glory of the autumn-time,
Robed in this bright array,
Crimson and gold, russet and pearly rime!

Now comes the after-glow,
Like sunset splendors flushing orient skies,
While lightly from below
Soft floating folds of gauzy mists arise.

Yea, earth is beautiful
In vestments dyed so exquisitely fair;
Grateful the pensive lull
Of voices late upon the ambient air.

The cheery notes are still
Of harvest songs so gaily ringing here,
And low, sweet anthems fill
With slumbrous melody the attent ear.

Dear is the soft caress
Of light winds warm from sunny south-lands now
Lifting the auburn tress
In playful coquetry from Nature's brow.

The gladsome spring is past,
And the full beauty of the summer-time;—
O Year! to thee, at last,
Hath come the golden glory of thy prime!

O Life! thy spring lies far
In misty shades, half-hidden from my sight;
Thy summer glories are
Far back 'mid bowers of beauty and delight.

O heart of mine! to thee
Hath come thine Indian Summer, and to-day
With wondering eyes I see
Life's after-glow illumining my way!

One backward glance, half sad,
I give the beautiful, the vanished past,
Then turn my gaze, half glad
That I have gained this summit grand at last.

Father, take Thou my hand,
And lead me down with gentle, loving care
Into the sunset land,
Life's restful vale,—“'t is beautiful down there!”

TWENTY-ONE.

I miss the patter of little feet
Upon the kitchen floor,
And the roguish little rap-a-tap
Falling upon the door,
With the eager shout of wild delight,
As, opening it, I espied
A bright, mischievous, childish face,
Brown-cheeked and sunny-eyed.

I miss the hungry call for bread;
The “Mother, I want a string!”
The balls to cover, the kites to paste,
The bells on the sled to ring;
The garments torn in the daring climb,
The shouts of exultant glee,
And the headstrong, boyish wilfulness
That sometimes fretted me.

I miss the noisy, boisterous laugh,
The merrily whistled tune,
The song that seemed to my mother ear
As sweet as a bird's in June.
I miss a form bending by my knee
As the bed-time hour draws near,
And a murmuring voice that softly said
Our Father's blessed prayer.

Later, I miss at evening time
 A boy with his slate and book,
 The pencil's click and the thoughtful face,
 With its sober, earnest look;
 The flash of triumph, as, fair and white
 The conquered problem stood,
 And the boyish words of victory:—
 “I've got it, mother! Good!”

All that I miss I cannot tell,
 For many, many a thing
 Flashes between me and my work,
 On memory's fitful wing.
 The roguish hands, the tattered clothes,
 The thoughtful face are gone.
 “Dead?” did you ask, sir? No, thank God!
 But, you see, he is “twenty-one.”

Twenty-one, sir,—out in the world,
 Braving the din and strife,
 Doing his part with a sturdy will
 Of the earnest work of life.
 He comes—a man with a firm, quick step,
 And I kiss him at the door,
 But my little, make-believe-company boy
 Will come to me no more.

Father in heaven! O let me bring
 One prayer to Thee to-night:—
 May his life's problem stand at last
 Right-solved, and pure, and white.
 Give or withhold the world's poor wealth,
 But the love, the light, the joy
 Of a noble, honest, Christian life,
 Grant Thou unto my boy.

MIRIAM.

IN MY DEAR FRIEND MIRIAM'S ALBUM.

Immortal name! Recalling to our thoughts
 Victorious anthems sung by maidens fair;
 Music of harp and timbrel sounding forth
 Triumphant strains upon the desert air.

“Miriam!” One of the illustrious three
 Chosen by God to lead his people forth
 From Egypt's bondage to a fruitful land,
 “The glory and the praise of the whole earth.”

"Miriam," sweet friend, glory, and praise, and joy,
 Ne'er dreamed of in those morning twilight hours,
 E'en by those favored ones, these Gospel days
 Resplendent shed on Zion's holy towers.

The Moslem, with his face towards the East,
 May pray where Juda's gold-domed temple stood;
 The wandering Bedouin may pitch his tent
 By Jordan's stream or Gallilee's fair flood;
 Yet shall the Church, God's temple here below,
 Stand fair and beautiful before the world,
 A glory and a joy,—from her high towers
 The conquering banner of our Christ unfurled!
 And lofty praises still, with harp and voice
 Sound from her altars to Immanuel's name,
 And still, mid those who love her, I behold,
 Inscribed on her fair records, "Miriam."

Ellen Fessenden Lincoln.

Mrs. Ellen F. Lincoln was born in Portland, Me., April 21, 1833. She was the only daughter and youngest child of Samuel Fessenden, LL. D. In June, 1862, she was married to Dr. John Dunlap Lincoln, of Brunswick, Me., and has resided there since her marriage. Her first contributions were printed in the *Maine Evangelist*, a paper then edited by her brother, Rev. Samuel C. Fessenden, of Rockland, Me. Afterward she, at rare intervals, was a contributor to the *Boston Congregationalist*, the *Portland Transcript*, *Youth's Companion*, and *Every Other Saturday*. She has not written for fame, or made any claim to literary attainments, and only with extreme reluctance has submitted her work to the public eye. Literature has not been her profession, her cares, as a wife and mother, being all-absorbing.

THE DAYS GO ON.

Whether short or whether long,
 Whether weak or whether strong,
 Whether grave or whether gay,
 Whether we would have them stay
 Or would speed their flying feet
 Till the hours were all complete,
 They must go, they cannot last,—
 Go, to join the silent past.

We may chide their rapid flight,
 In our radiant delight,
 Begging for a fond delay,
 That our joys may with us stay.
 They must go! and we must part,
 Hand from hand and heart from heart.
 They must go! and we shall meet
 Others, just as fair and fleet.

We may pray at dawn for night,
 In our sad and wretched plight,
 Tossing on our bed of pain,
 Longing for relief in vain.

They must go! the hardest day
 Cannot, will not last for aye,
 Patient or impatient, we
 Its glad close shall surely see.

They must go! are going fast:
 Only one will be our last,
 Hastening toward us, all unguessed,
 Day that brings our final rest,
 In the unknown future; yet
 Our faint hearts cannot forget.
 How to meet it calm in trust,
 Teach us, Saviour! come it must.

HER STORY.

Only a little thread of gold,
 Running her whole life through,—
 So plainly she could see it here,
 Then lost awhile could trace it there,
 As it came again in view.

Only a little rill of love
 That watered her dusty way;
 But the meagre draught, though sweet to sip,
 And quaffed with an eager, thirsting lip,
 Could not that thirst allay.

Only a bright and buoyant hope,
 That could not be repressed;
 But it lifted at once her weight of care,
 It made of her desert a gay parterre,
 And her secret was unguessed.

And none could know that hidden fount
 That welled within her heart:
 There are flowers too frail for blossoming,
 There are dreams to which we fondly cling,
 Of our very lives a part.

Her busy days at last were done,
 And the weary feet had rest.
 The thread of gold had all been spun,
 The little rill had ceased to run,
 And the hope died unconfessed.

TO-DAY.

The sunshine lingers in the room,
 I see it through the window stream;
 Kissing the pillow where he lay
 His head in many a boyish dream.
 But O the change since yesterday,—
 The young, strong step that I so miss,
 The weary miles now stretching on
 Between us and my last fond kiss.

And mine had been a different plan,—
 A dream of sheltered nooks and bowers,
 Of toil and pleasure hand in hand,
 Of home and friends and merry hours.
 But he had longed to try the world,
 Its hopes, its promises, its cares,
 To tempt Dame Fortune's fickle smile,
 And win her to him unawares.

And so, with spirit bold and brave,
 He pressed my hand in mute "good-bye,"
 And turned aside, lest I should see
 The tears that glistened in his eye.
 And my poor heart was aching sore,
 He might have heard each throb of pain,
 My questioning heart, that yearned to know
 If I should meet my boy again.

O life is hard! The common lot
 And parting wring the anguished heart.
 But O how differently we'd choose,
 Yet see our fondest hopes depart!
 We take the burden we would fain
 Lay down, and fold our weary hands,
 Praying our loss may be his gain,
 Trusting to Him who understands.

Isaac Bassett Choate.

Isaac Bassett Choate was born at South Otisfield, (Naples) July 12, 1833. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1862. Was admitted to the Cumberland Bar, 1865. Has been for several years an editorial writer and a contributor in prose and verse to newspapers and magazines. Resides in Boston.

“ESQUIMAU JOE.”

Born beneath frosty skies In an igloo of ice and snow, All was bright to the baby eyes Of “Esquimau Joe.”	Crystal the hills above, And the sea was of crystal below, What was home by a mother’s love For “Esquimau Joe.”
--	--

Never the bond would part,
However far he might go,
That bound the home and the heart
Of "Esquimau Joe."

Never forsaking a friend,
And never meeting a foe,
Straight to his journey's end
Went "Esquimau Joe."

Faithful unto the last
To every trust here below,
To the promised reward has passed
Poor "Esquimau Joe."

"Puny" and "Hannah" sleep
Where the daisies and violets grow,
But under the Arctic deep
Sleeps "Esquimau Joe."

SONNET.

With what fidelity the stone retains,
As if in memory it kept the thought,
The feeling kept with which the sculptor wrought
Upon its surface, with unstinted pains,
The destiny of man when he attains
Of Life and Death the parting of the ways,
Where one goes out from life, another stays.
And neither knows the blessing that he gains.
How has the marble kept, through all the years
Since in Etruria a maiden died,
The memory of that parting, with its tears,
Its fondly-spoken greetings and farewells
When these feet, shod with sandals, turned aside
To follow paths o'erhung by asphodels.

THE HOMEWARD WAY.

ODYSSEA, BOOK XIII., 70-92.

When they came down to the sea and had gone on board of the vessel,
Quick did they stow in the hold of the ship—that excellent escort—
Stores which they had received, of drink and of food all their rations:
But for Odysseus they spread down a mattress and cloth wove of linen,
On the deck of the ship that undisturbed he might slumber,
Spreading it aft, and he went away by himself and he lay down
Silent; and singly the men took each one his seat on the benches,
Sitting in rows, and the rope from the stone that was drilled through
they loosened.

Forward leaning, the men threw up the salt spray with the oar-blades,
And to the man on the deck sweet slumber fell on his eyelids,
Deep, exceedingly sweet, even death very closely resembling.
As to the ship, like four steeds harnessed abreast on the race-course,
All of them started at once beneath the strokes of the lashes,
Rearing and settling back with bounding the course they accomplish;

So the stern of the ship was tossed, and a billow behind it,
 Purple and huge, came on of the ocean loudly resounding.
 Safely and steadily ran the ship, and never a falcon
 Could in his wheeling flight keep up though of fowl 't is the swiftest.
 So on her bounding course the waves of the sea was she cutting,
 Bearing a man who possessed like wisdom with that of immortals.
 Many the pangs in his soul which he aforetime had endured
 Trying the fortunes of war and crossing the billows unfeeling:
 Then was he sleeping in peace forgetting how much he had suffered.
 When most brilliant arose the constellation which foremost
 Comes to usher the light of Eos, the child of the morning,
 Then to the island drew near the ocean-traversing vessel.

John Barrett Southgate.

Rev. John B. Southgate was born in Portland, July 25, 1833, and was fitted for college in that city, under Joseph Libbey, and at Yarmouth Academy, under Allen H. Weld. At the Commencement at Bowdoin, in 1856, he delivered the English oration as candidate for the degree of M. A., and at graduation he spent a year at home in a course of study preparatory to entering the Theological School in New York, from which he graduated with great credit in 1857, "the most learned man and the finest writer and thinker of his class." In August, of the same year, he entered upon his duties as the rector of Trinity Parish, Lewiston. Resigning the rectorship at Lewiston, in June, 1858, he was placed in charge of a mission at Hallowell, and in December of the same year was appointed a missionary to China, but, owing to failing health and the unwillingness of his mother to part with him,—her own health being very delicate at the time,—he soon afterwards abandoned his purpose of going thither. Soon after May 22, 1859, he relinquished the charge of the mission at Hallowell. On Sunday, March 20, 1859, he was ordained to the priesthood in St. Luke's Church, Portland, by Bishop Burgess, and had charge of St. John's Church, Wheeling, Va., for about six months. The greater portion of 1860 & 1 was spent at his father's in Scarborough. He had charge, during a considerable portion of the time, of Trinity Church, Saco. During the winter of 1861-62 his health and strength failed very rapidly. He died of consumption at Scarborough, Feb. 7, 1862, aged twenty-eight years, six months, thirteen days; was buried at Portland, and was subsequently removed to the burial-ground in Scarborough. Obituary notices of considerable length, extolling the virtues of Mr. Southgate, were published in the *New York Church Journal*, the *Boston Christian Witness*, and other leading religious journals.

LINES.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES DRUMMOND, OF THE BOWDOIN CLASS OF 1853.

How strange appear the things of our existence.

When, wandering listless through unused retreats,
 The soul turns back, and, viewing from the distance,
 Sees with new eyes the daily facts it meets!

We see but products back of all discerning:

Works mystical machinery unseen,
 Where glittering bands 'twixt heaven and earth are turning,
 And guiding singers come and go between.

We find ourselves, in life's first conscious morning,

In pilgrim garb, and staffs within our hands,
 Impelled to journey, without light or warning,
 By unknown courses, into unnamed lands.

1

INTRODUCTION

Number	Location	Findings
H	On the surface of the soil	Large number of small white insects.
S	In the soil	Large number of small white insects.
T	On the surface of the soil	Large number of small white insects.
V	On the surface of the soil	Large number of small white insects.
W	On the surface of the soil	Large number of small white insects.
X	On the surface of the soil	Large number of small white insects.
Z	On the surface of the soil	Large number of small white insects.

[11]

With all the strength of his voice he said,
As I have been sent to keep the church,
I will keep it well, whether the master wrought
Or wrought not, with unfeigned pains,
And I will make good my Master's cause,
And let no man defile the purity of the ways,
Whoever comes out from them, neither stays,
And I will keep the Mass up to the laurels,
Because I have been sent to keep it through all the years
And to bring it to an end in due time,
The memory of that great time, with its tears,
The joyful meetings and farewells
Will always be associated with me, and I will mind sole
The joyful feelings by asphodel.

THE HOMeward WAY.

MAY 1938, VOL. XIII, NO. 5

With many words he wrote the sea and had gone on board of the vessel,
and he lay down in the hold of the ship—that excellent escort—
and he had taken with him all necessaries, of drink and of food all their rations;
and he had spread down a mattress and cloth wove of linen,
and he lay down upon it, and he slept, so that undisturbed he might slumber,
spreading it out, and he went away by himself and he lay down
Silent; and singly the men took each one his seat on the benches,
Sitting in rows, and the rope from the stone that was drilled through
they loosened.

Forward leaning, the men threw up the salt spray with the wash
And to the man on the deck sweet slumber fell upon him,
Deep, exceedingly sweet, even deathless.
As to the ship, like a ghost she lay there,
All of them, the crew, the officers,
Feeling still.

So the stern of the ship was tossed, and a billow behind it,
 Purple and huge, came on of the ocean loudly resounding.
 Safely and steadily ran the ship, and never a falcon
 Could in his wheeling flight keep up though of fowl 't is the swiftest.
 So on her bounding course the waves of the sea was she cutting,
 Bearing a man who possessed like wisdom with that of immortals.
 Many the pangs in his soul which he aforetime had endured
 Trying the fortunes of war and crossing the billows unfeeling;
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LINES.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES DRUMMOND, OF THE BOWDOIN CLASS OF 1853.

How strange appear the things of our existence.
 When, wandering hither through unused retreats,
 The soul turns half-sighing, half-swinging from the distance,
 Sees with new eyes the facts it meets!
 We see but poorly, and are all dissembling;
 Works may be done, and yet unseen,
 Where glories are won, and where heaven and earth are turning,
 And go by us, and we do not see.
 We see but dimly, and yet not well,
 What we have lost, and what we gain,
 And what we have, and what we gain,
 And what we have, and what we gain,

E'en while we walk, in learning wonder gazing
 On sequent marvels that our way bedight,
 O'er eager eyes a dusky film comes glazing,
 And trembling feet are groping in the night.

At length we miss one from among our number,
 And, searching back, can only find where lies
 A cold, stiff form, wrapped in a wakeless slumber,
 While Hylas-echoes mock our frantic cries.

These are thy facts, O Reason: take and ponder;
 Strain Orpheus-like, into the deepening gloom;
 Track the lost life; lift off this heavy wonder!
 O life-guide, know, not guess, beyond the tomb!

Vain, taunting prayer. Poor consolation giveth
 Coarse-fingered Reason, grasping at a wraith:
 The sure "I know that my Redeemer liveth"
 Chants no cold reason, but a fervent faith.

Thou canst, O Faith, the mystery unravel;
 By thee we track the strange, lost life we miss:
 The loved that Cadmus sought, with weary travel,
 A god had raised to his isles of bliss.

Amos Lunt Hinds.

Amos L. Hinds was born in Clinton, near Benton, Nov. 12, 1833, was graduate Waterville—now Colby University—in the summer of 1858. He has lived, the larger portion of his life since, in his native place, following that best of all industries, a farmer's vocation.

UNCLE STEPHEN.

"A story, a story," says Golden Head,
 As she storms her father's knee;
 "Not fairy, but some tender tale,
 And as true, as true can be."

"Well, daughter, lay these sunny curls
 Just here upon my breast,
 And round the dainty little form
 Let father's fond arms rest;
 Then, while a purpling glory fills
 The restful even-tide,
 And far across the tuneful fields,
 The lengthening shadows glide,

I'll tell of one who sleeps in peace
These fifty years and more,
Where yonder ancient oak-tree shades
The bickering streamlet's shore.
His neighbors called him 'Uncle Stephen,'
A fond, familiar name—
I notice, oft with generous souls
Men loving kinship claim.

" You can't remember the year 'sixteen,'
It passed so long ago;
They only do whose reverent heads
Are white like falling snow.
That year no fruitful summer came
To bless the waiting land;
Somehow, the constant season missed
Its Master's just command.
For sixty years ago to-night,
When June's soft breezes blow,
There lay above the pallid hills
A shroud of drifting snow,
And o'er the wondering farmers' homes
Fell fierce a swirling rout,
As on those wild December nights,
When stormy winds are out.
Through all the dismal morning hours,
Across the whitening lands,
Farmers had walked beside their plows
With closely-mitten hands,
And chilling red-breasts hopped for food,
Where the furrow, darkling, lay,
Till pitying plowmen stayed their teams,
And lifted them away.
And so, the dreary season through,
Each month the hoar-frost fell,
Till wintry autumn's wailing winds
Moaned like a funeral knell.
No happy songs of harvest home,
Fierce winter at the door,
Earless, the stricken corn-fields stood,
God help the friendless poor!
For those were days of pioneers,
Shut off from other lands,
They had alone, in hours of need,
Their own stout hearts and hands.

To-day, let summer suns refuse
To grace with gleaming grain,
And ranks of golden-tasseled maize,
The rocky hills of Maine;
And thrice ten thousand hearts, with ours
In kindliest union wed,
Through all the vast and fruitful West,
Would fill the land with bread."

"And Uncle Stephen?" "Daughter, yes,
We'll make no more delay,
When one has pleasant words to speak
He loiters on the way.
Beside yon stream, that through the years,
With ever-murmuring wave,
Sings to the wild anemones,
Abloom above his grave,
Just where the brook and river meet
Beneath the pine-clad hill,
Stood, in the century's early dawn,
Good Uncle Stephen's mill,
Where all the cheery summer days,
With dreamy, slumbrous sound,
Grinding the corn from far and near,
His rumbling stones went round.

"It may not be the miller had
A poet's heart and brain,
That unseen music filled the air,
The while he ground his grain.
Perchance his dull ears never heard,
On summer evenings lone,
Beneath the river's babbling flow,
Its mystic undertone.
Or, musing through the silent noons,
Untouched by toil or care,
He never heard the harvest-fly
Shrill through the shimmering air;
Or saw beneath his sleeping mere,
The mirrored pine-trees through,
Far fleets of snowy, summer clouds,
Go sailing down the blue.
Yet they who read aright the page
Of years, dark-lined with wrong,
Can see in Uncle Stephen's life
A most ethereal song,

The rhythmic beauty of good deeds;
Since never from his door
Unpitied or unaided went
One of God's homeless poor.
Amid life's ills his bounteous heart
A thousand ways was tested,
Till o'er his humble home it seemed
A rainbow's arch had rested;
And on the darkest winter day,
About the little mill,
Brooded the charm of sweet content,
The sunshine of good-will.

"But when, mid years with plenty crowned,
The famed 'cold season' came,
Then all the fires within his soul
Burst into cheeriest flame.
From many a distant country-side,
Seeking for corn in store,
The rich and shrewd, on weary quest,
Drew rein beside his door,
'To purchase corn for daily needs
We find no trifling task;
Sell us your grain, we'll make no terms,
But pay you what you ask.'
'Nay, nay,' the sturdy miller said,
'I must not sell to you;
The money in your well-filled purse
Hath power to help you through,—
I keep my corn for those who have
No money left to pay;
I'll trust them in their hour of need,
And bide the time they may.'

"Their struggling mother left behind,
The father gone before,
One day two little orphans stood
Beside the river's shore,
Bearing within their slender arms
Some scanty store of corn,
Gleaned with as sad a heart as Ruth's
In Judah's fields, forlorn;
And, as was wont, their small halloo
They sent across the tide,
Till Uncle Stephen from his mill
Their little forms espied,
And, loosing straight his log canoe,

Was quickly at their side.
 How soon the little ones, at first
 Abashed, were at their ease!
 For Uncle Stephen, gray and old,
 Had deftest power to please.
 The bounty in his welcome smile,
 His genial, child-like way,
 Their orphaned hearts like sunlight cheered
 The live-long summer day.
 And when the lingering solstice sun
 Shone like a far gold dome,
 With words of cheer to bear along,
 He sent them, happy, home.

"That evening, as the weary dame
 Drew forth her precious store,
 The chest, that held the corn she sent,
 Was brimming o'er and o'er.
 'Gramercy, children, how is this!'
 The dazed good wife did say,
 'Has Uncle Stephen failed to toll
 Our little grist to-day?'
 'O yes indeed, he tolled the grist,'
 The guileless orphan said,
 'For resting his brown, wrinkled hand
 On little brother's head,
 While just the faintest, queerest smile
 Played round his quivering lip,
 I saw his heaping measure, thrice,
 From bin to hopper dip.'

Then with o'erflowing heart and eye,
 The mother knelt to pray,
 And many a swift God-bless him sent
 Its tearful, tremulous way,
 To where, above these mists of time,
 Heaven's mystic uplands lay.

O well for him whose whispered name,
 Breathed forth mid grateful tears,
 Like some sweet note in music meets
 God's ever-listening ears!

"Between the lines, O Golden Head!
 Your musing father reads
 This lesson clear, that generous souls
 And tender, loving deeds,
 In this self-seeking world of ours,
 Are what the Master needs;

That, would we have life's closing hours
 With peaceful glory kissed,
 Like those white clouds that sleeping lie
 Mid rosy amethyst,
 We should remember as we live,
 How the good man ground his grist."

David Harmmons Hill.

David H. Hill was born in North Berwick, Dec. 12, 1833, and removed with his family to Sandwich, N. H., in 1837, where he has since remained, except when teaching, or engaged in academical and professional studies. He read law in office of Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler and Hon. Joshua G. Hall, at Dover, N. H., and Harvard Law School, in the senior class, but did not graduate. He has been in the practice of his profession in Sandwich for about twenty-one years past, little time to other pursuits, though he writes excellently both in prose and verse. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1870 and 1871, and was appointed Justice of Judge of Probate for Carroll County in 1880, which position he still holds.

KIARSARGE.

A MOUNTAIN PICTURE.

Oft have I thought to stand
 Upon the banks of the mysterious Nile;
 While tender moonlight bathes that ancient land,
 And watch, afar, the while

O'er Nubian mountains rise,
 Bright stars, that kindle the wild continent;
 Walking all night through the resplendent skies
 To the low Occident.

Yet, sterner prospects rise
 Where the imperial mountains lift their vast
 Dark domes into New Hampshire skies,
 And strange, weird shadows cast
 Where brawling streamlets flow
 O'er foaming falls, and through dark, shadowy woods,
 Thundering in boiling torrents, far below,
 In sunless solitudes.

I stood on lone Kiarsarge;
 The sun o'er purple mountains sank to rest;
 Strange pictures hung on the horizon's marge,
 Low in the burning west.

In that wild, billowy sea
 Of mountains, ranged in terrible array,
 I saw, unveiled, the land of mystery;
 There fading daylight lay

We may pray at dawn for night,
 In our sad and wretched plight,
 Tossing on our bed of pain,
 Longing for relief in vain.

They must go! the hardest day
 Cannot, will not last for aye,
 Patient or impatient, we
 Its glad close shall surely see.

They must go! are going fast:
 Only one will be our last,
 Hastening toward us, all unguessed,
 Day that brings our final rest,
 In the unknown future; yet
 Our faint hearts cannot forget.
 How to meet it calm in trust,
 Teach us, Saviour! come it must.

HER STORY.

Only a little thread of gold,
 Running her whole life through,—
 So plainly she could see it here,
 Then lost awhile could trace it there,
 As it came again in view.

Only a little rill of love
 That watered her dusty way;
 But the meagre draught, though sweet to sip,
 And quaffed with an eager, thirsting lip,
 Could not that thirst allay.

Only a bright and buoyant hope,
 That could not be repressed;
 But it lifted at once her weight of care,
 It made of her desert a gay parterre,
 And her secret was unguessed.

And none could know that hidden fount
 That welled within her heart:
 There are flowers too frail for blossoming,
 There are dreams to which we fondly cling,
 Of our very lives a part.

Her busy days at last were done,
 And the weary feet had rest.
 The thread of gold had all been spun,
 The little rill had ceased to run,
 And the hope died unconfessed.

TO-DAY.

The sunshine lingers in the room,
I see it through the window stream;
Kissing the pillow where he lay
His head in many a boyish dream.

But O the change since yesterday,—
The young, strong step that I so miss,
The weary miles now stretching on
Between us and my last fond kiss.

And mine had been a different plan,—
A dream of sheltered nooks and bowers,
Of toil and pleasure hand in hand,
Of home and friends and merry hours.
But he had longed to try the world,
Its hopes, its promises, its cares,
To tempt Dame Fortune's fickle smile,
And win her to him unawares.

And so, with spirit bold and brave,
He pressed my hand in mute "good-bye,"
And turned aside, lest I should see
The tears that glistened in his eye.
And my poor heart was aching sore,
He might have heard each throb of pain,
My questioning heart, that yearned to know
If I should meet my boy again.

O life is hard! The common lot
And parting wring the anguished heart.
But O how differently we'd choose,
Yet see our fondest hopes depart!
We take the burden we would fain
Lay down, and fold our weary hands,
Praying our loss may be his gain,
Trusting to Him who understands.

Isaac Bassett Choate.

Isaac Bassett Choate was born at South Otisfield, (Naples) July 12, 1833. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1862. Was admitted to the Cumberland Bar, 1865. Has been for several years an editorial writer and a contributor in prose and verse to newspapers and magazines. Resides in Boston.

“ESQUIMAU JOE.”

Born beneath frosty skies
In an igloo of ice and snow,
All was bright to the baby eyes
Of “Esquimau Joe.”

Crystal the hills above,
And the sea was of crystal below,
What was home by a mother's love
For “Esquimau Joe.”

Never the bond would part,
However far he might go,
That bound the home and the heart
Of "Esquimau Joe."

Never forsaking a friend,
And never meeting a foe,
Straight to his journey's end
Went "Esquimau Joe."

Faithful unto the last
To every trust here below,
To the promised reward has passed
Poor "Esquimau Joe."

"Puny" and "Hannah" sleep
Where the daisies and violets grow,
But under the Arctic deep
Sleeps "Esquimau Joe."

SONNET.

With what fidelity the stone retains,
As if in memory it kept the thought,
The feeling kept with which the sculptor wrought
Upon its surface, with unstinted pains,
The destiny of man when he attains
Of Life and Death the parting of the ways,
Where one goes out from life, another stays,
And neither knows the blessing that he gains.
How has the marble kept, through all the years
Since in Etruria a maiden died,
The memory of that parting, with its tears,
Its fondly-spoken greetings and farewells
When these feet, shod with sandals, turned aside
To follow paths o'erhung by asphodels.

THE HOMEWARD WAY.

ODYSSEA, BOOK XIII., 70-92.

When they came down to the sea and had gone on board of the vessel,
Quick did they stow in the hold of the ship—that excellent escort—
Stores which they had received, of drink and of food all their rations:
But for Odysseus they spread down a mattress and cloth wove of linen,
On the deck of the ship that undisturbed he might slumber,
Spreading it aft, and he went away by himself and he lay down
Silent; and singly the men took each one his seat on the benches,
Sitting in rows, and the rope from the stone that was drilled through
they loosened.

Forward leaning, the men threw up the salt spray with the oar-blades,
And to the man on the deck sweet slumber fell on his eyelids,
Deep, exceedingly sweet, even death very closely resembling.
As to the ship, like four steeds harnessed abreast on the race-course,
All of them started at once beneath the strokes of the lashes,
Rearing and settling back with bounding the course they accomplish;

So the stern of the ship was tossed, and a billow behind it,
 Purple and huge, came on of the ocean loudly resounding.
 Safely and steadily ran the ship, and never a falcon
 Could in his wheeling flight keep up though of fowl 't is the swiftest.
 So on her bounding course the waves of the sea was she cutting,
 Bearing a man who possessed like wisdom with that of immortals.
 Many the pangs in his soul which he aforetime had endured
 Trying the fortunes of war and crossing the billows unfeeling:
 Then was he sleeping in peace forgetting how much he had suffered.
 When most brilliant arose the constellation which foremost
 Comes to usher the light of Eos, the child of the morning,
 Then to the island drew near the ocean-traversing vessel.

John Barrett Southgate.

Rev. John B. Southgate was born in Portland, July 23, 1833, and was fitted for college in that city, under Joseph Libbey, and at Yarmouth Academy, under Allen H. Weld. At the Commencement at Bowdoin, in 1856, he delivered the English oration as candidate for the degree of M. A., and at graduation he spent a year at home in a course of study preparatory to entering the Theological School in New York, from which he graduated with great credit in 1857, "the most learned man and the finest writer and thinker of his class." In August, of the same year, he entered upon his duties as the rector of Trinity Parish, Lewiston. Resigning the rectorship at Lewiston, in June, 1858, he was placed in charge of a mission at Hallowell, and in December of the same year was appointed a missionary to China, but, owing to failing health and the unwillingness of his mother to part with him,—her own health being very delicate at the time,—he soon afterwards abandoned his purpose of going thither. Soon after May 22, 1859, he relinquished the charge of the mission at Hallowell. On Sunday, March 20, 1860, he was ordained to the priesthood in St. Luke's Church, Portland, by Bishop Burgess, and had charge of St. John's Church, Wheeling, Va., for about six months. The greater portion of 1860 &c was spent at his father's in Scarborough. He had charge, during a considerable portion of the time, of Trinity Church, Safo. During the winter of 1861-62 his health and strength failed very rapidly. He died of consumption at Scarborough, Feb. 7, 1862, aged twenty-eight years, six months, thirteen days; was buried at Portland, and was subsequently removed to the burial-ground in Scarborough. Obituary notices of considerable length, extolling the virtues of Mr. Southgate, were published in the *New York Church Journal*, the *Boston Christian Witness*, and other leading religious journals.

LINES.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES DRUMMOND, OF THE BOWDOIN CLASS OF 1853.

How strange appear the things of our existence.
 When, wandering listless through unused retreats,
 The soul turns back, and, viewing from the distance,
 Sees with new eyes the daily facts it meets!

We see but products back of all discerning:
 Works mystical machinery unseen,
 Where glittering bands 'twixt heaven and earth are turning,
 And guiding fingers come and go between.

We find ourselves, in life's first conscious morning,
 In pilgrim garb, and staffs within our hands,
 Impelled to journey, without light or warning,
 By unknown courses, into unnamed lands.

E'en while we walk, in learning wonder gazing
 On sequent marvels that our way bedight,
 O'er eager eyes a dusky film comes glazing,
 And trembling feet are groping in the night.

At length we miss one from among our number,
 And, searching back, can only find where lies
 A cold, stiff form, wrapped in a wakeless slumber,
 While Hylas-echoes mock our frantic cries.

These are thy facts, O Reason: take and ponder;
 Strain Orpheus-like, into the deepening gloom;
 Track the lost life; lift off this heavy wonder!
 O life-guide, know, not guess, beyond the tomb!

Vain, taunting prayer. Poor consolation giveth
 Coarse-fingered Reason, grasping at a wraith:
 The sure "I know that my Redeemer liveth"
 Chants no cold reason, but a fervent faith.

Thou canst, O Faith, the mystery unravel;
 By thee we track the strange, lost life we miss:
 The loved that Cadmus sought, with weary travel,
 A god had raised to his isles of bliss.

Amos Lunt Hinds.

Amos L. Hinds was born in Clinton, near Benton, Nov. 12, 1833, was graduated at Waterville - now Colby University - in the summer of 1858. He has lived, the larger portion of his life since, in his native place, following that best of all industries, a teacher's vocation.

UNCLE STEPHEN.

"A story, a story," says Golden Head,
 As she storms her father's knee;
 "Not fairy, but some tender tale,
 And as true, as true can be."

"Well, daughter, lay these sunny curls
 Just here upon my breast,
 And round the dainty little form
 Let father's fond arms rest;
 Then, while a purpling glory fills
 The restful even-tide,
 And far across the tuneful fields,
 The lengthening shadows glide,

I'll tell of one who sleeps in peace
These fifty years and more,
Where yonder ancient oak-tree shades
The bickering streamlet's shore.
His neighbors called him 'Uncle Stephen,'
A fond, familiar name—
I notice, oft with generous souls
Men loving kinship claim.

" You can't remember the year 'sixteen,'
It passed so long ago;
They only do whose reverent heads
Are white like falling snow.
That year no fruitful summer came
To bless the waiting land;
Somehow, the constant season missed
Its Master's just command.
For sixty years ago to-night,
When June's soft breezes blow,
There lay above the pallid hills
A shroud of drifting snow,
And o'er the wondering farmers' homes
Fell fierce a swirling rout,
As on those wild December nights,
When stormy winds are out.
Through all the dismal morning hours,
Across the whitening lands,
Farmers had walked beside their plows
With closely-mitten hands,
And chilling red-breasts hopped for food,
Where the furrow, darkling, lay,
Till pitying plowmen stayed their teams,
And lifted them away.
And so, the dreary season through,
Each month the hoar-frost fell,
Till wintry autumn's wailing winds
Moaned like a funeral knell.
No happy songs of harvest home,
Fierce winter at the door,
Earless, the stricken corn-fields stood,
God help the friendless poor!
For those were days of pioneers,
Shut off from other lands,
They had alone, in hours of need,
Their own stout hearts and hands.

To-day, let summer suns refuse
 To grace with gleaming grain,
 And ranks of golden-tasseled maize,
 The rocky hills of Maine;
 And thrice ten thousand hearts, with ours
 In kindliest union wed,
 Through all the vast and fruitful West,
 Would fill the land with bread."

"And Uncle Stephen?" "Daughter, yes,
 We'll make no more delay,
 When one has pleasant words to speak
 He loiters on the way.
 Beside yon stream, that through the years,
 With ever-murmuring wave,
 Sings to the wild anemones,
 Abloom above his grave,
 Just where the brook and river meet
 Beneath the pine-clad hill,
 Stood, in the century's early dawn,
 Good Uncle Stephen's mill,
 Where all the cheery summer days,
 With dreamy, slumbrous sound,
 Grinding the corn from far and near,
 His rumbling stones went round.

"It may not be the miller had
 A poet's heart and brain,
 That unseen music filled the air,
 The while he ground his grain.
 Perchance his dull ears never heard,
 On summer evenings lone,
 Beneath the river's babbling flow,
 Its mystic undertone.
 Or, musing through the silent noons,
 Untouched by toil or care,
 He never heard the harvest-fly
 Shrill through the shimmering air;
 Or saw beneath his sleeping mere,
 The mirrored pine-trees through,
 Far fleets of snowy, summer clouds,
 Go sailing down the blue.
 Yet they who read aright the page
 Of years, dark-lined with wrong,
 Can see in Uncle Stephen's life
 A most ethereal song,

The rhythmic beauty of good deeds;
Since never from his door
Unpitied or unaided went
One of God's homeless poor.
Amid life's ills his bounteous heart
A thousand ways was tested,
Till o'er his humble home it seemed
A rainbow's arch had rested;
And on the darkest winter day,
About the little mill,
Brooded the charm of sweet content,
The sunshine of good-will.

"But when, mid years with plenty crowned,
The famed 'cold season' came,
Then all the fires within his soul
Burst into cheeriest flame.
From many a distant country-side,
Seeking for corn in store,
The rich and shrewd, on weary quest,
Drew rein beside his door,
'To purchase corn for daily needs
We find no trifling task;
Sell us your grain, we'll make no terms,
But pay you what you ask.'
'Nay, nay,' the sturdy miller said,
'I must not sell to you;
The money in your well-filled purse
Hath power to help you through,—
I keep my corn for those who have
No money left to pay;
I'll trust them in their hour of need,
And bide the time they may.'

"Their struggling mother left behind,
The father gone before,
One day two little orphans stood
Beside the river's shore,
Bearing within their slender arms
Some scanty store of corn,
Gleaned with as sad a heart as Ruth's
In Judah's fields, forlorn;
And, as was wont, their small halloo
They sent across the tide,
Till Uncle Stephen from his mill
Their little forms espied,
And, loosing straight his log canoe,

Was quickly at their side.
How soon the little ones, at first
 Abashed, were at their ease!
For Uncle Stephen, gray and old,
 Had deftest power to please.
The bounty in his welcome smile,
 His genial, child-like way,
Their orphaned hearts like sunlight cheered
 The live-long summer day.
And when the lingering solstice sun
 Shone like a far gold dome,
With words of cheer to bear along,
 He sent them, happy, home.

"That evening, as the weary dame
 Drew forth her precious store,
The chest, that held the corn she sent,
 Was brimming o'er and o'er.
'Gramercy, children, how is this!'
 The dazed good wife did say,
'Has Uncle Stephen failed to toll
 Our little grist to-day?'
'O yes indeed, he tolled the grist,'
 The guileless orphan said,
'For resting his brown, wrinkled hand
 On little brother's head,
While just the faintest, queerest smile
 Played round his quivering lip,
I saw his heaping measure, thrice,
 From bin to hopper dip.'
Then with o'erflowing heart and eye,
 The mother knelt to pray,
And many a swift God-bless him sent
 Its tearful, tremulous way,
To where, above these mists of time,
 Heaven's mystic uplands lay.
O well for him whose whispered name,
 Breathed forth mid grateful tears,
Like some sweet note in music meets
 God's ever-listening ears!

"Between the lines, O Golden Head!
 Your musing father reads
This lesson clear, that generous souls
 And tender, loving deeds,
In this self-seeking world of ours,
 Are what the Master needs;

That, would we have life's closing hours
 With peaceful glory kissed,
 Like those white clouds that sleeping lie
 Mid rosy amethyst,
 We should remember as we live,
 How the good man ground his grist."

David Harmonns Hill.

DAVID H. Hill was born in North Berwick, Dec. 12, 1833, and removed with his father's family to Sandwich, N. H., in 1837, where he has since resided, except when at in teaching, or engaged in academical and professional studies. He read law in office of Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler and Hon. Joshua G. Hall, at Dover, N. H., and at Harvard Law School, in the senior class, but did not graduate. He has been engaged in the practice of his profession in Sandwich for about twenty-one years past, giving little time to other pursuits, though he writes excellently both in prose and verse. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1870 and 1871, and was appointed to office of Judge of Probate for Carroll County in 1880, which position he still holds.

KIARSARGE.

A MOUNTAIN PICTURE.

Oft have I thought to stand
 Upon the banks of the mysterious Nile;
 While tender moonlight bathes that ancient land,
 And watch, afar, the while
 O'er Nubian mountains rise,
 Bright stars, that kindle the wild continent;
 Walking all night through the resplendent skies
 To the low Occident.
 Yet, sterner prospects rise
 Where the imperial mountains lift their vast
 Dark domes into New Hampshire skies,
 And strange, weird shadows cast
 Where brawling streamlets flow
 O'er foaming falls, and through dark, shadowy woods,
 Thundering in boiling torrents, far below,
 In sunless solitudes.
 I stood on lone Kiarsarge;
 The sun o'er purple mountains sank to rest;
 Strange pictures hung on the horizon's marge,
 Low in the burning west.
 In that wild, billowy sea
 Of mountains, ranged in terrible array,
 I saw, unveiled, the land of mystery;
 There fading daylight lay

In tender, golden gleams;
 And that wild desolation to my eyes
 Seemed like the land we picture in our dreams,
 Bright dreams of Paradise.

As mountain islands rear
 Their rocky cliffs over the watery main,
 So in the depths of the high atmosphere
 Stood peerless Carrigain.

That ancient rampart rose
 Like a high priest communing with the heaven,
 Smit with the fiery tints of day's calm close,
 Softened with hues of even.

Beyond those mountain chains,
 Whose gray walls rest against the low-browed sky,
 The ancient king of desolation reigns,
 As countless years roll by.

High in the upper deep,
 Gray cliffs, dark domes, and summits brown and bare,
 Far in the illimitable azure sleep,
 Of the pure upper air.

CHOCORUA.

AN EXTRACT.

The sun adown the golden west
 O'er Passaconway's dome was set;
 When on Chocorua's cold, sharp crest
 The stern, avenging warriors met.
 The prophet spoke: "We meet at last;
 And yet, for one, no morn shall rise;
 Then let his farewell glance be cast
 Up to the solemn, starry skies,
 For wrongs that may not be forgiven
 Cry out for vengeance up to heaven."

With hands uplifted to the sky
 Cornelius Campbell made reply:
 "Speak you of wrongs yet unforgiven?
 Wrongs that cry up from earth to heaven
 By Him who kindled the great sun,
 I swear, no wrong by me was done,
 But crimes my lips forbear to tell,
 Such as insatiate fiends of hell

Might plot, in your wild brain were planned,
And wrought by your twice murdering hand.
We meet, in deadliest hate, alone
On this bleak mount, this tower of stone,
In the cold silence of the sky;
Now witness, Heaven's avenging eye!
I'll hurl you from this mountain's brow
Down to that yawning gulf below,
Where only bird or beast of prey
Shall bear your whitened bones away."

Chocorua spoke: "Where in the deep,
Wild north, earth's ancient mountains rise,
Where bright 'Siogee's waters sleep,
And under yet remoter skies,
Our warriors roamed o'er all the land;
On this great mount whereon we stand
Have prophets, kings and heroes stood,
And gazed on earth's vast solitude.
No fitter place beneath the sky
Than this wild home in upper air,
Hallowed by many a prophet's prayer,
To meet dire vengeance, or to die."

One moment of hate's deadliest strife,
Like tigers' grappling, life for life,
And the last prophet of his land
Lay crushed beneath his conqueror's hand.
He knew the fatal grasp; his last,
Despairing glance to heaven was cast,
As if to see with dying eyes
The gleaming lakes of Paradise.

The victor dragged him to the brow
Of the dread mount whereon they stood;
Pointing to awful depths below,
He spoke: "Deep in yon gloomy wood,
The gray wolf hungers for your blood;
And grim death waits—now, murderer, go."

Down to a yawning, sunless vale,
O'er frowning battlements, he fell.
Rang from his lips a wild, death-wail,
And barren hills gave back his knell.
A fiery star, a meteor bright,
Shining athwart the sombre sky,

Hung on the orient brow of night.
 Each star looked down with solemn eye;
 Round White-face baleful meteors swung;
 Mindeu's dark brow was bathed in light,
 A death-song on the winds was sung,
 Ne'er heard till that portentous night.
 Pale lights danced over lake and wood,
 The chainless Saco blushed in blood,
 And pitying angels, hovering nigh,
 Walked the cold heavens with mourning eye.

Stephen Berry.

Son of Ira Berry, a venerable journalist elsewhere represented in this work, was born in Augusta, Dec. 21, 1833. Mr. Berry is a successful printer, and publisher of the *Mason to Token* at Portland. He is also State agent of the Associated Press, and has filled various offices of trust for several publications. His wife has written some very acceptable juvenile operettas.

THE FAIRY WEDDING.

'T was the middle of the night,
 And the moon was silver bright.
 And the owl and the bat were skimming through the air;
 I saw the fairies dancing,
 And the fairy lights a glancing,
 And 'twas down in the meadow, but I won't tell where.

Round they danced, and in the middle
 Was a fairy with a fiddle,
 And he sat upon a daisy which was swinging in the air;
 And I saw a fairy bride,
 With her goodman by her side,
 And 'twas down in the meadow, but I won't tell where.

I was walking there with Kate,
 And we knew 'twas over-late,
 But I had so much to tell her, and she looked so bright and fair,
 We peeped among the clover,
 And watched till it was over,
 And 'twas down in the meadow, but I won't tell where.

SUMMER IS COMING TO THE NORTHLAND.

The air is full of music and the dawn is come at last,
 The spell of night is broken, though its shadow hath not passed;
 Hear the sweet full-throated chorus through the open casement ring,
 Chanting praises to the morning which the golden sun will bring;

And their song reveals a secret, though we guessed it well before,
But 't is sweet to hear them warble and repeat it o'er and o'er:
Summer is coming to the Northland.

Lo! the air is full of sunshine and the gladsome day has come,
In the presence of its glory the warbling choir is dumb;
But we hear a gentle rustling and a murmur in the trees,
And the blossoms shake their perfume out upon the balmy breeze;
They, too, have learned the secret, and they wonder that we doubt,
While the very buds are bursting, they so long to let it out:

Summer is coming to the Northland.

She is coming from the tropics with fresh flowers in her breast,
The gentle winds to welcome her come blowing from the west;
Her smile will clothe the forest and the fields in shining green,
And flowers will rise with tender eyes to gaze upon their queen;
The bee will hum its welcome, the cricket chirp her praise,
And the hearts of all be merry in the coming golden days:

Summer is coming to the Northland.

THE WORLD IS FAIR.

The robin sat in the apple-tree,
Merrily singing "The world is fair;"
The scholar listened, and thus said he,
"The world is weary and full of care."
"Sing," said the bird, "till your heart is light,
Sing, and the world will soon look bright."
And he merrily sung in the apple-tree,
"The world is bright and fair to see."

"Greed," said the scholar, "rules the land;"
"Sing," said the bird, "'t will soon be day;"
"The poor are crushed by a tyrant's hand;"
"Sing," said the bird, "'t will pass away,
Sing, for the night is almost gone,
Sing, for I see the flush of morn."
And he merrily sung in the apple-tree,
"The world is bright and fair to see."

Henrietta Gould Rowe.

Mrs. H. G. Rowe was born in East Corinth, in 1834, and lived there until her marriage, in 1856, to J. Swett Rowe, of Bangor, in which city she has lived ever since. Mrs. Rowe has contributed for the last thirty years to many of the principal magazines and newspapers, her work being principally in the story line, with now and then a poem. She has written largely for the *Portland Transcript*, *Youth's Companion*, *Wide Awake*, *Golden Hours*, *Art Magazine*, and other publications. She considers her ballad writings the best of her poetical work, and we give two in this vein which met with special public favor.

THE RELIEF OF HENNEBON.

"Ride fast and far, my courier brave,
Till the dew thy courser's fetlocks lave,
In the land of the setting sun,
And say to England's Edward bold,
The wife and son of his comrade old
Lie leaguered in Hennebon."

Then the lady looked from her turret gray
O'er the foeman, mustered in steel array,
'Neath the walls of her castle home;
And she thought of her lord in captive bands,
Of her son, the heir of his name and lands,
An exile doomed to roam.

And her heart swelled high with love and pride,
As forth with her noble boy by her side
She passed to the castle-wall;
In her train, her maidens fair and bright,
In silks and jewels richly dight,
Followed in silence all.

The archer stood with bow unstrung,
The oath was checked on the soldier's tongue,
As he listened with forehead bare;
And their captain doffed his pluméd crest,
While he longed to lay his lance in rest
For God and his ladye fair.

"Brave men and true—my brothers all!"
Her voice rang out like a trumpet call,
As each soldier grasped his brand.
"The foe besets us sore without;
Though we've beat them in many a bloody bout,
Yet now beleaguered we stand.

"I know that famine makes brave men shrink
Who would stand undaunted on danger's brink,
But I pray you hear my word:
When women and babes its pangs can bear,
Shall steel-clad men refuse to share
Alike with their sovereign lord?"

Then the princely boy spake bold and high,
With the fire of his race in his clear blue eye,
Though his childish face was wan;
"I will live or die on a single crust,
Ere the home of my fathers be laid in dust
By the foes of Hennebon."

And the watchful foemen marshaled without
Wondered to hear the joyous shout,
 The loud, triumphant cry;
And their brows grow dark as they mark the band
Of maidens that close by the rampart stand
 Laughing in mockery.

Brave heart of soldier, of dame and child,
Rejoice! for over the ocean wild
 Brave Edward's sail is seen;
And the foe are scattered far and wide,
Like mimic boats before the tide
 That sweeps the white beach clean.

There's wassail and joy in those grand old halls,
And many a banner drapes their walls
 From the flying foemen won;
And there, with music and mirth and light,
The English king dubs lord and knight
 The heir of Hennebon.

THE SWEDISH WIFE.

The State House at Augusta, Me., is a bunch of cedar shingles made by a Swedish wife, the wife of one of the earliest settlers of New Sweden, who, with her husband and a family of little ones dependent upon her, made with her own hands these shingles, and carried them eight miles upon her back to the town of Caribou, where she sold them for provisions for her family.

The morning sun shines bright and clear,
Clear and cold, for winter is near,—
 Winter, the chill and dread:
And the fire burns bright in the exile's home,
With fagot of fir from the mountain's dome,
 While the children clamor for bread.

Against the wall stands the idle wheel,
Unfinished the thread upon the spindle and reel,
 The empty cards are crost;
But nigh to the hearthstone sits the wife,
With cleaver and mallet,—so brave and so blithe,
 She fears not famine or frost.

Fair and soft are her braided locks,
And the light in her blue eye merrily mocks
 The shadow of want and fear,
As deftly, with fingers supple and strong,
She draws the glittering shave along,
 O'er the slab of cedar near.

Neatly and close are the shingles laid,
Bound in a bunch,—then, undismayed,
The Swedish wife uprose:
“Be patient, my darlings,” she blithely said,
“I go to the town, and you shall have bread,
Ere the day has reached its close.”

Eight miles she trudged—’t was a weary way;
The road was rough, the sky grew gray
With the snow that sifted down;
Bent were her shoulders beneath their load,
But high was her heart, for love was the goad
That urged her on to the town.

Ere the sun went down was her promise kept,
The little ones feasted before they slept;
While the father, sick in bed,
Prayed softly, with tears and murmurs low,
That his household darlings might never know
A lack of their daily bread.

Sarah Warren Spaulding.

This lady was born in the town of Norridgewock, August 16, 1834. Her last known residence was at Bangor, and she is represented in “The Native Poets of Maine,” published in that city in 1854.

THE STORM AND THE RAINBOW.

Did the angels hang it out, mother,
The glorious bow I see?
Have the spirits such a banner
As now is shown to me?
It was reachéd down from heaven,
Dear mother, I cannot doubt;
So tell your own dear Willie—
Did the *angels* hang it out?

The rain fell down in torrents—
The clouds were black as night—
But soon the armies of the storm
Were beat and put to flight.
They were vanquished by the angels,
And when they saw their rout,
There came the flag of victory—
Did the angels hang it out?

I have heard of wars in heaven—
 Now I know that they have fought—
 I saw the flashing of their spears,
 And their glances.—did I not?
 Their chariots rolled through heaven,
 And I heard the demons shout—
 And then I saw the flag of peace—
 Did the angels hang it out?

 'Tis the bow of promise, mother—
 I know by God 't was given,
 Emblem of peace and harmony,
 Between mankind and heaven!
 And when the storm-cloud passed away
 With the last thunder shout,
 And this bright bow appeared in heaven—
 Did the angels hang it out?

Susan M. W. Thwing.

Mrs. Susan M. W. Thwing, wife of Professor Thwing, daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. Waite of Portland. Born in Portland, Oct. 15, 1834. Attended a private school; through the course at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and graduated 1853; was teacher two years in Latin and astronomy, and afterwards in Portland High School; died Dec. 28, 1859; seven sons and three daughters have been born; the eldest son is a son in a hospital in New York, but expects to be a medical missionary abroad, and youngest, a student of New York University, is with Dr. Kerr of the Presbyterian Hospital, Canton, and aiding in missionary work. Mrs. Thwing also accompanied him, later, 1887, intending to spend some months in China to perfect her knowledge of the language and the people, as she has been for some time devoting herself to work among Chinese of Brooklyn.

MY PRAYER.

O Thou celestial source of wisdom's light!
 Touch my sin-darkened eyes and give them sight;
 Chase all the mists away and to my spirit say:
 "Let there be light!"

That I with clearer view may see and know
 All thou wouldst have me do and be below;
 And with a swifter pace into Thy righteousness
 May daily grow.

Into my willing hands may work be given,
 Let service here make sweet the rest of heaven;
 Toiling throughout the day, down at Thy feet to lay
 Some sheaves at even.

And if Thy perfect will to me assign
 Sorrow, or pain, or loss, the part be mine
 Meekly to bear the cross; purging out all my dross,
 My soul refine.

Thus pressing upward still the heavenly steep,
Homeward my weary feet eager would leap!
My longing, panting soul stretches to Thee its goal,
Glory to reap!

MY DWELLING-PLACE.

DEUT. XXXIII. 12.

O happy, happy dwelling, close by Jehovah's side!
O peace beyond our telling, under his wings to hide!
There safe, by faith abiding, no foe has power to harm,
And in his love confiding, no terror may alarm.

His loved ones dwell securely; with sheltering wing outspread
He will protect them surely; no evil they need dread:
Such sweet, such blessed resting, each longing satisfied!
No evil thing molesting, nor any good denied.

"All the day long" he'll cover, and guard from every ill;
The Holy Dove shall hover o'er them at evening still:
As gentle dew distilling, the promise of these words,
The heart with joy o'erfilling, comfort and strength affords.

A fount of joy upspringing through the whole spirit flows;
How can the soul cease singing, exultant as she goes?
With rapturous praise repeating her glorious Saviour's name,
Her pæan shout of greeting to celebrate his fame.

Strong on his strength relying, they cope with every foe;
And in his might undying, a constant victory know;
Till, hymning the sweet story, they "lay their honors down"
At His dear feet in glory, and wear the victor's crown.

Arvilla B. Eaton Gardner.

Arvilla B. E. Gardner was born in Chesterville, Me., (Franklin County) Dec. 27, 1834. Removed to Lowell, Mass., October, 1851, and was married to Almon B. Gardner, (born in Nelson, N. H.) Aug. 26, 1857. She has written magazine articles, and for the local press. In March, 1870, at a meeting of the sons and daughters of Maine, she furnished a poem (in response to a toast) which was considered meritorious. A few years since, on a visit to the old home in Chesterville, she found the ancient house (built by her grandfather, and occupied for nearly a century) deserted. The hours spent beneath the old roof furnished inspiration for the poem which was afterward printed in *The Farmington Chronicle*.

THE OLD MANSION.

It stands alone, no footsteps linger here;
These silent rooms no sunny faces greet,

With floors uncovered, and with walls so drear,
Dust gathers thickly on the window-seat.
The sun peeps through the cobweb-curtained pane—
No living tenant seeks this home again.

It stands alone! what spirits of the past
Walk through these low-ceiled rooms, at shade of eve,
The pattering little feet grown still at last,
And o'er the golden heads what memories weave!
To-night, to-night—a solemn silence falls,
Deep in the shadow of these old gray walls.

A towering tree leans o'er the old brown eves.
An air of watchfulness is with it still;
The moonlight falls amid the shining leaves,
And glimmers on the mossy window-sill.
Behind, the pathway to the orchard leads,
And flowering shrubs peep through the tangled weeds.

Our footsteps sound like echoes from the past—
A tale of busy life that here has been—
Adown the garden walk so thick o'ercast
With flowers, and thorns that struggle in between.
Can it be here that roses ever bloomed,
And with their fragrance all the air perfumed ?

We pause, and think of all the busy life
That once broke up the dreary silence here;
Then passing out, and mingling with the strife
Amid the multitude, grown hard and sere.
From this bright homestead birth and death are wed,
Death claims the golden and the hoary head.

What spirits from the slumbering past arise,
Light forms float by—that long since turned to dust—
With rosy cheeks and beauty's flashing eyes,
And hearts that beat beneath the satin bust.
Death springs to life, as with a magic wand
I part the curtain with my outstretched hand.

Ah! what a crowd of recollections come,—
Turn back, ye wheels of time, the past explore,—
The chain is linked with memories so strong,
I dream amid the scenes that are no more.
The hour o'er me a witching spell has cast,
Fain would I pierce the shadows of the past.

Here is a semblance of the joys that fled
 And mocked me with their glitter long ago;
 Here friends—who long have slumbered with the dead,
 Who led my steps and language taught to flow—
 Bright as the light falls from the sunset sky,
 Loved ones return to me: *They never die.*

Alas! our day-dreams and our visions fade;
 We wake to find—for we are mortal still—
 The fancy flown. Death has been here and laid
 His signet on the brows that grew so chill.
 Deserted mansion! winds and tempests cry,
 Echo alone can to thy wail reply.

Across this time-worn threshold little feet
 Went in and out, so many years ago,
 And baby voices: accents pure and sweet,—
 'T is sad that passing years should change us so.
 Age warps the pliant nature,—low and deep
 Are childish memories we love to keep.

Hinder me not. I linger and would stay
 Here, in the shadow of this old home room—
 Where'er I turn a halo lights the way;
 I stand alone amid the gathering gloom,
 The past and present thick with memories teem,
 The future, soon that too will be a dream.

These silent rooms no story speak to you,
 These spirit friends can never meet your gaze.
 Fain would I linger—wander through and through
 This mansion dark—so bright in other days.
 Its echoes are to you no welcome tone,
Its message is for me, and me alone.

AN OLD LETTER.

Where is the hand that traced these lines?
 'T is mould'ring back to mother earth!
 Years, years have gone, yet here to-night
 My tears pay tribute to thy worth.
 Long since from earth thy spirit loosed,
 And o'er thy home the willows wave,
 And flowers, placed by affection's hand,
 Twelve years have blossomed o'er thy grave.

Louise! my heart is true to thee—
 My best beloved, my early friend!
 To-night I seem to see thy face,
 As o'er this tear-stained sheet I bend.
 'T is here thy hand my name has traced,
 And coupled it with thine so dear;—
 Our early love is ne'er erased;
 O'er this I drop affection's tear.

O happy thought! The grave brings rest
 To weary travelers of the earth!
 The spirit seeks among the blest
 A mansion-house of priceless worth.
 There will the friendship here begun,
 Which death and parting ne'er can sever,
 Spring up anew, and blossom forth
 In flowers whose fragrance lasts forever.

Boadicea Aldrich Thompson Dinsmore.

Mrs. B. A. T. G. Dinsmore was born in Guilford, Me., March 23, 1835, and moved to Foxcroft in 1845. She married Capt. Sewell C. Gray, March 1, 1863, who fell at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. In January, 1869, she married Lemuel F. Dinsmore, and resided in Brooklyn, N. Y., until his death, which occurred May 3, 1885. Since then she has resided at the old homestead in Foxcroft.

A BRIDGE OF FAITH.

FOR FEET OF FAITH.

Beyond a chasm where deep waters move,
 There lies a realm of all-exhaustless love,
 Toward which our eyes, uplifted clear, may scan
 A power that works its highest good for man.

The burning bush, the Sinai's mountain flame,
 The promise to the prophet in His name,
 The wonders written out in rock and tree,
 In rod, and parted waters of the sea,

In mighty deeds of faith from Enoch down,
 A brilliant vista, till at length its crown
 O'er-topping all, their meaning clear revealed,
 As in Emanuel our hopes are sealed.

Behold him now approach the hither side,
 Upon that bridge of faith, whose arches wide
 Defy life's storms, as, builded stone by stone,
 The firm foundation hath in structure grown.

Lo! prophets and apostles, mighty names!
 And last of all the preacher Him proclaims,
 "The Lamb of God," whom star, and voice, and dove,
 Had heralded with signs of dawning love.

And this sufficeth all our needs to meet!
 Love flavored thus, the teaching seems, and sweet
 With heavenly power, while promising a rest
 To souls o'erburdened, and with sorrows pressed.

Climb hither, then! above the troubled tide
 Upon that bridge of faith with arches wide,
 For hearts of faith its pillars will descry,
 With firm foundation reaching to the sky.

A LIFE THAT HATH NO END.

As from some old cathedral turret rings
 A solemn warning, or a call to prayer,
 So, far above all earthly sounds of strife,
 Eternity's great bell-tones on the air
 Ring out the story of an endless life.

In floating, swelling cadences it falls,
 Like regal music heard from palace walls;
 Now, in the spirit's hush, its silver-clear
 And solemn tones are heard 'mid ocean's roar,
 The thunders echo it—while sweetly near,
 In Nature's silences, for evermore
 It gives life meanings all unlearned before.

An endless life! Ah, what a mighty power!
 Through this, grim Death, the conqueror—is slain;
 The glorious tidings sound through earth's domain!
 Triumphant from each living temple-tower
 Ring out the news! "Your dead shall live again,
 For I am He that liveth and was dead
 And am alive for evermore, Amen."

When close upon the shadows of Death's wall
 The wanderer's feet pause, trembling, in this sphere
 He sees the temple-dome outshine, whence all
 Along his way this song rang out in cheer—
 "A life that hath no end, no end, no end!"

And straightly he grows calm: Do fears appall?
 Disarmed of terror, and with vision clear,
 He sees the Master there. Like as a gate,
 A lowly wicket-gate does death now seem—
 An entrance only to that blessed state
 Where mysteries strange, and questions why, await
 Their royal answer in that hour supreme.

O bell, the golden-tongued, ring on! ring on
 Forgiveness to repentant souls sincere!
 For timid ones, in silver tones chime on
 Thy sweet assurances and pledges clear!
 To sin, with fearful iron tongue, clang on!
 Clang on! till all its mountains quake with fear.

John C. Rogers.

C. Rogers, M. D., was born March 26, 1835, and spent his early days in Perry, where father dwelt and cultivated a small farm. After being taught the alphabet, he had to read from an old song-book, and at the age of eleven he first attended the district schools. His father, being poor, needed his labor, consequently the time spent in common schools was very limited, being in all only about nine months. In the fall of 1853, he borrowed sufficient money to enable him to attend a term at Washington Academy, which was at that time under the instruction of J. C. Caldwell. After that he went to school and fitted for college at Yarmouth Academy, under the tuition of A. L. Hall. He entered Waterville College in 1860, and commenced the study of medicine the next year, graduating at Harvard in the class of 1863-4. He received a commission as Assistant Surgeon in one of the Massachusetts regiments, and at the close of the war commenced the practice of medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y. In the spring of 1866, he returned to Pemroke, Me., where he has since resided, practicing his profession and writing an occasional poem for the *Eastport Sentinel* and the Grand Army boys. Dr. Rogers reads Latin, Greek, French and German, and is a great lover of poetry. His busy professional life has prevented him from giving much time to writing.

"THE EVENING ECHO."

Have you heard "the Evening Echo,"
 In the twilight pale and wan,
 As it peals along the waters
 Of the pensive Pemnaquan ?
 Have you heard the thrilling music,
 As it rolls adown the stream,
 Waking all the woods and fountains
 From their deep and silent dream ?

O it gives the heart new impulse,
 As it strikes the sentient wire;
 And it fills the soul with rapture,
 Ever higher, higher, higher!
 And its music, soft and pensive,
 Steals in rapture on the soul,
 Like the voice of some sweet sraph
 Charming all within control.

And it fills the soul, ecstatic,
 With a flood of fond delight;
 And the heart receives the impulse
 Of the throbbing of its might.
 O it gives to life new being,
 And it wakes to fond desire;
 Like the strain of some sweet lyre
 Wafts the spirit higher, higher!

 Tell me not of "Memnon's statue,"
 And its symphony of sound;
 When the morning sun, resplendent,
 Wakes to music all around;
 For within "*the Evening Echo*"
 Dwells a charm more sweet and rare,
 That enraptures all the senses,
 While it wakes the ambient air.

A LEGEND OF RED ISLAND.

There's a rock in the Cobscook, they call it Red Isle,
 And the blue wavelets curl and break at its feet
 Like the ripples that curl when a maiden doth smile,
 'Neath the arch of the cheeks where the rosy lips meet.

And there, when the tempest sweeps fierce o'er the hill,
 And the hail and the winds lash the waves into spray,
 The mermaid's sweet voice, all plaintive and shrill,
 Is heard o'er the waters as she sings her wild lay.

And there, when the sunbeams fall bright on the bay,
 And the sea, like a mirror, reflects the blue sky,
 Above and around it the sea gulls do play,
 And the loon and the osprey high o'er it do fly.

And the divers ne'er dive near its steep, rocky shore,
 And the sea-birds ne'er light on its bleak, mossy crest—
 But around and above it they constantly soar,
 And far from its shelter they always do rest.

'T was there Capt. Kidd, when he roamed the broad sea,
 And preyed on the helpless that fell in his way,
 Concealed his rich treasures, deep down 'neath a tree,
 That grew 'mong the shrubs where the flinder-mice play.

But ere he enclosed it within the dark ground,
 A maiden, a captive most comely and fair,
 He led from his ship to the newly-made mound,
 And on it compelled her to kneel and to swear,

That a guard o'er the treasures she'd ever prove true,
That none might molest them or steal them away;
Till the sea ceased to mirror the sky deep and blue,
And the waves on the rocks ceased to dash into spray;

That her spirit should guard, both by day and by night,
The treasures he gave her to guard and to keep,
So long as the sun o'er the bay sheds its light,
And the moon and the stars shine over the deep.

And she shrieked and she trembled as she knelt on the mound,
And she prayed and she wept and for mercy implored;
But the hearts of the pirates who stood there around
Were as deaf to her cries as the breakers that roared.

But the moon from the scene hid her face in a cloud,
And the cloud dropped a tear on the maiden's pale cheek,
As with hands wild extended, she repeated aloud
The words of the oath that the pirate did speak.

Then kissing her fondly they struck off her head,
And hied to the ship that lay moored in the bay;
And, crowding all canvas, from the place sadly spod
O'er the ocean to wander in search of more prey.

So since, in the moonlight on that Isle sad and lone,
Can be seen a fair maiden, each night of the year,
A-kneeling and watching, as cold as a stone,
While the cloud just at twelve on her face drops a tear.

There's a shriek and a gleam, and her head rolls away,
Down, down in a cave, where the wild billows roar;
And the men o'er the mound then her cold body lay,
And the blood runs afresh down the rocks of the shore.

Then a ship's seen to crowd all her canvas for sea,
And the winds always favor her voyage along;
While the sailors seem eager to crowd to the lee,
And gaze on that Isle as they chant a low song.

And there, on the mound, when the ship's out of sight,
May be seen the fair maiden, dejected, forlorn,
A-gazing a-seaward, through the mist of the night,
And weeping and sighing until it is morn.

And the loon laughs a-mocking her deep plaint of woe,
As she hears her sad moanings and sighs o'er the deep;
And the boatmen, affrighted, in the night never go
Near that Isle in its weirdness, but far from it keep.

Nicholas Warren Beckwith.

This writer was born in Lubec, Me., March 31, 1835. His parents came to Hantsport, N. S., where his childhood was spent, in 1838. He was essentially, as he esteemed himself, a citizen of the world, with a broad and catholic spirit—

“To no country, to no race confined,
His home, the world; his brethren, all mankind.”

Literary ambition and capacity awoke early within him: and his first poem, “The Iceberg,” written at fourteen years of age, deserves to have been preserved. The only stanza extant is here given:—

“Ah, then, with dismay o'er that blood-chilling scene,
Saw he Azrael's glare in the lightning's red sheen—
Saw a shroud spreading grim in each white-crested surge,
While the wild winds around him were chanting his dirge.”

- He left school at sixteen, “to follow the sea,” and soon rose to the position of mate on the ship “Burmah,” commanded by his father. The scenes and experiences during his apprenticeship of the “Burmah” were published in 1860, in *Life Illustrated*. (since *Phrenological Journal*), under the title of “Running Down the Trades.” In 1859 he communicated to the same paper a detailed explanation of the cause of the failure of the Atlantic cable, which subject was then agitating the world; giving suggestions as to the proper principles upon which to construct a successful one. Whether the company appropriated his idea cannot now be known; but the cable of 1866 was built in accordance with the principles by him designated. In 1854 he married Susan Rhyce Phelps—they being cousins. It was a rare union of congenial minds. He soon left the Atlantic trade, and, in command of the ship “Virginia,” sailed from Liverpool, Eng., for Hong Kong, China. He spent three years in the East Indian trade; then, returning to his family, spent the few remaining years of his life in study and literary work. He died Feb. 21, 1877. He left an unpublished work on China, entitled, “Foh-Kee and Fan-Qui.”

SEVEN YEARS PAST.

Seven years flown I lay alone on an Indian isle's far verge,
And watched the sweep, in the cohorts deep, of the broad Pacific surge,
Break on the strand of pearly sand—white foot of the green-robed isle!
While the sun sank low, and the night stole slow over sea with her dusky
smile.

Out from the west Winaina to rest, trailed the song-bird's Wanina hymn;
While cricketings shrill, with gurgle of rill, crept up with the twilight
dim;
To the whispering breeze sighed back the trees—but their sleepy blos-
soms furled,
While drowsily fell like a Lethean spell the breath of the resting world.

And a music new with the falling dew through the tender choral wreathes;
The soundless rhyme, the tongueless chime, each tiny flower-bell breathes;
And air and earth alike give birth to a multifold melody's tone,
That lulls the soul in charmed control, as I muse on the sward alone.

Each scintillant line, in unison fine, with the tranquil chant sublime,
In the glittering march up the glorified arch the stars in their courses
climb;

Yet a last faint light thwart the van of night to the pearly beach still
clings,

Where the shaky surge with a booming dirge its floods on the shell-drift
flings.

Ah! terrible tolls of resurgent rolls hurled up from the sounding sea!
Ye crowd from mine ear the harmonies clear of the multifold melody!
But I hear complain with a wail of pain all the beautiful nautili—
For a myriad fleet, in each pitiless bent, are crunched on the strand—and
die.

O types so fair, what hope is there?—Are there none to mourn but I
For each beautiful form, with its rose-tints warm, that yet will not wholly
die?

Will the monster whorl of the surf still curl and smite on each fragile ●
crust?—

Will destiny's mill keep grinding it still, till the stars know it not from
dust?

Is it only a play?—and by night alway do yon stars in the circles sit;
Looking down—ever down, with never a frown! (Who are those that
glare from the pit?)

With never a frown—not a thumb turned down one atom to save from
fate!

Are they not at last, after ages past, of the spectacle satiate?

Ah! knowing no fear, unwitting they steer, to wreck in a common doom!
Thus widens the reach of the broadening beach, and for myriads more
makes room:—

More myriads sail with the changeless gale, on which dim destiny dwells.

* * * * *

Seven years past!—I have read—at last—what the merciless lesson tells.
Looks over the seas strong Herakles still bearing the club of might;
Stern Algehar, with many a star, aligning his sword of light;
Rears Perseus, higher than blade of fire, once potent the wrong to right;
Do they know full well that each foam-born shell is an Aphrodite bright?

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

This popular magazinest is a native of Calais, where she was born April 3, 1835. At the age of fourteen she became a pupil in the Putnam High School at Newburyport, Mass., and after graduating from this institution she attended the old Pinkerton Academy, in Derry, N. H., and there closed her school-life. At the age of thirty, she was married to the Hon. Richard S. Spofford, himself a poet, and son of one of Newburyport's most noted physicians. Their home is at Deer Island, one of the most beautiful places in the region of the Merrimac. Mrs. Spofford's literary career began with the

publication of a delightful story, entitled "In a Cellar," originally printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The compiler of this work, himself a native of Newburyport, well remembers with what keen pleasure he first perused this tale the morning it appeared in the *Daily Herald* of that city. Mrs. Spofford's first book was called "Sir Rohan's Ghost." As a writer, both in prose and verse, she has enriched the pages of the *Atlantic*, *Hyper's*, and other leading publications for many years. A volume of her poems, under the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., appeared in 1882. It has been said that a Concord writer, in quoting one of Mrs. Spofford's charming poems, referred to her as "The American Sappho." In the course of her literary career she has published ten volumes of prose and poetry.

INSIDE PLUM ISLAND.

We floated in the idle breeze,
With all our sails a-shiver,
The shining tide came softly through,
And filled Plum Island River.

The shining tide stole softly up
Across the wide green splendor,
Creek swelling creek till all in one
The marshes made surrender.

And clear the flood of silver swung
Between the brimming edges,
And now the depths were dark, and now
The boat slid over the sedges.

And here a yellow sand-spit foamed
Amid the great sea meadows,
And here the slumberous waters gloomed
Lucid in emerald shadows,

While, in their friendly multitude
Encamped along our quarter,
The host of hay-cocks seemed to float,
With doubles in the water.

Around the sunny distance rose
A blue and hazy highland,
And winding down our winding way
The sand-hills of Plum Island,—

The windy dunes that hid the sea
For many a dreary acre,
And muffled all its thundering fall
Along the wild South Breaker.

We crept by Oldtown's marshy mouth,
By reedy Rowley drifted,
But far away the Ipswich bar
Its white-caps tossed and shifted.

Sometimes we heard a bittern boom,
Sometimes a piping plover,
Sometimes there came the lonesome cry
Of white gulls flying over.

Sometimes, a sudden fount of light,
A sturgeon splashed, and fleeting
Behind the sheltering thatch we heard
Oars in the rowlocks beating.

But all the rest was silence, save
The rippling in the rushes,
The gentle gale that struck the sail
In fitful swells and gushes.

Silence and summer and the sun,
Waking a wizard legion,
Wove as we went their ancient spells
In this enchanted region.

No spectral care could part the veil
Of mists and sunbeams shredded,
That everywhere behind us closed
The labyrinth we threaded.

Beneath our keel the great sky arched
Its liquid light and azure;
We swung between two heavens, ensphered,
Within their charmed embrasure.

Deep in that watery firmament,
With flickering lustres splendid,
Poised in his perfect flight, we saw
The painted hawk suspended,

And there, the while the boat-side leaned,
With youth and laughter laden,
We saw the red fin of the perch,
We saw the swift menhaden.

Outside, the hollow sea might cry,
The wailing wind give warning;
No whisper saddened us, shut in
With sunshine and the morning.

O far, far off the weary world
With all its tumult waited,
Forever here with drooping sails
Would we have hung belated!

Yet, when the flaw came ruffling down,
 And round us curled and sallied,
 We skimmed with bubbles on our track,
 As glad as when we dallied.

Broadly the bare brown Hundreds rose,
 The herds their hollows keeping,
 And clouds of wings about her mast
 From Swallow banks were sweeping.

While evermore the Bluff before
 Grew greenly on our vision,
 Lifting beneath its waving boughs
 Its grassy slopes elysian.

There, all day long, the summer sea
 Creans murmuring up the shingle;
 There, all day long, the airs of earth
 With airs of heaven mingle.

Singing, we went our happy way,
 Singing old songs, nor noted
 Another voice that with us sang,
 As wing and wing we floated.

Till hushed, we listened, while the air
 With music still was beating,
 Voice answering tuneful voice, again
 The words we sang repeating.

A flight of fluting echoes, sent
 With elfin carol over us,—
 More sweet than bird-song in the prime
 Rang out the sea-blown chorus.

Behind those dunes the storms had heaped
 In all fantastic fashions,
 Who syllabled our songs in strains
 Remote from human passions.

What tones were those that caught our own,
 Filtered through light and distance,
 And tossed them gayly to and fro,
 With such a sweet insistence?

What shoal of sea-sprites, to the sun
 Along the margin flocking,
 Dripping with salt dews from the deeps,
 Made this melodious mocking?

We laughed,—a hundred voices rose
In airiest, fairest laughter;

We sang,—a hundred voices quired
And sang the whole song after.

One standing eager in the prow
Blew out his bugle cheerly,
And far and wide their horns replied
More silvery and clearly.

And falling down the falling tide,
Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, blown faint and fine,
We heard their horns still blowing!

Then, with the last delicious note
To other skies alluring,
Down ran the sails, beneath the Bluff
The boat lay at her mooring.

* * * * *

THE FIRE-FLIES IN THE WHEAT.

Ah, never of a summer night
Will life again be half as sweet
As in that country of delight
Where straying, staying, with happy feet,
We watched the fire-flies in the wheat.

Full dark and deep the starless night,
Still throbbing with the summer heat;
There was no ray of any light,
But dancing, glancing, far and fleet,
Only the fire-flies in the wheat.

In that great country of delight,
Where youth and love the borders meet,
We paused and lingered for the sight,
While sparkling, darkling, flashed the sheet
Of splendid fire-flies in the wheat.

That night the earth seemed but a height
Wheron to rest our happy feet,
Watching one moment that wide flight
Where lightening, brightening, mount and meet
Those burning fire-flies in the wheat.

What whispered words whose memory might
 Make an old heart with madness beat,
 Whose sense no music can recite,
 That chasing, racing, rhythmic beat
 Sings out with fire-flies in the wheat.

O never of such blest despite
 Dreamed I, whom fate was wont to cheat—
 And like a star your face, and white—
 While mingling, tingling, wild as sleet,
 Stormed all those fire-flies through the wheat.

Though of that country of delight
 The farther bounds we shall not greet,
 Still, sweet of all, that summer night,
 That maddest, gladdest night most sweet,
 Watching the fire-flies in the wheat!

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

When stars pursue their solemn flight,
 Oft in the middle of the night
 A strain of music visits me,
 Hushed in a moment silvery—
 Such rich and rapturous strains as make
 The very soul of silence ache
 With longing for the melody.

Or lovers in the distant dusk
 Of summer gardens, sweet with musk,
 Pouring their blissful burden out.
 The breaking joy, the dying doubt,
 Or revelers, all flown with wine,
 And in a madness half divine,
 Beating the broken tune about.

Or else the rude and rolling notes
 That leave some strolling sailors' throats,
 Hoarse with the salt spray it may be,
 Of many a mile of rushing sea;
 Or some high-minded dreamer strays
 Late through the solitary ways,
 Nor heeds the listening night or me.

Or how, how whence those tones be heard,
 Hearing the slumbering soul is stirred,
 As when a swiftly passing light
 Startles the shadows into flight,

While one remembrance suddenly
Thrills through the melting melody—
A strain of music in the night.

Out of the darkness bursts the song,
Into the darkness moves along;
Only a chord of memory jars,
Only an old wound burns its scars,
As the wild sweetness of the strain
Smites the heart with passionate pain,
And vanishes among the stars.

Celia Thaxter.

The free, pure air of her island home, the "Isle of Shoals," where she holds "Summer court" in her delightful cottage, is one of her essential needs. This charming, well-known poetess, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1835, and her verses have the gay swing of the sea. Among her papers upon the islands of New Hampshire and Maine, is a series of great interest and value, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mrs. Thaxter is one of her personal friends, in referring to the fact that the boys and the girls have truer or better friend than she,—"As we sat in her room, we all at once heard, far down in the street, the letting out of one of the public schools. As the glad shouts and merry laughter of the children came up to us, Mrs. Thaxter paused in her work, her bright eyes glistened with pleasure, and she said, 'Bless them!' with delightful heartiness as if refreshed by what some other less sympathetic soul might call a racket."

THE WATCH OF BOONE ISLAND.

They crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"
He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boone Island light!"

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet night," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love,—wife, mother, sister, bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
 Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
 No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
 And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I, no chill could find them? There is one
 Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
 With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
 And turns the happy heart of youth to stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
 At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee
 All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
 Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea;

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
 But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
 And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
 And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
 The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
 Still like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
 Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
 While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
 She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
 And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
 Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
 A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
 What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
 Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
 The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
 And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head, and let the light die out,
 For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
 When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
 Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
 For pity ready, search in vain the night,
 And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
 "Now what, think you, can ail Boone Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
 They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
 A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
 But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
 With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
 She turned, and backward gazed across the bay,—
 Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

Howard Owen.

Howard Owen was born in Brunswick, Cumberland County, Aug. 28, 1835; was educated in the common schools, and learned the printer's trade in the offices of the *Lewiston Journal* and *Brunswick Telegraph*. Mr. Owen has been in Augusta thirty-three years a journalist, — was twenty-six years in the office of *The Kennebec Journal*; fifteen years as local editor, and eleven years as one of the proprietors. He has also edited the *Augusta Daily Whig*; is now, and has been for about seven years, the general editor of *Maine Farmer*, also Register of Probate, President of the Maine Press Association, and President of the Augusta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He established the first Youth's temperance paper started in Maine, and has delivered lectures before lyceums, Memorial Day addresses, agricultural addresses, etc. Mr. Owen is originator of biographical sketches of members of the Legislature. Colby University conferred the degree of A. M. upon Mr. Owen, in 1879.

WANTED TO BE AN EDITOR.*

I have seen a man so lost to all pity,
 With temper wrought up and courage so gritty,
 As to wish that he, too, an editor was—
 Put him in the chair, and he'd "just make the boss."
 To edit a newspaper was so easy a thing,
 That the demented fellow thusly did sing:

"I wish I were an editor—
 I really do, indeed;
 It seems to me that editors
 Get everything they need.
 They get the biggest and the best
 Of everything that grows,
 And get in free to circuses
 And other kinds of shows;
 And when a mammoth cheese is cut,
 They always get a slice,
 For saying 'Mrs. Smith knows how
 To make it *very nice*.'
 The largest pumpkin, longest beet,
 And other garden stuff,

* From a poem read at the Annual Meeting of the Maine Press Association, in Portland, Jan. 24, 1884.

Is blown into the sanctum
 By an editorial puff.
 The editor is an engine
 Whose fires will ne'er go out,
 He always means to keep up steam,
 Though other men may pout.
 Puff, puff, puff, from morn till night,
 Puffing still in the glaring noon,
 Puff by day and by candle-light,
 Puff by sun and puff by moon.
 The biggest bug will speak to them,
 No matter how they dress—
 A shabby coat is nothing—if
 You own a printing-press.
 At ladies' fairs they're almost hugged
 By pretty girls, you know,
 That they may crack up everything
 The ladies have to show.
 And thus they get a blow-out free
 At every party feed—
 The reason is,—because they write,
 And other people read."

When that man's song had ended in a shout,
 I took him by the hand, and led him where
 The grave, pale man whom he had read about
 Sat with his family at their scanty fare.
 No well-stuffed turkey and no fatted goose
 Graced that frail board of pine-tree lumber made,
 No beefsteak rare, no tenderloin of moose,
 No mutton-chop was on that table laid.

But now, behold! upon the old cracked plate
 The saw-dust pudding of historic fame,
 The skimmed-milk pitcher sat beside its mate
 Of butter strong; 'twas seized on all the same
 By that hard crowd of famished printer's devils,
 With sharpened teeth and appetites so keen
 That they could find, where demons have their revels,
 A bounteous repast as was ever seen.

Last comes the pie—the *printer's pie*, indeed,
 Served with roller composition as the crust,
 A hearty dinner on which they daily feed,
 Eat it or starve; 'tis dinner now, *or bust!*

Forth from this meal the poor man wends his way
 To that dim cloister where his brain works well,
 Amid the cobwebs that the light of day
 Shows pendant on the ceiling of his prison cell.

The door is opened, and a sulphurous smell
 Fills all the space, as he of cloven foot
 And forked tongue, the devil of the printer's hell,
 Comes with eyeballs glaring and with cheeks of soot.

"*More copy now is wanted,*" said the fiend,
 "Two columns space is waiting to be filled;
 Each single item of the local news is gleaned,
 The copy's all been put in type by fingers skilled."

With scissors upraised, the editor grasped
 The last exchange that the mail had brought,
 The leader there to his heart he clasped;
 "I'll make it mine own—a most happy thought."

But lo! a gentle step on the stair is heard,
 And Jones comes in, who has talked to death
 Good men in his day, or changed to curd
 Their tempers sweet, and with poisonous breath
 Riddled their characters fore and aft,
 Till the way was strown with shipwrecked craft.
 He settled himself in the softest chair,
 Unbuttoned his coat and wiped his chin,
 Ran his long fingers through his matted hair,
 Opened his mouth and was about to begin,—
 When the door again opens and Smith appears;
 He wishes to glance at the morning Journal.
 He's just heard some news, but strongly fears
 'T was wrongly reported by gossips infernal.
 "Please, I'll not bother you, but just let me look
 O'er this pile of exchanges here in the chair;
 Or, if you don't mind, I'll read this new book,
 That your notice of it may be honest and fair."

Up the rickety stairs creeps a ponderous frame,
 The sweat on his brow stands bead-like and glowing,—
 He clasps a big due-bill bearing his name,
 With a *dun* from the editor whom he is owing.
 Clutched in his right hand the king of all clubs,
 Mightier than that which Hercules shied
 At the swift-footed beast and her venomous cubs—
 A being like that would have Satan defied.

He enters the sanctum, and down on the floor
 Rests his huge club, while he "wipes off his chin,"
 "Pulls down his vest," and slams to the door;
 His work of destruction is soon to begin.

He took the pale man from the editor's chair,
 By the nape of the neck and twist of the hair,
 And held him suspended 'twixt heaven and earth—
 'T was no season of levity, neither of mirth.
 He melted away in the air of the den—
 The still, silent air where so long he had been,
 With his scissors and paste-brush and rusty old pen.

As the boy next morning was sweeping the room,
 A grease-spot adhered to a wisp of his broom;
 A verdict was rendered—they read it who run:
The editor perished because of a dun!

S. M. Sturtevant.

Mrs. S. M. Sturtevant, the wife of a Swedenborgian clergyman, formerly settled in Portland, is believed to have been a native of Maine, born about 1835. She was the author of several little volumes, in prose and verse, entitled "Sunshine and Shade," "Winter Scenes," "Willie Walton," and "The Holidays;" the last named volume was printed by S. H. Colesworthy, in Portland, 1878. Mrs. Sturtevant died, a few years since, in California.

A SONG FOR THE OLD YEAR.

A song for the ever hastening time,
 A dirge for the dying year—
 Closed are its records of goodness and crime,
 Passed its hours of hope and fear.

O swiftly indeed have the moments passed,
 Since the year was first begun;
 When it seemed that it would forever last,
 But now its race is run.

And what tale, Old Year, do thy records bear
 Of the hours thus quickly fled ?
 Have the hopes that greeted thy morn so fair
 Turned to joys, as on time sped ?

Can we trace in every succeeding page,
 Number with each passing day
 A victory won, an advancing step
 In the onward, upward way ?

Ah! not this, indeed, does memory trace
In the records of the past;
'Tis a chequered page, where sorrow and crime
With alternate joys are cast.

And swiftly, too swiftly, have passed the hours
For our improvement given--
We mourn in vain our wasted time and powers,
Our slow advance towards heaven.

Yet still our saddened eyes can trace, through tears,
Gleams of joys, so pure and free,
That they will brighten all our after years
With their hallowed memory.

Farewell to thee, Old Year! Life's record now
Turns an unwritten page;
Another leaf to memory's book is given,
Another year to age.

Hannah Elizabeth Bradbury Goodwin.

H. B. Goodwin, now of Boston, was born in Chesterville, Me. Her maiden name was Hannah Elizabeth Bradbury, and her school-days were mainly spent in Farmington, Maine. She is better known in the world of letters through her prose writings than by poems, being the author of several widely-read novels, among which are "Dr. Howells' Family," "Christine's Fortune," "One Among Many," and "Our Party of Four." During her residence in Bangor, Mrs. Goodwin, under the initials of "H. E. B." wrote many little stories and poems which were widely read throughout New England. Her literary productions have given her a national reputation.

LAKE LUCERNE.

O fair Lucerne, thy waters make
A mirror for proud Rhine's face,
And clouds their purple glory take
From heavenly heights to lend thee grace;
Then on thy softly blushing breast
In golden silence calmly rest,
As an infant to its mother pressed!

Upon thy waves the lily white
In summer sunshine idly dreams;
The harebell bends to catch the light
That on thy crystal bosom gleams;
The brown-eyed pansy lifts its head
From off the tender mosses' bed
On thee her incense sweet to shed.

Fringes of modest, graceful ferns
 Creep closely to thy silver brim;
 The columbine her coy face turns
 From sheltering rocks so gray and grim,
 And looks, with fondly wistful eyes,
 Into thy depths, where mirrored lies
 The sunset amber of the skies.

The tasseled larch and tuneful pine
 Their shade and music freely give;
 And flowering shrub and trailing vine
 Beside thee are content to live;
 With joyous shout the glad streams leap
 From heights, where snows eternal sleep,
 A carnival with thee to keep.

Around thee hoary mountains stand,
 Guarding thine everlasting dower
 Of beauty from profaning hand,
 And telling always of God's power,
 His majesty and holiness,—
 And while thy waves their feet caress,
 Thy gentle mission is to bless.

A WINTER SUNSET.

White and silent the earth in its shroud,
 Dark and sullen the sky—
 When lo! from the heart of a cloud
 Leaped forth and on high,
 Waves of shimmering colors and light
 That transfigured the night!

First amber, then topaz, then gold
 Illumined the west,—
 Then amethyst molten uprolled
 With gems on its crest;—
 Pink and purple and every tint,
 Without measure or stint.

From horizon to zenith quick sped
 The onflowing tide,—
 Now golden, now crimson, now red,
 Sweep the waves far and wide,
 Till the glory of Paradise seems
 Revealed as in dreams.

Then slowly with lingering kiss
On each cloud in the west,
Wave on wave ebbs away, but the bliss
Of the sunset's bequest
Evermore in my heart will remain,
Compensation for pain.

ONLY FERNS.

When the fields are full of blossoms,
And the air of songs,
Can we pause to ask what honor
To the fern belongs ?

Only bits of common brightness,
Carpeting the ground;
Scarcely heeded when the summer
Flings her wealth around.

Only ferns, whose feathery tendrils
Toss in waves of green,
Nestle in the wild wood's shelter,
On bleak hillsides lean.

Like God's mercies they are common,
Every morning new,
And at eventide they freshen
With the falling dew.

True and tender, meek and modest,
Lingered till the last
Of the flowering hosts have perished
'Neath the autumn blast.

Symbol of God's loving-kindness,
Brave and steadfast fern;
May we from thy strength and weakness
Gentle lessons learn.

A CHILD'S DREAM.

"O mamma, please listen! I've seen in my sleep
Dear Annie, whom Christ took last year
To live in a mansion above the blue sky,
Where never a sorrow and never a fear
Can reach little children, whose eye may behold
Such beauty and glory as cannot be told.

"Annie came in a dream and sat by my side,
 And leaned her fair cheek against mine;
 She whispered sweet words in a voice soft and low,
 And tender, dear mamma, as thine;
 The same little Annie she was, but her eyes
 Seemed a bit of the blue dropped out of the skies.

"Before I could ask her who sent her to me,
 And what the glad tidings she bore,
 Or look half enough on her beautiful face,
 And the silvery robes that she wore—
 She placed in my hands a lily so white
 That it shone like a star through the shadows of night.

"And then while I held the sweet lily she gave,
 Inhaling its precious perfume—
 Before I could thank her, dear Annie was gone,
 And I was alone in the room!
 The lily she left faded out of my sight,
 As clouds fade away when the morning brings light.

"It was only a dream? But, mamma, I think
 That Christ will send Annie ere long,
 With a garland of lilies to wear on my head,
 And then she will teach me the song
 Of those happy children, who sing near the throne
 With angels and all whom our Lord calls His own."

It was only a dream, but a light not of earth
 Illumined her face as she spoke;
 And one morning soon after the dear little girl
 With Annie in heaven awoke!
 And this dream, in the mother's heart cherished to-day,
 On a grave that is green throws its hallowing ray.

Lucy Moulton Perry.

Mrs. Lucy M. Perry, daughter of William E. Moulton, was born in Parsonsfield, York County, and has contributed to several of the State, and other journals. She was educated at North Parsonsfield, but is now, and has been for some time, a resident of Portland.

THE OLD DOOR-STONE.

I remember well in the years agone,
 When the work of the summer day was done,
 And the sun going down his pathway bright,
 Sent back gleaming arrows of golden light,
 How a group of glad children, one by one,
 Would gather around the old door-stone.

I can hear again the boisterous shout
Of their voices merrily ringing out,
As they gayly sported in careless glee
At the old games of childhood wild and free;
And fond parents, with eye of pride, looked on
The children who played round the old door-stone.

Ah, well! many a year has passed since then,
Bringing each their changes of joy and pain,
And some who were watching the children at play
Are looking on them from heaven to-day;
With quietly folded hands they were borne
To their silent rest, from the old door-stone.

And the children, who played there, side by side,
Have gone out from the homestead, far and wide;
Between them doth many a valley lie,
And plain, and broad river, and mountain high,
And full many a weary day has flown
Since they last met round the old door-stone.

But they know as the swift years onward glide,
They are nearer borne on the rocking tide
To a world where sorrow and care are past,
Where the "rest that remaineth" is found at last,
And in heaven shall be gathered, one by one,
Where children who met round the old door-stone.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

O listen, little children, while a story I recite,
Which happened many years ago upon this happy night.
Along the plains of Judah the white flock sleeping lay,
While the shepherds rested near them from the labor of the day.

When suddenly with music sweet there came a spoken word,
(O never more upon this earth will such melody be heard,
And only once in ages past, did heaven such songs employ,
When morning stars first sang aloud, in wondrous notes of joy,)

Which to the waiting shepherds said, "Fear not; upon this morn
The long expected Saviour, the Prince of Peace, is born."
And the heavens grew bright with glory, and the angels chanted then
"Peace, peace on earth, O shepherds, evermore good will to men."

It was long ago, dear children, but we hold the memory dear
Of the Saviour, Christ, who came to bring such blessings to us here;
And never, as the years go by, may we forget to pray,
God keep us all in his dear love, while we keep Christmas day.

Z. Hope Vose.

This native of the "Pine Tree State" was born in Rockland, Sept. 28, 1835, and received only educational advantages of common schools. Learned printer's trade in office of *Rockland Gazette*, 1852-55. Succeeded W. G. Frye, Esq., as editor of *Gazette*, March, 1857, and held this position continuously until January, 1882. In January, 1859, started *The Maine Spectator*, a weekly literary paper "for youth and the home circle," which was discontinued after a few months for lack of sufficient support. In February, 1860, began publication of *The Youth's Temperance Visitor*, an eight-page monthly. On account of the outbreak of the rebellion it was suspended after the first year, but resumed in September, 1862, and continued for nine years, the subscription list reaching 7,000 the first year and 11,000 later. In 1870 its form was changed to 16 pages, and title to *Young People's Helper and Temperance Visitor*. In December, 1871, Mr. Vose disposed of this publication to another publisher, and it was soon discontinued. In October, 1871, Mr. Vose purchased an half interest in the *Rockland Gazette*, with which paper, as mentioned, he had long had editorial connection, and continued its editor and co-publisher until January, 1882, when he sold his interest to W. O. Fuller, Jr., of the *Rockland Courier*, and the two papers were consolidated. At the date last mentioned, Mr. Vose removed to Minneapolis, Minn., engaged in the millinery business, since which time he has not been connected with the press. In December, 1857, Mr. Vose began publication of a sixteen-page illustrated monthly temperance paper for youth, entitled *Young People's Comrade*, edited by Miss Julia Coleman, which was continued but one year.

REQUIEM.

IN MEMORY OF MAJOR GENERAL HIRAM G. BERRY.

Boom! brazen cannon, boom!
Low in the silent tomb
Our gallant warrior lies;
Dust unto dust goes down,
Spirit, to wear its crown
Of life, ascends the skies.
Bravely, his ranks beside,
He stemmed the battle's tide;
Nobly he fought and well,
But in the strife he fell;
Stricken, he fell and died.

 Boom! boom!
Speak from each brazen throat
Grief in each measured note,—
 Boom! brazen cannon, boom!

Droop! starry banner, droop!
Your blazoned glories stoop
 Low o'er the hero's grave!
From the embracing sky,
Waft downward Freedom's sigh—
 Freedom he died to save!
Freemen revere his name;
Honor the patriot's aim.

Toll! bells, in sadness toll!
Your solemn anthem roll!
 City that gave him, weep!
Claiming this mournful trust,
Take back his lifeless dust,
 Safely to guard and keep.
When Sumpter's cannon spoke,
And at that summons woke
Thousands to freedom's call,
He came to win or fall,
Where Treason's fire outbreake.
 Toll! toll!
 Speak from each iron tongue,
Grief that our hearts has wrung,—
 Toll! bells, in sadness toll!

One in the noble band
Dying for native land,
His is his country's fame!
 Droop! droop!
Flag of the brave and free,
He gave his life for thee!
 Droop! starry banner, droop!

Write, pen of History, write,
In words of burning light,
Deeds of his mighty day!
And to the brave and free,
Saviour of Liberty,
Millions shall praises pay!
Tell how the Wrong assailed;
Tell how the Right prevailed;

And on thy deathless page,
Brightening from age to age,
Be its Defenders hailed!
Write! write!
High on the roll of fame,
Blazon our hero's name!
Write! pen of History, write!

Mary Moulton Hill.

Mary Moulton Hill, daughter of William E. Moulton, was born in Parsonsfield, York County, Me., and is now living in Sandwich, Carroll County, N. H. She was educated at North Parsonsfield Seminary and the High School at Haverhill, Mass. Her husband, the Hon. David H. Hill, Register of Probate for Carroll County, N. H., is elsewhere represented in this volume.

"A, B, C."

I watch the children going to school,
 With careless laughter and noisy shout,
 And the happy faces homeward bound,
 When work is over and school is out.
 But there's something more, so it seems to me,
 For the children to learn than "A, B, C."

They will learn that unto the best of earth
 The brute inheritance still will cling;
 That in spite of breeding and gentle birth,
 Ever and always self is king—
 That the world at large, in their charity,
 Have never learned their "A, B, C."

They will learn that dogma, code and creed
 Are founded by man, and not by God;
 That in deeds of kindness in sorest need
 We never follow the path Christ trod;
 That in walking his footsteps, it seems to me,
 We never have learned our "A, B, C."

But they'll learn as the added years roll on,
 And the heart grows tender as life ebbs low,
 That Love Eternal wraps us round
 In all our wanderings to and fro;
 And in God's own time what we yet shall be,
 Our brightest faith is but "A, B, C."

THE OLD ELM-TREE.

O the old elm-tree is standing now,
Where it stood so long ago,
When in its shade we children played
Till the sun in the west grew low;
And its branches reach as far and wide,
And the sky above is as clear,
But under it now no children play
In the golden days of the year.

The sunbeams creep through the rustling leaves,
And fall on the moss-grown seat;
And tall grass waves where in other years
It was worn by children's feet.
The bees hum lazily in the shade,
In the long bright summer day,
And the soft wind murmurs with lonely sound
Where the children used to play.

They all are gone from their childhood's home,
And have wandered far away;
Of all that band of the dear old time,
There is not one left to-day.
In weary ways of care and pain,
Their wandering feet have trod;
And some have gone through the silent gate
To the Fatherland of God.

And many a weary year has gone,
And many a summer's sun
Has passed adown the golden west,
When the long bright day was done.
And the winds of autumn have sadly moaned,
And many a winter cast
O'er hill and vale its shroud of snow,
Since the children met there last:

And the weary years will still move on,
With their sunshine and their pain,
But there in the shade where the children played
They will never meet again.
But there is a heaven of quiet rest,
And its portal is open wide;
And one by one, when this life is done,
They will meet on the other side.

Phebe Cobb Dole.

Phebe Cobb Dole, youngest daughter of Joseph C. and Mary P. Larry, was born in Gorham, Me., Nov 28, 1835, and educated at the common schools in Gorham and Windham, with several terms at Gorham Seminary. She was married to Samuel T. Dole, of Gorham, May 1, 1853, is the mother of two boys who have passed into the higher life. Mrs. Dole commenced writing for the *Portland Transcript* and other Maine papers in the year 1860; has since written for several magazines, among them *Peterson's*, *American Odd Fellow* and *St. Louis Magazine*. She is a member of the New Jerusalem Church, Portland, Me.

PENOBLSCOT BAY.

Thy shining strand is clear and white,
Thy crested billows glad and free;
Alone beneath the starry night,
I find a joyous home with thee.

Across the sea is lightly flung
A silver bridge by moonbeams hung;
Each radiant bar,
That gleams afar,
Is fastened by a glorious star;

And airy feet,
In dances meet,
Upon thy waters wild and fleet.

What matter if the midnight throws
Its stillness o'er thy summer sea ?
What matter if I find repose,
Lulled by thy billows' melody ?
If only I may rest and know
How sweet the winds around me blow;
How clear and bright
The quivering light
Shows up the beauties of thy night.
And best of all,
Though shadows fall,
A loving Father keeps us all.

BEAUTIFUL BIRD WITH THE STARRY WING.

Beautiful bird with the starry wing,
Pause in your journey and stay with me!
I've a bower of roses where you may sing,—
I've a silken nest where your rest shall be.
The winter its "shuttles of silver" is throwing,
The storm clouds are ragged and wild winds are blowing,—
Come to my home where the warm light is glowing.
Beautiful bird with the starry wing!

The world is so dreary, and dark, and cold
 It will dim your gladness, and chill your song;
 You shall wear no fetters within my fold,
 And none shall harm you, and none shall wrong.
 Your wings are too frail for the storm and its anger,
 Your song is too sweet for the world and its danger,—
 Come to my lattice, no longer a ranger,
 Beautiful bird with the starry wing?

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

From out Christ's fold a little face looks tenderly in mine,
 No shade around the loving mouth or in the eyes divine,
 No stain upon the childish brow, pure as an angel's wing,
 And in my clasp a hand is laid, a shining, dimpled thing,
 Pure as a snowflake fluttering through the storm-clouds' ragged vest,
 Bright as the gleaming star that led the "Wise men of the East."

I have a little fair-haired boy—some people call him dead—
 For years beneath the tufted turf his earthly form has laid;
 But I believe there is no death, I dream he lives for me,
 A guardian power that gently leads where'er my footsteps be;
 A messenger from God, who knows my every thought and care,
 Who teaches when my soul should learn where lies a tempting snare.

And if I shrink beside the way, or faint, as all may do,
 Within the curtained, starry fold, the little face looks through
 The pearly portal. Touched with light I rise from dust and mould,
 Forget the darkness of the earth, its weariness and cold;
 I feel the voice so dear to me thrill all my soul again—
 I catch sweet glimpses of that life, away from earth and pain.

God ever rules by laws divine; He gives no love in vain;
 If earth were full of quiet ease without a touch of pain,
 What should we know of happiness, used in its highest sense?
 We trust too much in self, and doubt His wise omnipotence;
 We trust too much in blinded guides, who see no heaven-lit bowers—
 Who teach that death diserves love, and turn from hidden powers,

That act upon the inner sense, the soul that cannot die,
 But lives, and loves, through time and space, through all eternity.
 I am no saint—God help me—for none are undefiled:
 Who heeds the tiny sparrow's fall will not forget a child;
 Although we stray, we cannot pass from His divine control,
 "Our sins may be as crimson, He will wash as white as wool."

There is so much to learn in life, so much to overcome,
And we so love to help ourselves and leave our friends alone,
While envy, pride, and all the train that follow selfishness,
Crush out the gladness from our way, and give us bitterness.

O if we could but rise above these petty sins of ours,
How often where we gather thorns, we might find sweetest flowers;
If we could only love the small, and on the simple wait,
Instead of power, and worldly fame, and men of high estate;
If we would follow after Christ, the source of heavenly food,
We might become the highest types of man and womanhood.

We know he taught us what is best, why should we doubt His word,
Or shrink and faint because we fear to tread a toilsome road?
He wore the thorns without complaint, and found a cross of pain,
That we might win a land of love where the immortal reign;
And should we fear to tread the path His bleeding feet have trod?
And should we dread the open hand of an all-loving God?

Throw back the darkness from your path, your reasoning vain and cold,
And Faith will lead your erring feet nearer the Saviour's fold;
And whisper, as one did of old, "Help Thou mine unbelief!"
And He will teach you what you need, and give your soul relief.

From out Christ's fold a little face makes glad my passing hours—
The soul has sunshine all its own, undimmed by earthly powers,
An everlasting song of joy, sweet as an incense hymn,
That paves a path of radiant light no cloud can ever dim;
Before me winds a shining stair, where, if I would be led,
No power will hold me from mine own; *the living—not the dead.*

Frances Laughton Mace.

This author, the daughter of Sumner Laughton, of Orono, and wife of Benjamin H. Mace, a lawyer of Bangor, was born in Orono, Jan. 15, 1836. Her poems first appeared in print when she was only twelve years of age, being published in the *Waterville Mail*. When her father removed to Bangor, she entered the High School of that city, completing the course at a very early age, and subsequently studying by herself for some years. Her marriage occurred in 1855. She has been the mother of eight children, four of whom survive, and one of whom has become Mrs. Marion L. Parsons, a successful writer of short stories. Mrs. Mace's early contributions to the press soon attracted the attention of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, and she has been a constant writer for that journal at a liberal compensation ever since. At eighteen she wrote the now familiar hymn, "Only Waiting," and has received letters expressive of appreciation of it, and of thanks for its consolation, from every State and Territory in the Union. *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic*, the *Century* and *Scribner's*, are all enriched with the product of her pen. A short poem contributed by her to the *Portland Transcript*, recently, has been greatly admired. Her fame has grown steadily, and has reached beyond the seas. When, in November, 1883, a volume of her collected poems was for the first time published, under the title, "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets," so great was the demand that the edition was exhausted, and another issued within a few weeks. Her second volume, "Under Pine and Palm," was lately published in Boston, and is dedicated, in chaste and beauti-

ful language, to her father and mother. This, too, is having a large sale. Her words are those of purity, grandeur and splendor, and her verse is "strong, limpid and deep—a river of music in perpetual flow." Mr. and Mrs. Mace went to San Jose, Cal., two years ago for the benefit of their health, and found the region so agreeable that they decided to settle there. The *Mercury*, printed at San Jose, and in fact all the papers of the Pacific coast have given Mrs. Mace and her family a most hearty welcome, and are proud of their adopted children.

THE VIOLETS.

I know a spot where woods are green,
And all the dim, delicious June,
A brook flows fast the boughs between,
And trills an eager, joyous tune.
In clear, unbroken melody,
The brook sings and the birds reply,
"The violets—the violets!"

Upon the water's velvet edge
The purple blossoms breathe'delight,
Close nestled to the grassy sedge,
As sweet as dawn, as dark as night.
O brook and branches far away,
My heart keeps tune with you to-day:
"The violets—the violets!"

I sometimes dream that when at last
My life is done with fading things,
Again will blossom forth the past,
To which my memory fondest clings.
That some fair star has kept for me,
Fresh blooming still by brook and tree,
"The violets—the violets!"

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

Long ago a lovely wood-nymph,
Flora's fairest child,
Roamed Arcadia's velvet meadows,
Silent, shy, and wild,

Until Death, enamored, met her
In her beauty's glow,
Touched her with his lip of marble,
Kissed her cheek to snow.

Flora found her mid the blossoms
Beautiful and still.
"Help!" she cried, "ye happy dwellers
In the purple hill!"

"Wrest from Death the fairest being,
Ever missed from earth;
Let the flower of nymphs inherit
A celestial birth."

See the shining ones descending!
All Arcadia gleams.
First Apollo warms her forehead
With electric beams:

Bacchus bathes her lips with nectar
Worthy of the god:
Her white feet Vertumnus covers
With a fragrant sod.

Lo! the radiant transformation!
One by one unclose
Tendrils, leaves and snowy petals
Of the perfect Rose!

All the nymphs' remembered graces
Hover round the flower,
Sweetness, tenderness, and passion
Still her beauty's dower.

Soon the praise of the Immortals
To a richer flush
Warms the rose--her colors brighten
To Aurora's blush;

Then the nightingale in rapture
Warbles sweet and long,
Till a hue of love's vermillion
Answers to his song.

"Bloom forever, nymph enchanted!"
The Olympians cry—
"Kindred both to earth and heaven,
Thou shalt never die!"

Down through centuries of blossom
Ages of delight,
Still the royal rose of summer
Opens on our sight.

And the half-bewildered fancy
Through the fragrant bowers
Searches for the haunting mystery
Of this flower of flowers.

'Tis the nymph so deftly hidden
 In a leafy shrine,
 In her golden heart still throbbing
 Memories divine.

Ever silent, ever seeing,
 Every heart she knows,—
 All thy love, thy hope, thy longing
 Whisper to the Rose!

KINEO.

THE LEGEND OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

How beautiful the morning breaks
 Upon the King of mountain lakes!
 The forests, far as eye can reach,
 Stretch green and still from either beach,
 And leagues away the waters gleam
 Resplendent in the sunrise beam;
 Yet feathery vapors, circling slow,
 Wreathe the dark brow of Kineo.

The hermit Mount in sullen scorn
 Repels the rosy touch of morn,
 As some remorseful, lonely heart,
 From human pleasure set apart,
 Shrinks even from the tender touch
 Of pity, lest it yield too much,
 So speechless still to friend or foe,
 Frowns the black cliff of Kineo.

Yet, as the whispering ripples break
 From the still surface of the lake
 On the repellent rocks, they seem
 To murmur low, as in a dream,
 The mountain's name, and day by day
 The listening breezes bear away
 A memory of the long ago,
 A sad, wild tale of Kineo.

How many moons can no man say
 O'er heaven's blue sea have sailed away,
 Since Kineo and his fleet canoe
 First vanished from his kindred's view,
 Hunter and warrior lithe and keen,
 No brave on all the lake was seen
 Whose wigwam could such trophies show
 As the green roof of Kineo.

But wrathful, jealous, quick to strife,
He lived a passion-darkened life;
Even Maquaso, his mother, fled
His baneful lodge in mortal dread.
Then gathering round the midnight fire,
The old man spake with threatenings dire:
"Out from our councils he must go,
The demon-haunted Kineo!"

In sullen and remorseful mood
He gave himself to solitude.
Up the wild rocks by night he bore
Of all he prized a stealthy store,—
Flint, arrows, knife and birch. Who knows
But some dark lock or dead wild rose,
The phantom of an untold woe,
Shared the lone haunt of Kineo?

The mountain was his own; than he
None other dared its mystery;
None sought to meet the savage glare
Of the wild hunter in his lair:
But when far up the mountain-side
Each night a lurid flame they spied,
The watchful red men muttered low,
"There hides our brother, Kineo."

Years passed. Among the storm-swept pines
From moon to moon he read the signs
Of blossom and decay. He knew
The eagle that familiar flew
About his path. The fearless bird
His melancholy accents heard,
But glen nor shore no more might know
The swift, still step of Kineo,

Save once. His tribe in deadly fray
Had battled all the lowering day,
And many a brave Penobscot's blood
Was mingling in the lake's pure flood,
When, like a spectre, through the gloom,
With gleaming knife and eagle plume,
And glance that burned with lurid glow,
Strode the bold form of Kineo!

A hush like death—and then a cry,
Fierce and exultant, pierced the sky!
They rallied round that fiery plume

THE POETS OF MAINE.

And smote the foe with hopeless doom.
 But when the grateful warriors fain
 Would seek his well-known face again,
 Their gifts and homage to bestow,
 Gone, like a mist, was Kineo.

They saw him not, but from that hour
 They bowed before his wizard power;
 His watch-fire grew to be a shrine
 Half-terrible and half-divine.
 None ever knew when death drew nigh,
 When into darker mystery
 Of cloud above or deep below
 Stole the sad ghost of Kineo.

But when his camp-fire burned no more,
 The solitary mountain bore
 His name; and when at times the sky
 Grew dark, a long, despairing sigh
 Down the dark precipice rolled
 And tempest terrible foretold.
 The fishers feared the wind, the snow,
 The lightning, less than Kineo.

Now beautiful the morning skies
 Look on this forest paradise;
 Fresh voices, loud and joyous, wake
 The echoes of the grand old lake:
 But underneath that frowning height
 The shadow and the spell of night
 Come back; the oars fall still and slow,
 The waves sigh, *Peace to Kineo!*

THE BOWDOIN OAK.

Planted in 1802 by George Thorndike, a member of the first class of Bowdoin. He died at the age of twenty-one, the only one of that class remembered by the students of Bowdoin to-day.—*Oration of T. R. Simonton.*

Ye breezy boughs of Bowdoin's oak,
 Sing low your summer rune!
 In murmuring, rhythmic tones respond
 To every breath of June;

And memories of the joyous youth,
 Through all your songs repeat,
 Who plucked the acorn from the twig
 Blown lightly to his feet,

And gayly to his fellows cried:
“ My destiny behold!
This seed shall keep my memory green
In ages yet untold.

“ I trust it to the sheltering sod,
I hail the promised tree!
Sing, unborn oak, through long decades,
And ever sing of me!”

By cloud and sunbeam nourished well,
The tender sapling grew,
Less stalwart than the rose which drank
From the same cup of dew;

But royal blood was in its veins,
Of true Hellenic line,
And sunward reached its longing arms
With impulses divine.

The rushing river as it passed
Caught whispers from the tree,
And each returning tide brought back
The answer of the sea.

Till to the listening groves a voice,
New and harmonious, spoke,
And from a throne of foliage looked
The spirit of the oak!

Then birds of happiest omen built
High in its denser shade,
And grand responses to the storms
The sounding branches made.

Beneath its bower the bard beloved
His budding chaplet wore,
The wizard king of romance dreamed
His wild, enchanting lore;

And scholars, musing in its shade,
Have heard their country's cry—
Their lips gave back—“ O sweet it is
For native land to die!”

With hearts that burned they cast aside
These peaceful oaken bays;
The hero's blood-red path they trod—
Be theirs the hero's praise.

O though Dodona's voice is hushed,
 A new, intenser flame
 Stirs the proud oak to whisper still
 Some dear illustrious name!

And what of him whose happy mood
 Foretold this sylvan birth?
 In boyhood's prime he sank to rest;
 His work was done on earth.

Brief was his race, and light his task,
 For immortality
 His only tribute to the years—
 The planting of a tree.

Sing low, green oak, thy summer rune,
 Sing valor, love and truth,
 Thyself a fair, embodied thought,
 A living dream of truth.

BAR HARBOR.

The island glitters on the bay,
 Pride of the summer sea,
 And sky and wave exultant homage pay
 Her blooming royalty.

The harbor gleams with myriad snowy sail
 That wait her queenly will;
 She wraps the mist about her like a veil,
 And every oar is still.

But as the sun outpours his ardent ray,
 Afar her beauties show;
 Bright awnings, snowy tents, pavilions gay,
 With life and lustre glow.

No hiding-place is this for mournful fate,
 No sorrow here is guest;
 These summer palaces are dedicate
 To pleasure and to rest.

Here Fashion plumes her brilliant, airy wing,
 And brightens sea and shore,—
 A rainbow-colored, transitory thing,
 Now here, now seen no more.

Pleased with the brief, exotic revelry
Of this ephemeral train,
In proud delight the city of the sea
Assumes imperial reign;

While in his solitude, serene and high,
The Island Genius sits,
Unconscious of the rose-winged butterfly
Which o'er his footstool flits.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the dawn of heaven is breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time hath faded
And the autumn winds are come.
Quickly reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate;
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away,
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the field of darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul will gladly
Wing her passage to the skies.

Stephen Marion Watson.

Born in Saco, Jan. 22, 1836, and educated in the schools there, and at Gould's Academy in Bethel, under instruction of Dr. N. T. True. Removed to Boston, Mass., where he was engaged in business for several years. Returned to Saco in 1872, and was elected Superintendent and Librarian of York Institute, which position he soon after resigned to accept a similar one in the Public Library in Portland, which position he still holds. Is editor and publisher of the *Maine Historical and Genealogical Recorder*, a quarterly magazine started in 1884 in connection with library work, and is still continued. Poems from his pen have been published in various papers in Maine and Massachusetts.

ARBOR DAY.

Shall we welcome this day, a day for tree-planting,
 Can we beautify home, can we benefit man
 By bringing about us these things so enchanting
 From the highlands and dells ? Echo answers,—“We can.”

A house without windows, it must be a prison;
 So a land without trees a lone desert must be.
 A heart that’s all gladness is one without reason;
 O give us the sunshine, but send with it a tree.

Can you show me a home, no vine by its window,
 No tree by its threshold, and no lodge for a bird ?
 Then I may show you one with less light than shadow,
 Where affection is not, and no melody heard.

Can trees by the wayside, where the sunlight searches,
 Refresh us with coolness in the heat of the day,
 The green of the maples, the tasseled white birches,
 The graceful elm-branches that wave over our way ?

Are they not beautiful, trees of our fatherland,
 Can we help loving them as a part of our homes ?
 Temples to worship in, made by a master hand,
 Architect wonderful ! steeples, arches and domes.

A walk in the forest may teach us a story,
 Better learned from the trees than from cumbersome books;
 They'll preach us a sermon, they'll show us the glory
 Of the Almighty's hand in their straight lines and crooks.

By their powerful trunks they proclaim His praises;
 He smiles in their blossoms, which are full of His love,
 While the tiniest bush its silent voice raises,
 And calls our attention to its care from above.

The whispering leaflets will talk of His mercies,
 And the ripening fruit our thanksgivings shall bring;
 The twittering birds who inhabit their branches,
 His bountiful giving and His goodness will sing.

Then make home attractive with trees and with flowers;
Plant them in gardens, set them out on the lawn;
Bring vines from the hedges, and train them in bowers;
Put where you may see them at evening and morn.

We soon love to watch them develop their beauty,
They are our companions, who deceive nor annoy;
Then to cultivate them let's make it our duty,
"For a beautiful thing is forever a joy."

O come, little children, away to the woodland,
And select each a tree to be called by your name;
Transplant to the school-yard, with your own careful hand,
A monument to you when you've risen to fame.

It shall stand there silent in the long hereafter,
But pointing e'er upward to the land of the soul,
Where we and our classmates, whose romping and laughter
We loved, passed long since and found a happier goal.

MY CHUM.

There are jewels in his heart, which you have never seen;
There is music in his soul, which flows our own between;
Love sparkles in his eyes and glows upon his lips;
A charm about him lies, e'en in his finger-tips.

There are treasures in his thoughts, unknown except to me;
There is comfort in his presence, no one else can see;
His touch enchantments me so, with joy my poor heart thrills;
I cannot let him go, the thought my pleasure kills.

There is wisdom in his words, I know, to hear him speak;
There is fragrance in his breath, when wafted to my cheek;
I cannot cast him off, my heart none else can fill;
My friends may jeer and scoff, I'll love him better still.

There is sinew in his arms, I feel it in his grasp;
There is swiftness in his feet, my willing hand to clasp;
He comes to me in dreams to bless me in my sleep,
My couch a heaven seems while I his presence keep.

There is kindness in his air, it beams upon his face;
There is beauty in his form, in every turn a grace;
O my indulgent eyes no fault in him can see;
My love I'll not disguise, though I may censured be.

There are long and weary hours, when absent from his smile;
There are happy fleeting days, when with him all the while;
I watch to see him come, none else will do instead,
He is my faithful Chum, good-hearted, honest Fred.

William W. Marsh.

The Rev. William W. Marsh was born in Orono, Feb. 12, 1836. He possessed a delicate constitution, quick and rare sensibility, and a devout and serious nature. He was admitted to membership in the East Maine Conference in 1860, and continued in the ministry until his death, at Brewer, Me., June 18, 1886. His high character won respect; his warm sympathies, affection; his rare talents, of a poetic and philosophic order admiration. His poems have not yet been collected into a volume; but they are worthy of preservation, being rich in the essential elements of true poetry. Among his longer pieces are "The Aspen's Story," "Yule-Tide," "The Temptation," etc. His memory is very precious to those who knew him personally. His grave was made in Mount Hope.

"THE TIDE IS OUT."

The tide is out! and faint and far
 The lessening ripples play;
 A strange, swift loss of affluence falls
 Upon our sunny bay.
 And stranded kelp, and tangled weeds,
 And brown wet wastes of sand,
 With gaunt, white rocks, and shallow pools,
 Disfigure all the strand.

And yet, an hour agone, I passed;
 What wealth of wave was here:
 With all its creeks and inlets full,
 The bay lay broad and clear.
 Its fresh green isles seemed anchored deep,
 Lapped to their grasses' edge;
 And deep—the blue sea's secret—slept
 The weed and wave-worn ledge.

O ebbing tide and naked shores!
 O shrunken, shallow bay!
 How sharp and true, the type ye bring,
 Of my soul's gauge to-day.
 And yet, but yesterday, I knew
 Its farthest banks were brimmed;
 And fair green isles, in amber light,
 On its clear depths were limned.

I deemed I drew, in thought and word,
 From unguessed depths of power:
 And those still depths flashed bright with gems
 In that full-flooded hour.
 But ah! to-day the tide is out:
 Behold these tangled weeds;
 These bare brown shores and weltering pools
 Reveal my soul's great needs.

O fair, bright bay! thy wealth of wave
Wells not from thine own springs;
Nor leaps it in from mountain streams,
Fresh as the morning's wings.
And thou, who mak'st its ebb and flow,
The truth is, too, for thee:
The tide which fills thy deepest deeps
Flows from a far-off sea.

O shoreless Sea! O deep of Love!
Thou tide of life to me,
Flow through the channels of my life,
With fuller tide and free;
Ebb thou no more from out my soul;
Leave no low, weltering shore;
But grant, through all my being's reach,
A flood-tide evermore.

"DO YOU LOVE ME?"

"Do you love me, papa, do you?"
But I pause not now to hear;
And my pen but speeds the faster,
As the low voice strikes my ear.
"Do you love me, papa, do you?"
Comes the eager plea again;
And the clear voice's plaintive quiver
Bears an undertone of pain.

Frank blue eyes are full upon me;
Tender mouth, so soft and red;
Golden locks like autumn sunshine
Round the little shapely head;
And a loving, wistful longing
On the upturned baby-face;
All the while, the dimpled fingers
Fondle mine with baby grace.

"Do you love me?" Precious darling!
And I fling the pen away,
As I clasp the living sunbeam
That is shining through my day;
Yes, I love each curve and dimple;
But through every passing whim
Glad I trace thy warm heart's loving,
Welling upward like a hymn.

So I hold thee close, and, musing,
 Read for thee the hours to come;
 And I care not in my dreaming,
 Though the oracles are dumb.
 Little maiden, in thy loving
 Waits for thee a world of bliss,
 And the sunshine of thy spirit
 Shall find heaven in a kiss.

Love-lined nests shall give thee shelter;
 Only, can they last for aye ?
 Thou shalt find the fireside idols:
 God forbid they prove but clay:
 O that through all love and losing
 God would keep thee as to-day;
 So, thy rose-hued world about thee,
 Youth might flit, but peace would stay.

Susan Oak Curtis.

Miss Curtis, better known in literature as "Hope Harvey," under which title she has gained marked favor, was born in Garland, Me., Feb. 18, 1836, the daughter of George and Louisa S. Curtis. She completed her early education at Gorham Seminary, since which time failing health has caused serious limitations to her ambitious nature. She has, however, contributed for several years to leading periodicals, both in verse and prose, the former dating from her thirteenth year, and receiving much appreciation, because real, and inwrought with her most sacred heart-experiences. Her prose articles, "half-sermon, half essay," as one literary critic has said, are of a distinctly religious nature, appealing to the higher emotions, but when stirred to a lighter vein, there is a compound of humor and pathos of genuine interest. Though an invalid, her influence, sympathy and helpfulness, in her own family, as also in church interests and outside relations, has proved invaluable. But no appreciation is so sweet to her as that which comes from some weary woman, who says of her words of cheer, "They rest me." One, referring to her intense sufferings, says, "She is the persistent violet which blooms out with every ray of sunshine, and this requires a courage and a philosophy that stamps her a heroine." She has one sister, also a writer under the pen-name of "Charity Snow." Their pastor has said, "I always go away from a call on them feeling better than when I came. They are an inspiration to me." In their literary labors, and in their love, these sisters twain have frequently been compared to Alice and Phebe Cary.

THE OLD MAID'S CHILDREN.

The old maid sits by the chimney wide,
 In the open firelight's glow,
 Where the birchen bark into torches rolls,
 And the red coals gleam below:
 Yet her eyes see not the changeful blaze,
 But only the light of the olden days.

She checks a sob for the lover true
 Who died e'er their wedding morn,

But she moans and weeps with a bitter cry
For her children that never were born;
For the two who neither came nor went,
Who ne'er from the Father of Souls were sent.

Yet oft she reaches with empty arms,
And gathers them close to her breast,
And showers kisses on each dear face,
And lulls them to evening rest.
Her grief is gone while she holds them fast,
Ah! God of love, let the sweet dream last!

The little children are older grown,
As they hover near her to-night,
And the worn heart bounds, while the pale lips smile
At the shadows tall in the light,
As they stand the maid and the fire between;
And Claude is twenty, and Clare is sixteen.

The boy is manly, and bright, and brave,
The girl like a snow-wreath is fair,
And the old maid gazes with yearning heart,
Till the spell is broken with shock and start,
And the bonds of life are wrenched apart,
And she passes away with a prayer;
“O Christ, of a maiden mother the child,
Canst thou answer in Heaven my longings wild?”

Still and white on the cold hearth-stone,
They find the old maid in the dawn,
While her phantom children with radiance rife,
Both comfort and grief of her poor lone life,
Together, forever, are gone.
And the birchen flames are faded away,
And the ashes of olden fires are gray.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Who makes the Holy Grail his quest,
Can never hope abiding rest,
Until he seeks both Grail and Guest.

The Guest declares, “I tell to thee
If thou art able, thou shalt see,
And take, and drink, the cup with Me.”

“Needless to mark the angel’s trail,
Useless o’er mountain meres to sail,
If thou wouldst find the Holy Grail.”

"But wait with me, and learn the whole
 That I have known of bitter dole,
 Which wounds the heart and rends the soul.

"Canst thou partake my fire's baptism
 And sink to my dread woe's abysm
 To share with me the blessed chrism ?

"Then for such gracious guerdon meet,
 At thy poor board I'll take my seat,
 And quaff with thee the Sangreal sweet.

O suffering Christ! O sacred Guest!
 To taste the Grail *thy* lips have pressed,
 I haste upon the holy quest.

MY CROSS.

My cross is heavy, Lord! I try to bow,
 And meekly bear the load that seems so great;
 I tremble, faint, and weakly stumble now
 Beneath its fearful weight.

The flesh, unwilling, fain would shun the pain,
 And strives to fling aside the chafing cross;
 Failing to count the burden certain gain,
 And all things else but loss.

My cross offends my pleasure-loving eyes,
 When on it turns my frightened gaze attent;
 It drags me down when I essay to rise,
 Laden with dark portent.

With smiles and flowers I wreath my hideous cross,
 From others' sight its terrors hiding well;
 And why beneath its woes I writhe and toss,
 The world can never tell.

O let me rest, with cross upon the ground!
 Again to lift it up were far too much.
 Its rugged splinters may my soft hands wound;
 I grieve, I loathe to touch.

The Master speaks with low and tender voice:
 "If thou wouldst truly my disciple be,
 Thou must take up thy cross from loving choice,
 And bear it after Me.

"Despised, rejected, weary, worn and sad,
 I gladly bore my cruel cross for thee;
 Hast thou no gratitude? Art thou not glad
 To lift one load for Me?

"In joy and hope thy burden place across
 Thy willing shoulders. Never lay it down,
 Till at heaven's portals thou shalt change thy cross
 For thy long-waiting crown."

Saviour, if I Thy crown of love may gain,
 No more I reckon woful labor loss;
 But take, rejoicing in the constant pain,
 My hidden, hated cross.

Dear Lord, forgive my sinful, foolish fears,
 And give me daily strengthening grace, I pray;
 And one thing more I ask with humble tears,
Take not my cross away!

Daniel Webster Peabody.

Daniel W. Peabody was born in Gilead, March 11, 1836. His parents were John Tarbell and Mercy Ingalls (Burbank) Peabody. The family removed to Gorham, N. H., as pioneers in an almost unsettled township. The few inhabitants early sought for their children the advantages of education. The rude school-house, which served also as the place of religious worship, was to the subject of this sketch like a sacred temple. He was a precocious scholar, and while a mere boy entertained his associates with many poetical effusions. This talent was greatly stimulated by a bright school-boy friend, who often competed with him in poetic contests. He fitted for college at the Gould's and Fryeburg Academies, and graduated at Dartmouth College in the class of 1859. He was selected as the Class Poet for the class day exercises at commencement. After reading law with his uncle, Judge Robert I. Burbank, of Boston, and attending for a time the Cambridge Law School, he was admitted to the bar in Boston, Nov. 26, 1862. He was a year later appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior at Washington, and subsequently promoted to be Examiner of Pensions. He removed to Nashville, Tenn., soon after the close of the Civil War, and commenced the practice of his profession. He was City Attorney for Nashville for the years 1868 and 1869. Gov. Brownlow appointed him Circuit Judge in that State, but he declined the appointment, and became Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue, May 1, 1869. This office he resigned to accept that of Assistant U. S. District Attorney. He was one of the Presidential Electors of the State of Tennessee in 1868, and aided by his vote the election of Gen. Grant for his first term as President. He married Miss Mary H. Saltmarsh, daughter of Dr. Stephen Saltmarsh, of Lexington, Mass. They had two children, Henry Ernest, and Mary Leslie. He died at Augusta, Me., April 15, 1879, from paralysis of the heart.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

AN EXTRACT.

Peaceful the scene. The summer glory falls
 In dreamy shadows on the mountain walls,
 That lift forever ramparts stern and staid
 Round the sweet valley where our brave are laid.
 In focal power the rays of memory blend,
 And to all hearts a common impulse lend.
 Do I misjudge that I may name a theme,
 And each may quaff from out the lucid stream
 Of rich suggestion which the terms inspire,

Feeling, hope, memory, aspiration fire
 The thoughts that rush far onward and away
 From the dull measure of my flagging lay ?
 'T is love of country. With magnetic might
 It moves mankind, as storm-winds in their flight
 Stir the wide ocean, till its waves ascend
 And with the clouds their tossing spray-drops blend.
 It moves all ranks, conditions, grades of men
 As, all-embracing in his piercing ken,
 The sun beholds and brightens with his beams
 While o'er the world his flood of blessings streams.
 Ay ! love of country. From the distant source,
 Whence history issued on its splendid course,
 No other cause so moved to deeds sublime
 That gem the pages of the book of time.
 No other cause so fired the soul of man
 To march, a hero, in the foremost van
 Of conquering armies, or to give his life
 To seal his faith in unavailing strife.

It nerved the courage of that Spartan son,
 By clouds of arrows curtained from the sun,
 Holding the legions of the foe at bay
 Through the slow hours that filled a deathless day;
 And of another, on his spotless shield,
 As he lay dying on a glorious field,
 Tracing the words, at life's fast ebbing flood,
 " Sparta has conquered," with his flowing blood.
 The Roman soldier felt its impulse thrill
 His inmost soul and all his being fill;
 And so in might his conquering flag was furled
 On the far confines of a subject world.
 " The golden lilies," blazoned on the fold
 Of the French banner, made her veterans bold
 To climb the Alps and beard the Russian Czar
 Entrenched by winter 'neath the Northern star,
 And even die, stricken by war's dread chance,
 Whispering the watchword in their " Vive la France."
 The earlier Prussian, under Frederick, won
 In the same cause. The deadly needle-gun
 Was raised, in latter years, to win the fame
 Now proudly resting on the German name.

Why seek the fields of olden story through ?
 Before our eyes a silent scene we view,

From which a light upon the theme is cast
Brighter than beams from all the storied past.
These ordered graves, these fragrant waiting flowers,
Offerings prepared by summer's sun and showers,
Soon to be strewn upon these grass-clad graves,
In which a nation laid its martyred braves,
Utter a voice loud as the thunder's swell,
"The patriot dead, who loved their country well!"
"Tis sweet and fair," the Roman poet sung,
"To die for native land." The words have rung
In every age, in every form of speech,
And still the truth with power and beauty teach.
Who does not feel it in this presence now?
In tear-dimmed eye, on sad and pensive brow,
I read the deathless eulogy and praise
Of these who fell in battle's fiery maze,
Or turning dying eyes on sombre wall
Of hospital, obeyed the Master's call,
Resigning all that mortals have to give,
That a free nation might not cease to live.

The Persian poets taught each tiny flower,
That flings its perfume on the summer hour,
Draws its young life, when first its rootlets start
From a pure drop that warmed a hero's heart.
The Eastern myth embalms for every clime
Beauty and meaning to the end of time.
Peerless, in all the wide variety of things,
Flowers rank confessed. The journeying season brings
Nothing so perfect, exquisite, complete
Sense of the beautiful on earth to meet.
So among men the hero foremost stands;
His courage honor from mankind commands;
And seeking emblems, while he lives for praise,
They twine the flower-wreath and bestrew his ways
With flowers, and when he falls asleep,
Flowers on his grave their soothing 'tendance keep.
Let old and young approach with solemn tread
The silent city of the gathered dead,
And beauty join, with steps of maiden grace,
To strew with flowers the soldiers' resting place.
Then, as their fragrance fills the encircling air,
Memory and hope shall equal interest share,
And crowding come and pass in swift review
The vivid scenes these sleeping brave ones knew.
Scenes that were shared by comrades, who to-day

Survive to join these votive gifts to pay,
 Bound to the sleepers by the closest tie,
 Sharers in all things but to grandly die.
 Kin in the lineage which unites the brave
 In bonds unsevered by the silent grave.

* * * *

I read the hope, in that brave men to-day
 Join in this service honors meet to pay,
 Who met in lines opposed in battle's hour,
 Sternly exerting every martial power,
 Under two flags, the rescued and the lost,
 Learning the price the strifes of brothers cost.
 Not long delays the happy hastening day,
 The nation chooses as a time to lay
 Its floral offerings, with no partial thought,
 Under which flag the sleeping hero fought;
 The kindling memories of an earlier day
 Melting the latter enmity and rage away.
 And from the contest, the colossal strife,
 That tried each fibre of the nation's life,
 There shall arise more perfect bud and flower,
 More clear assertion of the nation's power,
 As England's sons in prosperous peace combined,
 When York and Lancaster their roses twined.

Let hope, prophetic of the future, tell
 Of the great nation which we love so well,
 The fairest structure e'er by man designed,
 The shrine of freedom and aspiring mind;
 Its base in blood of martyred heroes laid,
 On truth and justice its firm pillars stayed.
 No earthly power shall ever overthrow
 Their solid weight, nor twining ivy grow
 Upon their ruins, while the stars shall rise
 And pass in beauty up the eastern skies.
 So shall it stand. Far centuries to be
 Its towering form of beauty yet shall see,
 And waving o'er it, in the balmy air,
 The starry banner still unstained and fair,
 And the free breezes, as they softly play,
 Smoothing its folds, shall to the world display
 The stars still pouring on the raptured sight
 Their blended beams of constellated light.

Edward Noyes Pomeroy.

Edward N. Pomeroy was born in Yarmouth, Me., April 6, 1836, and was educated at Portland High School, 1848-55. He was at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., 1856-57, one year each. Served in Union Army three years, 1861-65. Studied theology at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, from 1865 to 1868. Has been a Congregational Trinitarian minister since 1868. Mr. Pomeroy has been pastor of the Union (Congregational) Church at Taunton, Mass., since 1882. He is a bold and vigorous writer both in prose and verse, and occasionally contributes to "The Atlantic," "The Century," and other magazines, and to religious publications. His sister, Eliza Pomeroy, now deceased, is elsewhere represented in this volume.

THE GRAVE-YARD AT SIPPICAN.

Come to this spot among the rocks and pines,—

This hidden acre thou hast ne'er beheld
Unless persuaded by a poet's lines,
Or by the circumstance of death compelled.

The summer suns pour down their fervid heat
On stunted herbage and a sterile soil:
The storms of winter hurl their stinging sleet,
And the hurt trees in agony recoil.

These modest monuments no great names bear;
Thou tread'st not, traveler, on a hero here;
Yet these were strong to do and brave to dare,
And filled their places on the busy sphere.

They and the sea were surely kith and kin,
And o'er these graves, although they never stop,
Marauding sea-fogs that come driving in,
A tribute from their salty plunder drop.

Near this lone nook their labor was not done:
Through calms and storms, from port to port they ran:
Or from the tropic to the frozen zone,
They sought and slaughtered the leviathan.

Their virtues or their vices who shall tell,
Or what their harbor, since life's sails are furled!
Remote from strife and tumult they sleep well,
"Here at the quiet limit of the world."

Such simple histories deep lessons teach,—
Who seeketh wisdom let him pause and learn,—
That in this plan God hath remembered each,
And each he satisfieth in his turn:

That death, relentless, still is not unkind,
The vexed and weary to compel to rest;
Nor mother earth in her affection blind
To call her crying children to her breast.

Helen N. Jerrard Jenkins.

Mrs H. N. Jenkins was the daughter of the late John and Jane Jerrard, of Plymouth, Me., and was born Sept. 9, 1836. Her parents were among the pioneer settlers of that section of Penobscot County, and began life in the forest on one of the rugged, but picturesque hills of Plymouth. Here they made a pleasant home, and reared a family of eight children, of whom Helen was the sixth. John Jerrard, a man well known in this part of the State for his sterling worth and business capacity, was for many years quite extensively engaged in lumbering on the Penobscot waters, where he acquired a competency. Highly appreciative of all that was best in literature, he hoped to give all his children the advantages of a good education; but heavy losses, later in life, limited the educational privileges of the younger children, and thus blighted the dearest hope of Helen Jerrard's girlhood! A lover of books, and fond of study, she made the most of such opportunities as she had. She studied at home, and read the works of the best authors, among whom Scott was her favorite. The family were accustomed to read aloud, and talk over every interesting topic. In those years, some of the most eminent clergymen of the State, in their journeys by carriage through the country, frequently visited the home of the Jerrards, and furnished many a rich, intellectual treat for the eager listeners at the fireside; thus helping the genial, intelligent father, and the quiet, home-loving mother, to fill the hearts of their children with reverent love for the Great All-Father, and with a desire for the highest culture. In March, 1858, Helen Jerrard married F. D. Jenkins, then of Bangor, afterward, for many years, a successful merchant in Pittsfield, Me. In 1871, his health failing, he retired from business, and the family have since lived on a farm in Kenduskeag, Me. Mrs. Jenkins has devoted her whole life to her family. Eight children, six of whom are now living, have been tenderly cared for by this loving, self-sacrificing mother. From her childhood, encompassed by a diffidence and reticence which she has never been able to overcome, she has led a retired life. A reverent lover of nature, she has ever found her highest enjoyment in rural scenes.

THE SUNSET ILLUMINATION.

NOV. 27, 1883.

A wondrous glory gilds the western sky--
A rich unrivaled brilliancy,
Showing, with rare intensity,
The rainbow-tints.

This bright, auroral, burnished light
Seems, as we look, to come to-night
From other worlds just out of sight
Beyond the hills.

O vision grand, magnificent!
As if the glorious Orient,
To thee, for one brief hour had lent
Her sweetest charm.

The bare brown trees are glorified;
The gates of sapphire opened wide
For us in this sweet eventide;
And God is here.

Our robes the wings of seraphs' brush:
We feel the power, the fearful hush,
As Moses at "the burning bush"
This presence felt.

How sweet the mingled awe and bliss
Which come to us in hours like this!
God writes his grandest mysteries
On scrolls of fire.

A MORNING RIDE.

One summer morning, long ago,
When earth and sky were all aglow
With daybreak's rosy light,
We journeyed a fair country through,
While yet the sparkling drops of dew
With azure tints were bright.

Tall thistles stood erect and proud,
Veiling their faces in a cloud
Of filmy, fleecy lace;
Fair buttercups the fields did crowd,
And clover-heads were softly bowed,
As if in silent grace.

From wayside bush and tree was heard
The sweetest song of every bird,
Out-gushing cheerily;
The leaflets, deeply veined and shirred,
By the cool zephyrs lightly stirred,
Were dancing merrily.

Each cottage window seemed ablaze,
As o'er the hills the gleaming rays
Of amber sunlight peered,
Chasing, deep in the darksome maze
Of the dim woodland's hidden ways,
The frightened shadows weird.

The world had never seemed so fair;
I quite forgot life's fret and care;
My heart sang all the way
Unspoken songs of praise and prayer,
For God and heaven were everywhere
That blissful summer day.

We traversed hills and valleys wide,
Where gleaming waters oft we spied
In many a lovely spot;
And long before the sun had dried
The misty webs where fairies hide,
We reached the place we sought.

The greeting I shall ne'er forget,
 Or the dear, loving face we met
 Within the open door;
 The hands out-reaching eagerly
 To clasp our own so tenderly,
 I love to think it o'er.

The picture was so sweet, so fair!
 The dear old lady standing there
 With look of glad surprise;
 The soft eyes and the shining hair;
 The trustful look a saint might wear,—
 Are sacred memories.

The farm-house, in its grassy nest,
 Betokened comfort, joy and rest,
 Home pleasures sweet and rare;
 And while I tarried there a guest,
 I thought its inmates truly blest,
 Such loving hearts were there.

E. Annie Simonton Page.

E. Annie S. Page is a native of Portland, daughter of the late James Simonton, an estimable citizen, whose family traditions number many interesting incidents of the Revolution. Has contributed from early youth to various literary journals and magazines, and holds her poetic gifts as a resource and solace, unambitious of distinction. Draws inspiration from Nature, and sings from the heart, turning sorrow into song. Her home has been for many years in California—her husband, Nathaniel Page, now deceased, having been a prominent resident of San Francisco.

OUT OF TUNE.

My heart was in another key.—N. P. WILLIS.

The morning came,
 And wrote, in words of flame,
 Its worship on the everlasting hills.
 With living sapphires flashed the leaping rills,
 Greeting the day with musical acclaim.

The dainty breeze
 Coquetting 'mid the trees
 From lifted leaves a rapturous murmur brought;
 The lark went up like some melodious thought,
 Prelude to nature's choral harmonies.

With silvery swells,
 Dews dropt like tinkling bells

In pauses of the matin chant that rolled
Through heaven's vast arch, where ruby tint and gold
Wrought 'mid white clouds their gorgeous miracles.

Life seemed God's bourn
That rarest morn of June;
Yet while the matin anthem swelled diviner,
My sad heart woke its melancholy minor,
Of all the choral voices, out of tune.

The noon came on
With fiery sweep of sun,
Steeping in drowsy languors earth and sea.
The scented blooms dropt noiseless from the tree,
Like snow-flakes where the clouds hang low and dun.

In honeyed cells
Of velvet lily-bells
The brown bee loitered from the noon's red blaze,
Filling the odorous void with dreamy lays,
Like murmurs in the heart of ocean shells.

'Neath emerald roof
Of verdure, sunbeam-proof,
The song-birds lay in slumberous hush profound;
While silence, with mysterious skill, inwound
All sweetness of utterance in its woof.

All that calm noon
Of the delicious June,
Peaceful the radiant moments dropt together
Like rose-leaves drifting down the shining ether,
Yet my discordant heart was out of tune.

Then came the night—
A fringe of gorgeous light
Trailed from the clouds o'er all the sombre hills;
Then dusky shades crept up from meads and rills,
Effacing slow the sunset pageant bright.

In sweet alarm
Birds hushed their evening psalm,
As trees stood solemn in empurpled glooms;
The blossoms swung their censers of perfumes,
Till all the dewy air grew faint with balm.

The noisy tide
Of labor gently died:
Slowly along the azure firmament
Each star in silence pitched its silver tent,
And earth by holy calm seemed sanctified.

Then the white moon
Swept through that night of June;

The air was filled with low, melodious whispers,
As bud and leaf prolonged the holy vespers,
And yet my strange, sad heart was out of tune.

O mystic soul!

Poor, where is stint nor dole—
Threading unheeding, like repining churl,
Stairways of amber, corridors of pearl,
Darkening the crystal floors with funeral stole!

Why should a lyre

With living strings of fire,
Where all melodious utterances are shrined,
Send out but jarring discords undefined
To mar the harmonies of earth's vast choir?

Why should the strife,

Or seeming ills, of life,
Obscure the glory which the morning brings,
Or drown the holy psalm all Nature sings,
Or stain white peace with which the world is rife?

Trust turneth soon

Life's dreariest way to June—
A scale harmonious runs from stars to daisies,
Filling the azure void with choral praises—
Why should one spirit voice be out of tune?

AFTER THE RAIN.

A CALIFORNIAN PICTURE.

When the hills are growing green,
Where the insatiate drought has been,
How the grand, resistless forces
Of the earth, and sun, and sky,
Nature wields, like some magician,
To revive and beautify.

Then the wild and turbulent rains
Wash away the grime and stains,
Till the dun and sullen landscape
Wears a loveliness untold,
Like some gem of rare old painter
Brought to light from dust and mold.

Then the humid atmosphere
Takes all hues, compact or clear;
Pearl-gray clouds like quarried snow-drifts;
Violet haze where waters glide,
Crimson banks, with rifts of opal,
Down the west at eventide.

Or the day strikes clear and bold
 Up the east suffused with gold;
 Till the brown hills stand transfigured,
 Canyon, crest and wooded height
 Sharp, as if by hand of sculptor
 Carved against the walls of light.

Unperceived, what beauty creeps
 Up the bare and rugged steeps;
 Yellow moss that garners sunshine,
 Soft tints piercing the brown mold,
 Like some marvelous mosaic
 Set in lichens gray and old.

Soon the glades, with gorgeous hues,
 Springing grasses interfuse;
 Purples, and such bits of color
 As an artist's palette shows;
 Dash of ruby, streaks of umber,
 Tints of amethyst and rose.

Green the encalyptus towers,
 Sentinel of all the hours;
 And the regal oaks, that tempests
 Of gray centuries have defied,
 With a low, deciduous murmur,
 Weave anew their crowns of pride.

And the soul keeps holy time
 In the budding, rain, or rime;
 Blooms the sweet, celestial manna,
 Falls the hydromel unseen,
 For the festival of Nature,
 When the hills are growing green.

Eliza Ostrander Jewell.

Eliza O. Jewell, whose maiden name was Ostrander, was the third daughter of Wm. Mr. Ostrander and Renette Weed, of Albany, N. Y., and was born in Tully, Onondaga County, New York, Sept. 16, 1836. She has lived in Maine nearly half her life, and has written for the press since she was sixteen years of age. Mrs. Jewell was educated at Racine, N. Y. She now lives at South Paris, Me., and frequently contributes to the best papers in the State.

THE GIRL I LOVE IS IN GERMANY.

The mountains are bathed in soft blue haze,
 The river tosses and sings—
 The leaves swing full, and the long summer day
 A dreamy restfulness brings —

Yet my heart goes drifting over the sea,
For the girl I love is in Germany.

Dear as the breath blowing off from the hill
Is a memory that drops to-day:
A sweet low laugh, like the gurgling rill,
Floats back from the far away—
And I walk in a dream it seems to me,
For the girl I love is in Germany.

She sailed one day far out on the brine,
She left me alone on the shore,
That tawny-haired, dark-eyed girl of mine,
With only the goodness she wore—
She sailed in the Eider way over the sea,
And the girl that I love is in Germany.

What is the old world, a faded-out show,
With the warm tints dropped from its day?
Else why should she have treated me so
And snatched my sunshine away?
My best bit of color she's stolen from me,
For the girl I love is in Germany.

Let me whisper to you laddies so fine;
She's leal, and loyal and square
To the heart that beats this side the brine,
And you'll not keep her over there;—
For the Eider's captain, promised, you see,
To bring my girl safe home from Germany.

GOLDEN-ROD.

She has come again, the wild-flower's queen,
With her hair of gold, and her gown of green,
Frilled to the neck, slender, graceful and tall,
Waving and nodding and smiling on all—
She's dropping her gold along the highway
For peasant and prince the long summer day,
And they gather a yellow breast-knot to wear,
The maiden dark-eyed, and the one so fair.

Over the bare knoll her gay plumes unfold,
Each sandy stretch is strewed with her gold—
As some vision of youth—a holy boon—
Comes to the heart in its bleak afternoon.

O dear golden flower, thy glad, honest face
 And thy lissome form are a study of grace,
 And the Psalmist's words are repeated in thee,
 For "thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

ONLY.

Only a fragile white snow-flake,
 Feathery and thin as the air.—
 Yet each star is fashioned most cunning,
 Every globule etched fine and rare.

Only a tiny gray sea-shell
 Tossed up on the burning sand;
 Yet the walls of the house are pearly,
 And filled with melody grand.

Only a common field daisy
 With a plain and honest face,
 Yet every petal is perfect,
 And every motion is grace.

Only a bare-headed mountain,
 Looming up haggard and old,
 Yet deep in its bowels is hidden
 A treasure of silver and gold.

Only a stretch of green woodland
 Over the brow of the hill;
 Yet there are masts of great vessels,
 And bonnie ships lying still.

Only an old-fashioned volume
 Bearing a worm-eaten look,
 But Jesus is found 'twixt the covers
 Of this ancient wonderful book.

Only a strip of the azure,
 The clouds are all on this side;
 For beyond the blue there is heaven
 With its portals thrown open wide.

Granville Payson Wilson.

Granville P. Wilson, son of Capt. John M. Wilson, the pioneer of the Northern lakes, was born at Wilson's Mills, Lincoln Plantation, Me., in 1836. With the exception of a few weeks at Gould's Academy in 1857, he never attended high school, and is what may justly be called a self-educated man. Poetry is his only love, and a little volume from his pen, entitled "Poems of the Magalloway," was issued from the "Mountaineer Press" in 1880. Of late years Mr. Wilson's health has been seriously impaired, and he now resides with his brother at Old Orchard. It may truly be said that some of his compositions show the finer elements of poetical thought.

SECLUSION.

Where the wild-wood waves,
And the foaming torrent, flashing
' Mid its mossy caves,
In perpetual wrath is dashing:

Where the solid ground,
Day and night, with ceaseless quaking,
Trembles far around,
While the lofty woods are shaking:

Where forever pour
Wild Magalloway's rude billows,
Whose unceasing roar
Wakes the slumberer 'midst his pillows:

Let my footsteps roam,
Oft, when spring opes her fountains!
And in rills hath flown
All the hoar-frost of the mountains!

When the earth, released,
Springs from winter's icy thraldom,
And all nature breathes
The pure atmosphere of freedom!

When the wild birds throng,
Giving voice to gladdened nature,
With unrivaled song
Chant the praise of the Creator!

Where the fragrant breeze
Bears the forest's breath, life-giving,
And all the awakened trees
Of the wilderness are singing;

Leave me long, to pore
On the matchless theme of wonder,
Written on the shore!
Spoken in the torrent's thunder!

In my glad retreat,
From the sordid world's confusion,
There my heart shall beat
Calmly, in its sweet seclusion;

While the April sun,
Like forgiving smile of heaven,
All the forest crowns
With the glowing tints of Eden.

Sweet the lonely hour!
 Sweet the torrent's dash and thunder,
 White with turmoil and with power,
 Though it rend old Earth asunder!

Where no sound of sin,
 Vilness, tyranny, or folly,
 Mocks the peace within,
 And the presence of the holy.

Earthly guile hath reared
 Here no monument or token:
 God is here—not man is feared,
 God's own voice alone hath spoken!

Augusta Cordelia Davis.

This lady, who writes under the *nom de plume* of Alice Chadbourne, was born Oct. 6, 1841, in Yarmouth, then North Yarmouth, and has always resided in that town. She began quite early to write for publication, and under the *nom de plume* given has been well and favorably known as a contributor for various periodicals, of sketches and ms., and of serial, short, domestic, humorous and juvenile stories. Many of these appeared in the columns of the *Portland Transcript*. Possessing a cheerful spirit, she is ever looking at the sunny side, and this has been a marked characteristic of her writings. She has a very modest estimate of her own productions, and is very retiring in her nature, but a charming companion and a most loyal friend. Her poems are the expression of her inner life, and touch the finer chords of the responsive soul. It is with much regret we have to record the sad fact that she has for more than a year been obliged to wholly desist from literary work by the almost total deprivation of sight. The pleasure of reading is denied her. Yet she bears this sore trial with patience, and is the same cheery companion as before. The following pathetic poem was written in memory of an only and dearly loved sister, a lady of rare sweetness and grace of character. The "Dream" was no mere fancy, but an actual experience, and a source of great comfort to the author. The poem was copied into several journals.

MY DREAM.

How vivid was my dream!
 You came, I thought, from fresh and fragrant fields;
 From the low music of Yare's pleasant stream,
 Where the wee violet its incense yields,
 And throws its purple gleam.

I heard your gentle tread,
 Just as I heard it on still afternoons,
 When life and hope were to each other wed,
 In cool Septembers and in glowing Junes,
 Before earth's sunshine fled.

I heard your little feet,
 And all my heart grew light and glad once more.
 I could not linger, but, with footsteps fleet,
 I sprang to clasp you at the open door;
 Joy's benison was sweet!

There, in the sunset warm,
 With the old, winsome grace, I saw you stand;
 The golden glory wrapped your slender form,
 And, on my soul, at touch of your dear hand,
 Fell calm, as after storm.

I saw the happy play
 Of light and love in your dark, lustrous eyes;
 I heard your clear voice, blithe as morning, say,
 In tender little accents of surprise,
 "Have I been long away?"

Dearest, is it *not* long?
 O sweetest spirit that e'er blesed my days;
 O gentlest soul that ever hated wrong;
 O sunny heart that gladdened all our ways,
 Sister! is it not long?

Is it not long to miss
 The tenderness that crowned me day by day;
 The light of loving eyes, the clasp, the kiss,
 The interchange of thought and fancy's play?

Yet, not for heaven's own bliss

Would I inure, again,
 My treasured one to earth's unending care;
 Far better life-long loneliness and pain,
 Than shadow fall on lot so sweet and fair,
 Or loss defraud her gain.

FOR "BROWNIE'S" ALBUM.

My little friend, how can you bring me here,
 Into the presence of the Poet grand—
 Whose stately name is honored far and near*—
 And then ask tribute from my helpless hand!

Dear little Brownie, I would gladly trace
 A shining path for you o'er Life's great sea;
 Lift every shadow from your sunny face,
 And pray your fairest hopes might blossom free.

* The daring little friend, for whom this was written, reverencing the poet Longfellow with all her heart, sent him last spring, (1882) a treasure of May-blooms, and begged the boon of his illustrious name for her album, which she forwarded. The kindly poet promptly complied with her request, and wrote her, besides, a graceful note of thanks for her fresh and beautiful flowers that carried him back to the woods of Maine and his boyhood.

But one, who walks beside you, loves you more,
And in his own good time and perfect way.
Whatever good He takes, He will restore,
And change the darkening night to dawning day.

Courage! press on! use well your graceful dower,
The ready brain, the skilful little hand,
The wealth of Fancy and the wond'rous power
All loving, loyal natures e'er command.

Sunshine is sweet, but storm we need as well;
We cannot build the soul's fair mansion strong
In joy alone; but pain and sorrow tell
A deeper story—sing a sweeter song.

AGNES.

As I sit in my chamber at night,
While the stars softly bloom in the sky,
And the moon with pale glory alight,
Hangs trembling in blue depths on high,
I list, as I've listened before,
For a gay little knock at my door;
And the sweet, happy ringing of Agnes' voice singing
A song which will sound nevermore.

O it must be a terrible dream!
Those long weeks of anguish and dread,
When we watched with hope's flickering gleam,
Till they spoke the strange words, "She is dead."
But the musical voice was so clear,
And the glad little tones were so dear,
That while I am waiting, my very breath bating,
They seem to be echoing near.

And I answer, "Come in, pretty bird,
With your odd little fanciful lay;
'T is time the sweet carol I heard,—
Come sing me your song of to-day."
Then quickly the door flashes wide,
And swiftly there springs to my side
A wee, dainty maiden, with happy thoughts laden,
And life flowing full like the tide.

"O I am so glad it is night,
And I can come straight to your room,"

She begins, in a tone of delight,
 That rings through the silvery gloom;
 As I fold close the delicate form.
 'Mid a shower of soft kisses warm,
 With loving arms twining, and wondrous eyes shining,
 As bright as the stars after storm.

Then she gives her strange fancy full play,
 And sings me a song of the sea;
 A rhymeless but musical lay,
 As perfect as perfect can be.
 And there comes o'er the sweet thoughtful face
 A tender and exquisite grace,
 As of one who in dreaming sees soft splendor streaming
 From out of some glorified place.

Ah! the quaint little songs are all sung,—
 Closed to us are the beautiful eyes,—
 But the clear voice is chanting among
 Christ's little ones called to the skies;
 And though our hearts ache and we miss
 The joy and the song and the kiss,
 Yet sweet is the feeling that God is revealing
 His love, in sore trials like this.

Henry Sweetser Burrage.

Born at Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 7, 1837; graduated at Brown University, Providence, R. I., 1861, and at Newton Theological Institution, Newton Centre, Mass., 1867; studied in Halle, Germany, 1868-69; was a Baptist pastor in Waterville, this State, 1869-73; and now editor and publisher of *Zion's Advocate*, at Portland. Received the degree of D. D., from Brown University, in 1883. Since 1876 Dr. Burrage has been Recording Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of Colby University and also of Newton Theological Institution. He has a brilliant military record, having been Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of the First Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, and was a prisoner from Nov. 1, 1864, to Feb. 22, 1865. He is the author of several volumes of a miscellaneous character, and a poet of acknowledged ability.

THE OPEN CASEMENT AT BABYLON.

[*Daniel vi. 10.*]

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.

By the waters gently flowing
 Babylon's fair banks along,
 Where the breezes, softly blowing,
 Move the leafy trees among,
 In a chamber, by a casement
 Which toward Zion open stands,
 Daniel kneels in deep abasement,
 Seeking God with outstretched hands.

Daily thrice in rapt devotion
Kneels he there before his Lord;
Hushes the wild world's commotion,
Claims the promise of the word: -
Morning, as the stars are fading,
Midday, hour of fiercest heat,
Evening, in the twilight shading
Busy Babel's lordly seat.

Palaces of monarchs spurning,
Halls his exiled feet have trod,
Lo, the prophet, westward turning,
Greets the Zion of his God.
And o'er gardens bright with flowers,
Over many a palm-tree's crest,
Rise again the ruined towers
Of Jerusalem the blest.

And the breezes, lightly blowing
Over deserts vast and drear,
Over rivers wildly flowing,
Greetings out of Zion bear.
Balm the sweetest, too, they bring him,
Balm from Zion's holy hill;
Melodies of home they sing him,
Wakening every pulse's thrill.

Happy he, the world forgetting,
Mid the tumult all around,
Who, his easement open setting,
Looking Zionward is found;
Who, beneath his burden bending,
Lifts to heaven his bitter sigh,
Morn, and noon, and evening sending
Messages of faith on high.

Though I had in fullest measure
All that crowns the worldling's bliss,
Mines untold of richest treasure,
Gardens of Semiramis;
Still, with Babel's walls around me,
I should feel the tyrant's hand,
Long to break the chain that bound me,
Hie me to the Fatherland.

Though in some deep dungeon pining
I must dwell in darkest night,

THE POETS OF MAINE.

Lo, a glory round me shining
 Fills the dungeon with its light;
 As my heart its casement throwing
 Open toward the heavenly hills,
 Somewhat of the light there glowing
 Falls and all my being fills.

When mid cares which daily press me,
 Cares which none but I may wear;
 When the pains of life distress me,
 Pains so burdensome to bear;
 Then my casement open flinging
 Toward the land by angels trod,
 All my care and pain there bringing,
 Find I sweet relief in God.

When disease my frame is wasting,
 From Jerusalem the fair
 Strength I draw, already tasting
 Daily of its blissful air.
 Stars of hope, too, brightly burning
 O'er my pilgrim way appear;
 And the harpers, earthward turning,
 Waft a message to my ear.

Thus where'er my home I make me,
 Here or far in distant lands,
 Daily Zionward I take me,—
 Open wide my casement stands.
 What though Babylon is ringing
 With the tumult of the street,
 O'er it all my heart upspringing,
 Zion undisturbed I greet.

SEVEN YEARS OLD.**FROM THE GERMAN.**

O yes, dream on, while still is thine
 The sweetness of life's earlier years;
 O yes, sing on, while still is thine
 A heart on which no stain appears!
 O yes, dream on! And in thy dream
 The world of fables make thine own—
 So soon, alas, so soon, alas,
 The dreams of youth will all have flown.

O yes, sing on! Let sweetest notes
 Break forth to greet the dawning light,
 And let no day sink to its close
 That has not blest thee in its flight!
 Whate'er has thrilled thee tell the world,
 Though 't is thy heart's most precious store;
 So soon, alas, so soon, alas,
 The songs of youth are heard no more.

Corelli Caswell Williams Simpson.

Mrs. C. C. W. Simpson was born Feb. 20, 1837, and passed the first twenty-five years of her life at Taunton, Mass. Her father was Capt. F. D. Williams, a descendant of the famous Roger Williams. Mrs. Simpson attended the Bristol Academy, the Taunton High School, and the Salisbury Mansion School, at Worcester, Mass. After finishing her education at Worcester, our author taught in the public schools of Taunton until 1863, having during this time secured prizes for her paintings exhibited at the Bristol County Fair. She next, in 1864, at Bangor, opened the first Kindergarten taught in Maine, with her associate, Miss Doe, succeeding finely. On Sept. 20, 1865, Miss Williams was married to A. L. Simpson, a leading lawyer of Bangor. Since then, her pencil and brush have alternated with her pen with about equal results. She has written, both in prose and verse, for the *Portland Transcript*, *Maine Farmer*, *Bangor Whig and Courier*, *Youth's Companion* and other papers. In 1883-84 & 85, she had charge of the exhibition of paintings at the Eastern Maine State Fair, at Bangor. In 1884 Mrs. Simpson compiled a little book called "Tête à Tête," culinary gleanings, in aid of a fair, held in Bangor, which was a great success.

FOR RIGHT'S OWN SAKE.

Much hesitation will not do;
 We know too late
 Grand opportunities are few
 To those who wait.
 If righteous,—care not for the rest.
 From dreams awake!
 The mind, willed rightly, will be blest
 For right's own sake.
 Say not—shall I succeed or fail
 In this my task?
 Appearances should not avail.
 But one thing ask,—
 If righteous? 'T is the only quest
 Thou need'st to make.
 The heart, thrilled rightly, will be blest
 For right's own sake.

When shorn of selfishness and cheat
 Each thought is clear;
 All bitterness then turns to sweet,
 And heaven is near.

If righteous,—let that be the test,
 Though hearts now ache,
 The love, sent rightly, will be blest
 For right's own sake.

Our God made all things good,—each part
 A perfect whole.
 These are misplaced by man's low art.
 Thou wilt,—my soul.
 On virtue let all honor rest;
 Thy right course take.
 The will, bent rightly, will be blest
 For right's own sake.

“BABYLAND.”

Sweet Babyland! no myth! no dream!
 Though proud, or great, or wise we seem,
 Could time fly backward, soon we would
 Be once again in babyhood,
 And in loved arms contented lie,
 List'ning to some sweet lullaby.

Sweet face with dimpled cheeks and chin,
 So fair a babe was never seen!
 I wonder if we'll ever know
 The thoughts that set thy face aglow!
 Till thou canst speak, mayst thou retain
 These angel whispers in thy brain.

Encircled in a coral wreath,
 Nestle and peep two pearly teeth;
 Smile on, thy rattle shake with glee!
 Expand thy powers! there is for me
 A natural, resistless charm
 In the untaught grace of thy plump arm.

Soft, liquid depths of heavenly blue,
 So sagely wise and yet so new,
 Calm eyes, ne'er startled yet by fears!
 Bright eyes, ne'er yet bedewed with tears!
 Within me, how thy earnest gaze
 Blends hopes and fears in dreamy maze!

Sweet baby mine, O if 'tis true
 That thou canst read me through and through,
 Should evils balance down the scale,
 Ere thou canst lisp thy infant tale,
 O that I could by fairy wand
 Be spirited to—Babyland!

And do I crave a boon too blessed?
 In this babe to my bosom pressed,
 View I the germ that is to be
 The soul of generosity?
 That will incline to good and thrill
 With strength of body, mind, and will?

I take one tiny hand in mine,
 The other rests in the Divine.
 May I have strength to hold the key
 Of this pure soul thus lent to me,
 To take my wee one by the hand,
 And lead him forth from Babyland.

In God's great wisdom formed He thus
 These golden links, 'twixt heaven and us,
 If in His love, He calls His own,
 Before His buds to flowers are blown,
 We know that by His own dear will,
 The links remain unbroken still.

Edward Payson Nowell.

Edward P. Nowell was born in Royalton, Vt., Feb. 24, 1837. His early life was spent in mouth, N. H., but in later years he resided awhile in Portland, and married a ter of the highly respected Harris C. Barnes of that city, lately deceased. He even years editor of the *American Odd Fellow*, and also official reporter of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows for two years. He died suddenly at Defiance, Ohio, 29, 1880. Mr. Nowell was a gifted writer both in prose and verse.

THE OLD OAKEN CRADLE.

Sweet scenes of my boyhood! I love to recall them,
 Electric they shimmer on mem'ry's warm-sky,—
 The maple-fringed river, the hills grand and solemn,
 And all the dear haunts in the forest near by;
 I deem these fresh views on the past's panorama
 As sweetest of all the enchantments of earth,—
 The ancient red house, in which life's devious drama
 Commenced in the cradle which stood by the hearth;
 The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
 The high-posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

Near two generations from earth have departed
 Since home in high state this quaint cradle was brought,
 Attesting the advent of one who, light-hearted,
 Gave joy pure and holy, of sad sorrow nought!

Dear relic of dream-days! what rest have you granted,
 To mother and infant when hushed was his mirth;
 How grateful was sleep when the babe for it panted!
 A boon is the cradle which stands by the hearth!
 The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
 The high-posted cradle which stands by the hearth.

Not all mem'ry's promptings of by-gones that gather
 Are free from a sadness made sacred by space,—
 Since angels led two from our home,—and forever
 Seraphic, behold they Immanuel's face;
 And we who remain from those scenes all are distant,
 But never forget we the place of our birth;
 The light of our mem'ry, in realms reminiscent,
 Reveals the staid cradle which stood by the hearth;
 The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
 The high-posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

The dew glints in the meadow,	Across the floor she capers
The sun smiles through the tree,	Just like a pretty lamb,
The blue-bird and the robin	Her arms she gayly tosses,
Ne'er sang so cheerily!	Aud shouts "How glad I am!"
Within her eyes joy sparkles,	The heavens look down in love-light,
She laughs 'tween teeth of pearl;	And ecstasy impart,
No birdies half so happy	While fairies of fruition
As my sweet little girl.	Dance through my darling's heart!

The first day in the school-room!
 Life's seed upsprings and grows!
 From tender care maternal
 The guileless child outgoes;
 O Father! guide my darling
 Through time's unstable school,
 That she may e'er inculcate
 The sacred Golden Rule.

Charles William Goddard.

Hon. Charles W. Goddard was born in Portland, Dec 29, 1825, graduated from Bowdoin College in 1844, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1846. He opened an office in his native city; in 1860 removed to Lewiston Falls, where he was in active practice sixteen years, with the exception of the period between 1861 to 1864, while he was Consul-General of the United States at Constantinople. In 1866 he returned to Portland, which has since been his residence. While at Lewiston Falls he was Attorney for Androscoggin County for four years, a member of the State Senate, appointed to the

anship of 1858 and 1859, and the last year its president. In 1867 he was appointed of the newly organized Superior Court for Cumberland County, and filled that n until 1871, when he became postmaster of Portland, which office he held until In 1867 he was in the commission for the equalization of municipal war debts of te, and in 1885 he was one of the Police Commissioners for his native city. Judge rd has held various other posts of honor, both local and national, and is still in as health, with full possession of his mental powers.

'TIE BOWDOIN OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY.

AN EXTRACT.

As a dim comet, in eccentric flight,
Shoots from the fathomless abyss of night,
Twice in the century to mortal eye
Faintly revealed low in the western sky;—
Then from its path elliptic doomed to swerve,
It disappears in parabolic curve:
(That curve relentless, from whose fatal track
Eternity ne'er calls the wand'rer back)
So I, who once, in vanished days of yore,
Essayed to sing the class of 'forty-four,
(Doubling the years that mark the cent'ry's date)
To-night appear your bard of 'eighty-eight.

As mem'ry sweeps o'er eight and forty years,
Young Bowdoin of the olden time appears:
The early bell that summoned us to prayer
Peals out once more on the keen morning air.
The wooden chapel in dull yellow hue,
With its mute organ rises to my view;
Its half-waked worshipers, its portly stove:
(Chapel below and library above)
Stern discipline assigned that sacred floor,
Seniors in front and Freshmen toward the door.
Yet such our zeal to bow before the Lord,
So eager we to listen to the Word,
That like the Psalmist, a doorkeeper's place
Our class accepted as a means of grace:—
But service ended, when with cap in hand,
While all the rest passed out, required to stand;
Old Adam drove us Freshmen (rank and file
Just forty strong) pell-mell into the aisle
To block th' astonished Senior's onward course,
The portal crowd, and equal rights enforce.
Ancient religious war broke out afresh,
With carnal weapons waged, true arms of flesh.
On many a head the fist uplifted fell:

(“In heavenly minds could such resentments dwell?”)
 Earth’s primal quarrel there was fought again,
 For sev’ral Abels felt the blows of Cane,
 Tall Grover Second caught up Tidy Page
 And with him felled Sam. Dinsmore in his rage.

While to and fro the line of battle reeled
 And vict’ry’s scales hung doubtful o’er the field;
 From chapel threshold, the embattled mass
 Prof. Packard viewed and thus addressed our class:—
 “Freshmen, desist. Your direful wrath restrain!
 Attend, while I the college laws explain!
 The claim of Anderson is not denied;
 For ’t is not law express but law implied
 Which you transgress, Freshmen perverse and proud!
 Strangers comparative are not allowed
 To put on airs or bulldoze Senior class:—
 Disperse, and instant to your suppers pass!”

As when upon the holy Sabbath air
 From many a church ascends the voice of prayer
 At Gorham’s Corner or in Centre Street
 A godless throng in bloody combat meet:
 Shelalahs wave; stones, oaths and brickbats fly;
 And the wild uproar threatens earth and sky:—
 Should a policeman by rare chance appear,
 (In search of rotgut or lager beer)
 Palsied is woman’s tongue and rowdy’s arm,
 And to the storm succeeds a sudden calm;—
 So ceased at Packard’s voice resistance vain,
 And law and order reigned o’er all the plain.

* * * * *

This I record to our instructors’ praise;
 “Giants were in the earth in those” old “days.”
 Goodwin alone survives;—the other six
 Have crossed the waters of the gloomy Styx.
 Majestic Cleaveland; glorious Leonard Woods;
 Mysterious Upham, man of silent moods;
 The courtly Packard:—next, (but how unlike)
 The fiery Smyth:—last, gentle Tutor Pike.

While our third year was drawing to a close,
 Beyond Maine Hall the college building rose,
 Since known as “Appleton:”—in that new hall,
 Seniors elect, we were invited all

Our rooms to choose by lot:—the class moves in
And dedication services begin.
A Senior roast was served in either end;
To the small hours the banquetings extend.

Sargent's gymnasium, in the college-yard,
(Or "campus," let us speak with due regard
To modern ears refined) now lifts its wall
In robust challenge to grim Adams Hall,
The surgeon's den: —the proverb to assure,
"Ounce of prevention, or a pound of cure."
Audacious thought! that e'er your bard should dare
To fill an august professorial chair!
A "Doctor" grave to future ages known,
Not of the French, but medical "Sorbonne."
From "Swibone" Hall no theologian speaks;
But Gerrish, Mitchell, Dana, Hunt and Weeks.

Where once with safety, if unknown to fame,
We played what now they call "the nation'l game,"
A noble Hall uprears its stately head,
Memorial fit for Bowdoin's glorious dead
Who in their country's cause surrendered life
On southern fields of fratricidal strife.

The gothic chapel Wood's prophetic eye
In vision saw, high-tow'ring toward the sky,—
Now stands revealed to ordinary sight,
Where through stained glass streams mediæval light.

'Tis said that now along the end or rear
Of any college building, without fear
A man can walk, secure 'gainst water shed
From pail or bowl on his devoted head.

While mem'ry wanders o'er the distant past,
The good old days with modern to contrast,
The poet's loftiest flight I've dared not try,
To soar into the realm of prophecy.

Time was when boys and girls were trained apart;
If boys excelled in mind, the girls in heart.
But now we've changed all that, abolished sex,
And Bowdoin soon must have its "Girls' Annex."

This single truth is given me to relate;
Thus far the Muse unrolls the book of fate.

Portland Alumni! Sons of Bowdoin, hail!
May children, wealth and honor never fail
College or city! May auspicious fate
Forever guard those bulwarks of the State!

Hail and farewell! Though far across our way
The length'ning shadows of life's evening stray;
To our fair town each year new charms imparts,
Forever dearer to its children's hearts.

May num'rous generations of its youth
Be trained in wisdom, piety and truth
At Bowdoin's altar, whose undying fires
Burned for their fathers and their fathers' sires.

Fabius Maximus Ray.

Hon. Fabius M. Ray was born March 30, 1837, at South Windham, Me. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1861, and spent the year after graduation in Heidelberg, Germany, and Geneva, Switzerland, in the study of German and French. Returning home, he read law in Portland, and in due time was admitted to the Cumberland Bar. He has resided for many years past in Saccarappa, practicing his profession there and in Portland, where he has had an office since 1871. Mr. Ray has represented the town of Westbrook two terms in the "popular branch" of the Legislature, and served one term as State Senator from Cumberland County. He takes a decided interest in matters pertaining to local and family history, and is at present President of the Maine Genealogical Society. Mr. Ray was class poet at Commencement, in his college days, and has written very creditable poetry for various publications.

ON LOCH KATRINE.

With bracken brown and purple heather,
Clan Alpine's ancient hills are drest,
While o'er the clouds in perfect weather
Ben Lomond lifts his airy crest.

But not a ripple stirs the tide
Of Loch Katrine, the queenly lake,
As o'er its silvery face we glide,
Save those the Highland oarsmen make.

The ruined sides of Ben Venue
Are steep and rugged as of yore,
When brave Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu
Contended on your rocky shore.

And Ellen's Isle, romantic spot,
A fit retreat for outlawed earl,
Is no less famed for Walter Scott
Than for the Douglas' lovely girl.

The autumn evening, lingering low,
 Now hastens, ere the sun is set,
 To fling its last expiring glow
 Around each rocky minaret,
 That from the bristling Trosachs towers,
 Suggestive of that earlier age
 When fierce the grim Titanic powers
 Their elemental wars did rage.
 But as we near the flinty strand
 Where still Loch Katrine's waters lave,
 The sentry cliffs, that silent stand
 And guard the Goblin's ancient cave,
 Each rock and hill and mountain bold,
 Beneath our feet reflected lies;
 And, crowned with evening's virgin gold,
 Doth dazzle our admiring eyes.
 No siren sings upon the cliff,
 And yet in transport must we gaze
 As gazed the boatman from his skiff,
 To see the Lurlei's mantle blaze.
 So sweet in sleep was never dream
 As was our waking dream that day;
 O was it, pray, a bright foregleam
 Of life that shall endure alway?

EVENING IN THE PAYS DE VAUD.

O'er Jura's craggy peaks aglow,
 The gorgeous sunlight lingers;
 In deep crevasse 'mid Alpine snow
 It dips its rosy fingers.
 Along Lake Leman's vine-girt shore
 Is mild and balmy weather,
 While overhead on ledges hoar
 Eternal icebergs gather.
 And where the avalanches creep
 From off the cloud-touched mountains,
 The azure Rhone, o'er rock and steep,
 Comes dashing from its fountains.
 But now the ebon veil descends,
 And night enshrouds the valley,
 Save where its light the glow-worm lends
 In wall or trellised alley.

I hear the plover's plaintive note,
The murmur of the billows;
And Philomel's sweet ditties float
From out the sighing willows.

Anon sweet music fills the air
From many a garden bower,
Where rustic swains and maids repair
To spend this charm'd hour.

How like a vision all things seem
Beyond this vale of shadows;
E'en as I muse, the young day's beam
Lights up my native meadows.

And thus, alas, it is with all,
'T is distant and uncertain
If once or time, or space, let fall,
'Twixt us and it the curtain.

The home that's left, the life that's o'er,
The friend that death has taken,
In dreamy hours return once more,
But never if we waken.

Samuel Dorrance Seabury.

Samuel Dorrance Seabury was born at Yarmouth, then North Yarmouth, April 3, 1837. Though a large portion of his life has been spent away from his native town it has always remained his home. He served in the War of the Rebellion—enlisting before the first general call to arms—a true patriot with the old-time high ideal of a soldier's duty and a soldier's privilege. His life has not been largely devoted to literature, but his occasional poems and sketches have been excellent in quality, and favorably received. He is the author of a stirring memorable poem entitled "The Union Volunteers," which was, by request, published in pamphlet form. He is an ardent lover of nature, and never so happy as when he can command leisure for a sojourn among the mountains, where he notes every charm and change of scene with a most loving fidelity. The grand and beautiful scenery of the Pacific slope filled him with delight and inspiration, which finds expression in his poem, "The Snow Banners of the Alps."

SNOW BANNERS OF THE ALPS.

When the north winds blow fiercely in winter, snowy streamers are seen on the highest peaks of the Sierras.

I stood within a sheltered nook,
'Mid California's mountains grand,
While far upon the lofty Alps
Came down the north wind's shrieking band.
With sound of mighty rushing,
Like embattled hosts in fight,
On swept the storm exultant,
With gathering trains of white.

The starry blossoms of the skies
From out their crystal bed are torn,
And madly up the fluted hills,
In wild and shim'ring eddies borne.
The bossy drifts are riven wide,
Each glistening diamond taken;
And pearly dust, from crag and knoll,
In sparkling showers is shaken.

The stifled streamlets, shuddering, pause,
And quivering falls grow pale,
As onward through the giant pines
Tempestuous rides the gale.
He leaves in caverns, weird and dark,
A guard of frosty elves;
Then arms the cliffs with bristling spears,
And mans the rocky shelves.

With scornful whiff he leaves the hills,
Now wreathed in billowy foam,
And cleaves the air on mighty wings,
Where Alpine genii roam;
(Those awful domes, colossal, high!
Meet guardians of jeweled land;
Unconquered aye, while ages roll—
Yield only to their Maker's hand!)

In thunder tones those massive walls
Hurl back their bold assailant's shriek,
But, fiercely up their shattered sides,
He wins, and scales each rifted peak;
Then outward flung, with trumpet blast,
Wide-spread against the azure sky,
From every spire in wondrous flight,
His white victorious banners fly.

O wondrous sound! O wondrous scene!
Far flung, where windy demons rave,
Those clustered monarchs of the Alps
Proudly their cloud-born banners wave.
Resplendent, now, those crystal flags
In sun-bright sheen are flowing,
All radiant, as though myriad gems
On each bold peak were glowing.

And still on those far distant Alps,
Refulgent, these bright banners shine,

The grand Sierra's regal crown—
 A joy that is forever mine.
 And ever may that gracious Power,
 That grandly decked these golden lands,
 Embalm them in all loyal hearts,
 And save them from all vandal hands!

SUNSET.

Just out beyond the quiet town,
 A low-browed, rocky hill looks down
 On sea and land.
 There, strolling slow at close of day,
 A twilight scene before me lay,
 Surpassing grand.

With fragrance rare, that Nature yields
 From dewy vales and new-mown fields,
 The air was filled;
 And silv'ry notes, now far, now near,
 Fell softly on the charméd ear,
 From bird-land trilled.

The sun, ere parting from the west,
 Had wreathed around each mountain crest
 A halo bright;
 Then stooped, the weary world to bless,
 And lingered long, with warm caress,
 On each fair height.

A wondrous light then filled the skies,
 Till seemed the courts of Paradise
 Were open thrown,
 And angel bands of radiant mien,
 From out the gates of pearly sheen
 Had earthward flown,

In glowing hues, with artist hand,
 To deck the sky, and sea, and land,
 Like worlds on high.
 With raptured look, around I glance;
 Such sight, such scene, might well entrance
 The earthly eye!

The fleecy clouds, that lightsome float,
 Each now became a crimson boat,
 With amber sails;

And guided by those spirit hands,
Were wafted far to unseen lands,
By ether gales.

The woodlands dim, where shadows creep,
And hush the insect world to sleep,
In soft moss-bed;
Rejoice again, as though, new-born,
The rosy light of summer morn
O'er them were shed.

Fair Casco—by whose graceful side
A thousand lovers constant bide,
While thousands more,
Amid her island bowers roam,
Or seek the rocks, where, fringed with foam,
The wild waves roar—

Fair Casco, with resplendent face,
Welcomes the royal guests who grace
Her cavern halls;
And smiles to see, in raiment bright,
Her sea-nymphs sport, 'mid golden light
That downward falls.

Passes the regal scene away;
It was midsummer's bridal-day
Of earth and sky!
And, as I lingered, loth to miss
One fading gleam, I saw them kiss
The day good-bye.

Harriet E. Charles.

Harriet E. Charles was born in Norway, Me., in 1837, and lived for forty years in her native village. For the past ten years she has resided in Lowell, Mass. From childhood it has been her special delight to rhyme, but she rarely publishes, except at the solicitation of friends. The following poems, printed in the *Portland Transcript*, were received with much favor.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

"When my ship comes in," said a blue-eyed girl,
"My ship all laden with gold,
What gowns I'll wear, and what jewels rare
Shall be mine to have and to hold.
I'll sail away o'er the waters wide;
What a traveler I'll be;
I'll stay where sunbeams never hide
And flowers shall bloom for me.

"Who knows but somewhere in a distant land
 A crown will be placed on my brow,
 A sceptre grand I'll hold in my hand
 And my subjects before me shall bow.
 What stately halls I may wander through,
 With servants at my command,
 And they'll all obey," said the maiden gay,
 "When I wave my jeweled wand."

When the ship came in for the blue-eyed girl
 No silver or gold had she,
 But jewels rare,—a tiny pair
 Of loyal subjects to be—
 Her stately halls were four square walls,
 Her sceptre—no jeweled wand,
 But she ruled with grace each loving heart
 In the royal household band.

TO-MORROW.

The ruddy-cheeked mower is swinging his scythe
 Adown the green sunny meadow,
 And he sings, as he mows, a song as blithe
 As if care never cast him a shadow.
 And his song goes back to an old refrain:
 "To-morrow, O joyous to-morrow,
 I'll marry my love, my darling Jane,
 And no fear have I of to-morrow."

The bright yellow buttercups fell in his path,
 Cut rudely from stem at his bidding,
 But little recked he of the golden swath,—
 He thought of the morrow's wedding,
 Till 'neath the tall grass, lying low at his feet,
 A field-sparrow's nest he espied
 With three little fledglings, while hovering round
 O'er his head, the mother bird cried,—
 "To-morrow my darlings would fly abroad
 And be safely hidden from sorrow,
 But now, alas, they'll be torn from me,
 To-morrow, O wait for to-morrow."

The mower passed on; but, with loving eyes,
 Glancing wistfully out o'er the bay,
 Softly said to himself, "No danger can come
 To my sweetheart in town to-day,

For the skies are blue, and the sun is bright,
 Not a bit of trouble I'll borrow.
 Her boat is staunch, and my heart is light
 For the morrow, O gladsome to-morrow!"

Black clouds arose, and a fierce storm raged
 O'er the land of the mower and sparrow,
 The boat with its burden lay wrecked on the sands,
 The lover sat by with folded hands,
 And gazed on all that was left of his plans
 For the morrow, the sad to-morrow.

Albert Colby.

Albert Colby, son of James and Mary (Stirling) Colby, the well-known author, publisher and bookseller, was born in Fryeburg, Me., Jan. 12, 1827. He was educated at Fryeburg Academy, and after completing his course of study at that institution he taught school several years. At the age of 21 he started out in life on his own account. He went to Lowell, and there engaged in business for a manufacturing company. Soon after he made arrangements with certain publishers to introduce school-books into Maine and New Hampshire. Not long after he went to Boston, and engaged in the business of publisher and bookseller. He also carried on the book trade in Richmond, Va., Baltimore, New York, Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Biddeford, Portland, Bangor, and many other cities of the Union. Mr. Colby has been an extensive publisher, and is himself, the author of several volumes; among them is a "History of the Bible," "The Roads to Heaven and Hell: Which Is Best?" "Reasons Why People Love to go to Hell," "Is It reasonable to Believe in the Resurrection of the Natural Body?" etc. In 1875 he published his autobiography, in which may be found the leading incidents of his life and a few of his poems. Oct. 23, 1850, he married Maria F. Dresser, of Lovell, Me., by whom he had four sons. The surviving son, John Stark, is now the able and versatile editor of the Lowell, Mass., *Vox Populi*. Said the old gentleman to a Lewiston friend who recently visited him at his home in Fryeburg: "I have lived threescore years, and am now in my last decade. I never longed for anything more than to go where my sons have gone. In yonder cemetery, about 40 rods from my house, are the graves of six generations of my people." Mr. Colby has written a volume of poems which a New York house has offered to publish. Specimens have been printed for gratuitous distribution among his friends. The following is the last poem, or hymn, written by Mr. Colby.

THE CHRIST VINE.

"*I am the Vine, ye are the branches.*"—John xv: 5.

In a hot and dusty country once there grew a lovely Vine;
 The fruit of it was wonderful—abundant and most fine;
 'T was a cure for all misfortunes, and the sick, the lame and blind
 Were healed of all their troubles if this treasure they could find.

O I'm clinging to the Vine, yes, I'm clinging to the
 Vine,
 For I'm working in God's vineyard, and I'm clinging
 to the Vine.

The wicked king of Babylon once dreamed he saw a tree
 O'erspreading every continent and reaching every sea;
 But the Vine that grew at Bethlehem exceeds this tree by far,
 For it grows beyond the clouds and it reaches every star.

O I'm clinging to the Vine, &c.

All nations and all peoples from this Vine are freely fed;
 It gives them food and shelter and a soft and downy bed;
 And by clinging to this Helper to heaven all may go,
 For the branches reach the angels, and the Bible tells us so.

If Death, that King of Terrors, should attack us here below,
 No danger can he bring to us if to this Vine we go;
 For Christ tells us in the Bible that His children never die,
 If they believe in Him and to follow Him they try.

The branches of this heavenly Vine can never live alone;
 If they are disconnected, our Lord will them disown.
 Apply, then, to the Master and seize fast upon the Vine—
 The Fountain-head of life, and love is yours as well as mine.

The branches being equal, should not on each other feed;
 The Husbandman will prune them as He knoweth each hath need.
 For Jesus is our Master, and we'll give Him all our love,
 And when earth-life is ended, we will rest with Him above.

The Christian's yoke is easy, and his burden is made light;
 By clinging to the Christ-Vine not a battle we need fight,
 For Jesus will protect us and we'll dwell with Him on high,
 Where sin and sorrow are unknown, beyond the earth and sky.

Edward Augustus Rand.

Rev. Edward A. Rand is a native of Portsmouth, N. H., born April 5, 1837. He fitted for college at the Portsmouth High School, and entered Bowdoin in 1853, graduating in 1857. After teaching high schools in Gardiner, Rye, N. H., Norridgewock, and Biddeford, he entered on theological study in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and completed his course in Bangor Seminary, where he graduated in 1863. He was ordained over the Congregational Church in Amesbury, Mass., in 1865, and settled over the E Street Congregational Church, in South Boston, Mass., in 1867, remaining until 1876. Declining the call of the Congregational Church in Franklin, Mass., where he preached for some time, he returned to South Boston, and, in the autumn of 1879, passed into the Protestant Episcopal Church, assuming care of Christ Church, Hyde Park, Mass., in 1880. He now resides in Watertown, Mass. Mr. Rand has published for young readers "The School and Camp," and "Bark Cabin Series," etc., and has been a frequent contributor, in both prose and verse, to the religious press.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

Is that a step upon the stairs,
 That makes its echo in the night?
 Not that: the rain creeps down the roof;
 I hear its footfalls hushed and light.

I do not wonder that I seemed
 To hear soft footsteps on the stairs;
 I've fancied so before, and oft
 Amid the silence of my prayers.

I cannot see, but fancy still
My sainted child looks in my face,
And think the shadow of a wing
Makes heavenly twilight in the place.

How oft within her eyes' blue depths
I looked as down some shaded aisle
That into heaven ran afar:
God only let me look awhile!

The bitter rain has dripped but twice
Since last I heard her little feet
Drop music all adown the stairs;
And now—they press the golden street.

Such music as the rain-drops make,
Those passing feet made every day;
One eve they stopped, and then I knew
That they had climbed the heavenly way.

POND-LILIES.

All through the day the lilies float,
Swayed gently by the drowsy streams,
As tired thoughts in sleep obey
The changing impulse of our dreams.

Through waters dead, who thought such life
Was creeping up the tangled stems,
To burst in bloom of snow and gold,
And sprinkle wide those floral gems?

In those dark depths, who thought such light
In folded bud was thus concealed,
To open into stars, with rays
As pure as those by night revealed?

Take heart, faint soul! and stay the grief
In whose sad presence man e'er weeps;
Up through life's dark and shaded depths
Some bloom of beauty ever creeps.

Some rays of light, in darkness hid,
Wait God's appointed, better day,
To break in stars whose peaceful beams
Shall shine around our darkened way

Oscar Laighton.

Oscar Laighton, born about 1837, has lived all his life thus far at the Isle of Shoals, having been brought up with his sister, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the distinguished authoress, elsewhere represented in this volume, at White Island, where their father kept a lighthouse. He was sixteen years old before he visited the mainland. For many years he and his brother, Codric, have kept the famous Appledore House, on Appledore Island, and are also proprietors of other summer hotels in the vicinity. They are cousins of the late Albert Laighton, of Portsmouth, N. H., whose poems are beautiful and finished productions, widely known and much admired. A poetic vein runs through all of this family, Albert's brother, Benjamin, who died in his native city in 1873, having been a metrical writer of more than ordinary ability.

SONG.

Sweet wind that blows o'er sunny isles
 The softness of the sea,
 Blow thou across these moving miles
 News of my love to me.

Ripples her hair like waves that sweep
 About this pleasant shore;
 Her eyes are bluer than the deep
 Round rocky Appledore.

Her sweet breast shames the scattered spray
 Soft kissed by early light:
 I dream she is the dawn of day
 That lifts me out of night.

AT SUNSET.

Come thou with me, dear love, and see the day
 Die on the sea, and o'er the distant land.
 This last faint glow of twilight fade away,
 The while I hold in mine thy gentle hand.

The lessening light gleams on yon leaning sail;
 Slowly the sun has sunk beyond the hill,
 And sombre night in silence draws her veil
 Over us two, and everything grows still,

Save where the tide, with constant ebb and flow
 Of wandering waves that greet the steadfast shore,
 Flashes fair forms of foam that falling throw
 Their ardent arms round rocky Appledore.

Faint, like a dream, comes the melodious cry
 Of far-off wild fowl calling from the deep;
 The rosy color leaves the western sky,
 Over the waves are spread the wings of sleep.

Silent a meteor falls into the night,
 Sweeping its silver shower across the stars;—
 Low down Arcturus sinks with waning light,
 High in the east climbs up the shining Mars.

And whispering by us with a silent kiss
 Comes the sweet south wind o'er the slumbering sea.
 Thou dearest! can such perfect joy as this
 Be always mine, to drift through life with thee?

John Staples White.

J. S. White is a son of the late Daniel White, of Portland, a gentleman well known highly esteemed as one of the prominent business men of that city. He attended Fville College—now Colby—and Law School at Harvard. Was admitted to Cumnd Bar July 17, 1860, and practiced in Portland and Chicago; but for some years has been engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native city.

TEMPTED AND BETRAYED.

The sweet entrancing twilight,
 Which clouds dull sense and wraps the soul in dreams,
 Which opes the heart and stirs its secret pulses,
 The Tempter chose.

He came with honeyed words,
 Disdained deceit, and pleased her willing ear
 With holy truths and high resolves.
 Honor on his brow seemed stamped,
 And beauty his, of purest mould;
 What specious masks men wear!
 He plead his feignéd love,
 And made unholy vows
 He dreamed not to fulfil;
 And then—he threw aside the veil,
 And calmly saw the ruin he had made;
 Nor prayer, nor tear, nor vain reproach
 Could move him.

On him the world still smiled;
 And none too high to do him homage.
 Proud dames of fairest fame,
 And maids, whom chance had left unscathed,
 Would nod, and smile, and greet with courteous mien,
 While she, in heart and thought so pure,
 Met only jest and sneer and scorn.
 The cruel finger pointed out her shame;

The curling lip and careless word
Stung anew a wounded heart;
She lived—but was a lifeless thing,
For hope and peace were dead within.

FRAGMENT.

So fashion, wisdom and wit,
Are part of an endless thread,
Loom-set, by Nature's ready hand,
To never-changing pattern wed.

DOUBT.

A way, away, I welcome not The shadow o'er me stealing;	Blind Cupid from behind a cloud, E'er twangs his fatal bow,
The past, the past may be forgot, The future bright revealing.	O'er reason wraps a final shroud,— I e'en would have it so,

For if my spirit's bright ideal,
With thee may not agree,
I fain would never know *the real*,
And die love's devotee.

Sarah Sophia Wilson Bennett.

Mrs. Sarah S. W. Bennett was born at Wilson's Mills, July 12, 1837, the second child of Alvan and Nancy (Lombard) Wilson, formerly of Westbrook. Her parents were among the first settlers of the backwoods of Maine in the region mentioned, and Sarah, at thirteen years of age, had never entered a school-house. Subsequently she attended school in Portland for some time, and then returned to her early home. She was married, in 1879, to N. K. Bennett, of Newry. Mrs. Bennett has been local correspondent for several papers, and occasionally writes sketches and poems.

IN PORTLAND.

Once more I tread thy well-known streets,
O city of my youthful love;
Time seems a dream, 'tis joy complete,
Among thy well-known scenes to rove.

I leave behind these last sad years,
So filled with sorrow, care and pain,
And catch, through the fast gathering tears,
A glimpse of my lost youth again.

My day, come back! O joy to crown
What health, and youth, and hope could win!
But joys were wrecked, and hopes went down,
Amid the leaf-clad city's din.

Now, walking lone, no smile to greet
 From faces strange, and cold eyes look
 Where once kind friends trod every street,
 And school-bells sang of rule and book.

The laugh and sneer—for youth untaught,
 That like its native hills, was wild,
 Now with no bitterness is fraught,—
 It deeply hurt the little child.

One last, fond look from Munjoy's hill,
 O'er ocean stretch, and sheltered bay;
 Ah! how my heart with rapture thrills,
 At sight of thy loved isles, to-day!

The sunlit shores bring back to me
 The face of many a youthful friend,
 That paced thy sands in happy glee,
 Nor thought that summer soon would end.

But autumn winds came all too soon,
 And bright hues that presage decay;
 The sun for some went down at noon,
 And I am left alone, to-day!

Virgil Parris Wardwell.

Virgil Parris Wardwell was born in the ancient town of Penobscot, Oct. 29, 1837. At the age of fifteen his family moved to Bucksport, where he went through the village schools and also the East Maine Conference Seminary. In the spring of 1851 he enlisted in the service of his country as a member of Company E, 6th Maine Regiment of Infantry. At the organization of the company he was elected 2d Lieutenant, which office he acceptably filled until promoted to 1st Lieutenant, which office he was forced to resign on account of malarial disease contracted in the swamps of Virginia. Returning home he was employed mostly in teaching in his adopted town. In 1871 he entered Harvard Divinity School, taking a special course. He has occasionally contributed articles to the press. His pieces were mostly published anonymously. He has written several novels which have been published. His only serial, "The Farmer at Buccaneer Cove," published in the *Portland Transcript*, "The Sergeant's Story" will be published in the *Youth's Companion*; besides these he has written several short stories, sketches, venture, etc. His attempts at poetry have been mostly at the solicitation of friends or manuscript papers, the publications of the village lyceum. Of course these fugitive poems have turned to prodigals, and gone into the "far country of forgetfulness—lamentable if they ever "come to themselves." "The Liberator," "Looking Back," "Watching by the Sea," give only a glimpse of Mr. Wardwell's mental character, capable of very humorous things. "The Adventures of a Snow Flake," which is long for this publication, is a very amusing conceit. He is at present the pastor of the Methodist Church at Ellsworth.

LOOKING BACK.

The farmer sits by the glowing hearth,
 Unmindful he of the wintry winds,

Under the snow lies the frozen earth;
 Memory's a harp—he touches the strings:—
 Once more the life-sustaining field
 With loads of harvest wealth is filled,
 The shadows dance on the mead's green shield,
 And wains of hay move o'er land well tilled.

The sailor sits in his cosy home,
 Unmindful he of the fields of grain,
 The breeze is hid in the mountain's dome,
 Yet the mind takes a harp and wakes a strain:
 Now the lap of waves sounds on his ear;
 Once more he sails the flowing sea;
 Once more the inviting harbor's near;
 And now the shore threats under the lee.

The soldier sits by his open door,
 Unmindful he of the peaceful land,—
 The flowers lie on the meadow-floor;
 But memory rouses like a martial band:
 Now the drum's long-roll sounds in his ear;
 Now sabres flash and cannons roar;
 Now the deadly charge fills him with fear;
 Now victory perches on a field of gore.

The old man sits in the twilight-land,
 Unmindful he of the evening dun,
 For memory waves her golden wand,—
 And he sees the blaze of the morning sun:
 Out of the grave of the buried years
 Come playmates, children and loving wife;
 Youth now in mirth, now smiling through tears,
 Beckons him back to the vales of life.

The past to us lifts a beck'ning hand,
 It calls us back to the days of yore,—
 Why wander there, 'tis a shadowy land?
 Our realm lies forward with happy store;
 "Sweet fields stand dressed in living green"
 Where living waters forever flow;
 Where War lies down, no more to dream,
 And Age receives its youth's lost glow.

O for the city where loved ones meet,
 Where strangers throng from a thousand lands;
 Though parted here, we there shall greet
 A white-robed host at God's right hand;

Leaving the past I'll press my way
O'er the flinty steeps of care and pain,
'Till I reach the clime of endless day
And a palm, and robe, and crown, I gain.

H. H. Browne.

H. H. Browne was born in the pleasant old town of Cornish, York County, Me., Nov. 15, 1837, being the ninth of a family of twelve children of John and Mary (Holmes) Browne. His father was a farmer and mill-owner, and among his first occupations were those of working upon the farm, and in the lumber and grist-mills. His earliest education was acquired at the district school. Later, at the academy in Limerick and the well-known seminaries at North Parsonsfield, Yarmouth, and Westbrook, Me., and Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., teaching and attending school alternately. After leaving the last named institution he studied law, and was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Maine, in York County, in 1862, and also to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in Essex County, in 1878. Was married in 1866, to Miss Emily M. Blazo, daughter of Robert T. Blazo, Esq., of North Parsonsfield, Me. Mr. Browne began to write verses while yet a youngster. The first printed were in the *Portland Transcript*. He has since been an occasional contributor of verse and prose to various literary and other publications. For several years he resided in Lowell—now living in Boston, Mass.

TO AN IMPORTED SKYLARK.

Born of a clime beyond the sea,
Whose hearts thy music prize,
Right gladly do we welcome thee,
Sweet songster of the skies.

Ethereal thing—spirit of air—
Voice of the shade and shine,
Thy coming makes the world more fair,
Like something half divine.

A spirit art thou, pure, benign,
To bless the summer long,
In joy and grief, and cloud and shine,
With music of thy song.

A spirit art thou—hope's glad voice—
Strong-pinioned, blithe and free,
To make the listener's heart rejoice,
And soar aloft with thee.

Though oft her minstrels, too, may sing
Their songs with wondrous art,
Yet none such wealth of song can bring
To cheer the list'ner's heart.

In heavenward flight at morning hour,
Flecking the blue so high,
Thy notes of cheer, like sunlit shower,
Fall sparkling from the sky.

Though thing of air, or light or shade,
 Whatever thou mayst be,
 Or if in this thy home be made,
 Or if in climes beyond the sea,

 Still blithely sing thy gleeful lay,
 On heavenward pinions high,
 And wake with joy the summer day,
 Sweet minstrel of the sky.

ILLUSION.

Down the long slope of the hillside
 Spreads the green-fringed turf—
 Down where the belt of sand,
 Like a border to the land,
 Bounds the surf.

Eyes may gaze till vision wearies
 Where white sails, like phantoms, wend
 O'er the trackless waste of blue,
 Till sea and sky in mingled view
 Meet and blend.

Tranquil days, when hangs the haze-light
 Dreamfully o'er sea and land,
 Far beyond the vision's sweep
 Deep blue mirrors the blue deep,
 Grandly grand.

In the ages that are numbered,
 Toilers there, with pick and spade,
 Formed the seaward sloping turf,
 From the summit to the surf,
 In even grade.

And a stately mansion reared they—
 Stately and of princely worth—
 Now a lonely ruin, tumbling,
 Day by day to atoms crumbling
 Back to earth.

Storm-worn battlement and tower,
 Voiceless halls where black bats sleep;
 Ghastly windows, cold, unsightly,
 From which ghostly eyes gaze nightly
 O'er the deep.

Images and idols broken,
Trackless walks to weeds upgrown,
Vines unpruned from which no fruit drops,
Sombre pines among whose sad tops
Winds make moan,—

These are there, but whither passed they,—
They who gazed so long before,
O'er the moonlit sea that glistened,
Or, when tempest-tost, who listened
To its roar?

Still, as erst, are white ships sailing
Phantom-like across the blue—
Some are laden—some are light—
Some are beaconed by false light—
Some by true.

And the sailors, gazing landward,
Dream how fair the scene may be.
Knowing not the gloom and blight
Of the palace on the height
By the sea.

So with wistful eyes they gaze
All the day and all the night;
Dreaming their illusive dreams
That the scene is what it seems,
Always bright.

While the eyes of phantoms peer
From its windows, ghast and cold;
From its gloom and silence drear,
As it crumbles, year by year,
Back to mold.

Voyagers o'er the sea of life,
'Lured by Fancy's gilded ray,
Gaze beyond the blessings nigh
To illusive scenes that lie
Far away.

Leander S. Coan.

Rev. L. S. Coan, author of the famous poem "Better in the Mornin'," was born in Exeter, Me., Nov. 17, 1837, and graduated at the Theological Seminary at Bangor, in 1862, and was ordained, as a Congregational minister, over the church in Amherst. In 1864 he enlisted as a private in the 61st Massachusetts Volunteers, with the promise that, when the battalion of six companies was increased to a full regiment, entitling them to a chaplain, he should have that position. But till the close of the war the regiment was

never filled. He acted throughout as chaplain, but was uncommissioned. In many of his patriotic ballads he referred to himself as the "Parson." After the war he preached at Boothbay, three years; Brownville, three years; Bradford, six months; Somerset and Fall River, Mass., three years, and at Alton, N. H., about five years. He died Sept. 23, 1879. Mr. Coan was a valiant soldier and patriot, and an enthusiastic Free Mason. A volume of his poems, which had a large sale, was published in 1880.

BETTER IN THE MORNIN'.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want you to go
Down and look in upon her,
An' read and pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' round,
A-pullin' my whiskers an' hair,
A-climbin' up to the table
Into her little high-chair.

"The first night that she took it,
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good-night to papa,
And went away to bed,
Sez she, 'T is headache, papa,
Be better in mornin'—bye!
An' somethin' in how she said it
Jest made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
An' her little hands grew hot,
An' the pretty red uv her little cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot.
But she lay there jest ez patient
• Ez ever a woman could,
Takin' whatever we gave her
Better'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow,
An' she's grown wuss in each;
An' now she's jest a-slippin'
Clear away out uv our reach.
Every night when I kiss her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in moruin'—bye!'

"She can't get through the night, parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
An' talk with mother a little,—
You'll know jest what to say;

Not that the baby needs it,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think he's needin'
The smile uv the little saint."

* * * *

I walked along with the Corporal
To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger
Before me had also come;
And if he had been a titled prince
I would not have been honored more
Than I was with his heart-felt welcome
To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again on the cottage;
They move in silence and dread
Around the room where the baby
Lies panting upon her bed.
"Does baby know papa, darling?"
And she moves her little face
With answer that shows she knows him;
But scarce a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
Remains as it was before
The unseen silent messenger
Had waited at their door.
"Papa—kiss—baby. I's so tired!"
The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted
In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,
While her husky, whispered tenderness
Tears from a rock would bring.
"Baby—is—so—sick—papa—
But—don't—want—you—to—cry;"
The little hand falls on the coverlet,
"Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

And night around baby is falling,
Settling down dark and dense;
Does God need their darling in heaven
That he must carry her hence?

I prayed with tears in my voice,
 As the Corporal solemnly knelt,
 With grief such as never before
 His great warm heart had felt.

O frivolous men and women!
 Do you know that round you and nigh,
 Alike from the humble and haughty,
 Goeth up evermore the cry:
 "My child! my precious! my darling!"
 How can I let you die!"
 O hear ye, white lips whisper,
 "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

John Nelson Irish.

John Nelson Irish was born in Buckfield, Jan. 23, 1838. From birth to the age of twenty years he lived on the old homestead situated on the southern slope of "North Hill," which overlooks as beautiful a view of land and water (the blue winding Nexin-scot) as "e'er the sun shone on." He attended the little red school-house on "South Hill," a mile away, and the village high school, working on his father's farm when the home duties were the most urgent. He taught his first school when 18 years of age. At 20 he went to seek his fortune in the far Southwest, and nearly met his death. On the North Fork of the Licking River in Germantown, Ky., he spent one sick year, when his father went to take him home. But the old home had passed out of the possession of the family, and a new one gained in the town of Rumford, a mile above the Cataract, where he has resided since, tilling the farm, teaching district schools and engaging in dramatic entertainments when his services have been required, and giving lectures on different topics. He never married, and he lives alone with his mother since his father died in 1879. He has written but little verse of late years, and does not lay claim to any special gift as a rhyme-builder. He has no ambition for political preferment whatever, nor does he find himself longing for notoriety. His ambition is to raise good crops and to cause "a half-dozen blades of grass," more or less, "to grow where but one grew before." He has written often for the *Home Farm*, of late, and occasionally for other papers. He now furnishes humorous and other articles for the *Canton Telephone*.

EVELYN.

Fallen asleep in the flush of the morning
 On the green, sunny slope of life's mystical hill.
 Weariness came in her youth's early dawning
 And her tired hands fell, and her young heart is still.

Sweet is her rest underneath the wide willow,
 Undisturbed by the tread of the world passing by;
 Death scattered poppy-leaves under her pillow
 And she cannot awaken to smile or to sigh.

Fairest of maidens, all others excelling,
 She had dawned in my soul like a beautiful star;
 Light shone again in my long-darkened dwelling,
 Faith and love entered there that had lingered afar.

Vanished from sight, and now aimless I wander,
With a grave in my heart and a grave by the sea;
Is there a land and a home over yonder,
With the comforts of life for my darling and me?

WAITING.

I have waited for thy coming
Many years;
And my heart is tossed and tortured
With its fears.
In night visions I behold thee
Far away,
And I wake to love thee only,
All the day.
Time, the wrecker and destroyer,
Down the air
Sifts the white sand through his fingers
On my hair.
To the borders of life's winter
Drawing nigh,
And the harvest-moon is fading
In the sky.
Through the summer-woods I've wandered
All alone,
With a weight upon my spirit
Like a stone.
I have sown beside all waters—
Loving thee—
In the shadow and the sunshine
Warm and free.
I had hoped to reap right early
Something sweet,
And a something that would make
My home complete.
Love was given, nothing doubting,
Lavishly,
Strong and constant, never changing
As the sea.
I am sad and I am lonely,
Weary, too;
If there's truth outside of heaven,
Thou art true;
And I'll wait as I have waited,
Evermore,
For the music of thy footstep
At my door.

Abba Goold Woolson.

This lady, favorably known as an author and lecturer, is the daughter of Hon. William Goold, a resident of Windham, who has rendered useful service to the historical interests of the State. She was born in Windham, April 30, 1838, and her early life was passed in Portland, where she was educated in the High School of that city. In 1856 she became the wife of its principal, Mr. Moses Woolson—an eminent teacher, who subsequently held a similar position in High Schools of Cincinnati, Boston, and Concord, N. H. In the latter city, which is her husband's native place, Mrs. Woolson resided ten years. Their home is now in Boston. She is the author of three volumes, entitled "Women in American Society," "Dress Reform," and "Browsing among Books," all published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Of late years she has given courses of lectures on English Literature in connection with History, in Boston, Washington, New York, and other cities. Her poetry consists of fugitive pieces, not yet collected into a volume.

MAINE'S QUEEN-CITY.

EXTRACT FROM A CENTENNIAL POEM.

Ye bid me wake, with touch unskilled and weak,
 The mighty harp that elder bards have strung;
 Ye bid my faltering voice essay to speak
 A city's joy, where nobler strains have rung.
 Nor festal hymn, nor gladsome lay were mine
 Should once her poets to my vision rise,
 Like those wrapt singers that the Florentine
 Beheld with reverent eyes;
 And mute were I did venturous thought recall
 That laureled name on London's minster-wall.

Yet leaps my heart to celebrate the fame
 Of that dear city which we proudly boast
 Oldest and largest that our State can claim
 In all her leagues of bay-indented coast.
 From East to West, throughout her broad domains,
 Swept by their lordly rivers flowing free,
 In lake-strewn forests and pine-mantled plains
 No spot so fair to see:
 Within her far-famed bay she sits serene,
 Of all Maine's cities the acknowledged queen.

Like posted sentinels in outer courts,
 Her guards and watchmen stand on many a steep,
 That she may dwell secure; three frowning forts
 Train their long guns in menace o'er the deep,
 With call imperious challenging her foes;
 Scanning that ocean path by night, by day,
 The old red tower on her hill-top knows
 What rovers seek her bay;
 While headland lights, like torches o'er the foam
 Of darkling waters, guide her wanderers home.

Child of the sea, her eager looks are sent
Towards distant Europe, o'er the rolling surge;
Behind her spreads a teeming continent,
Herself the mistress of its eastern verge.
Yet linking her with far Pacific lands
Speed the great engines rushing to and fro
O'er the straight pathway of their iron bands;
While swift her white ships go,
Like gleaming shuttles, flying o'er the main
To English ports, or shores of France and Spain.

Her roving sailors, from their floating decks,
Descry no lands so lovely as her own:
How bright soe'er the realm, it little recks
To them what splendors gild a foreign zone.
And though her sons may rear their homesteads well
On southern plain and many a western farm,
Where love and fortune weave a potent spell,
She holds a lasting charm:
Long years may pass, and wide her children roam,
Yet on her hearth-stones burn the fires of home.

In summer's sunshine every land is fair;
But fair are her dear coasts in sun or shade;
Nor winter's sleet, nor August's sultry air,
Can make her other than fond nature made:
Better her ocean gales, her spray-swept shore,
Her fog-clouds driven o'er the shivering land,
Her wild tempestuous breakers, and their roar,
Than alien zephyrs bland.
No storms can wreck her beauty; clearer glows
Her freshened lustre, like a rain-dashed rose.

For nature loves her well; a verdurous wood
Of waving boughs seems sheltering the town;
And Vaughan's old oaks, a mighty brotherhood,
On Bramhall stand; though pines no longer crown
Munjoy's broad slopes descending to the sea.
In swaying elms the wild bird builds her nest;
Across these ancient gardens still the bee
Goes murmuring on her quest;
And, searching for lost springs, the dragon-fly,
On wings of steely gauze, darts whirring by.

For man alone has not possessed this spot,
This strip of land between encircling seas;

The tiny races whom we value not
Have danced their summer revels down the breeze,
And lightly slept within their native earth;
And still their kindred in the sunbeams dwell.
We know no story of their nation's birth,
Of them no records tell;
But nature's self their passing lives may scan
As parts essential to her perfect plan.

Not all the ships that in its haven ride
Can take one native charm from Casco Bay;
Dark, plamy forests swing above the tide
On island shores, where still, in careless play,
The wild duck floats, the lonely plover calls;
In wave-washed nooks, by human eye unseen,
The glistening kelp forever lifts and falls;
And silvery birches lean,
In sunny coves, above the hard, white sand,
Where glides no skiff, no rover seeks the land.

When home-bound from the deep, a tiny shape
On dancing waves, the fisher's boat is seen,
Rounding the eastern shores of that broad cape
Named at her death for England's mighty queen,
How welcome to his gaze each curving line
From Scarboro's river-Points to Barberry creek!
At Spurwink's mouth the long, white beeches shine;
Beyond, his glances seek
Richmond's lone island, on whose farthest edge
Breaks the wild surf o'er Watts's fatal ledge.

Its quiet farm-house has no tale to tell
Of vanished fleets and storehouses and pier;
His fancy hears no pealing chapel-bell,
Nor sees young Parson Jordan sauntering near,
Joining the captains from their busy ships,
And Mistress Sarah in her London gown,
And passing in to pray with fervent lips
For good King Charles's crown.
Nor does his thought that earlier vision hold
Of slaughtered trader, and his buried gold.

Near the Two Lights, where dangerous waters glide,
He hears old Anthony's unceasing knell;
Through Portland Roads he hurries with the tide
Past their white tower, and feels the rising swell
That rocks the skiffs in Simonton's broad cove;
From Preble's rampart booms the sunset gun

O'er Cushing's Point, where erst a village throve;
 And now the sunken sun
 Crimsoned the wave, where gleaming silks outblown
 Once scarfed a sea with priceless wreckage strewn.

To one who sits upon the cliff afar,
 Noting the waning splendors of the light,
 He moves, a floating speck, behind the bar
 Of Stanford's ledge, and soon is lost to sight.
 Against the lingering radiance of the west,
 With dome and slender steeples ranged a-row,
 The tree-embowered city on her crest
 Burns in a golden glow;
 While warmer tints, that through the waters play,
 Flush the far sails and mantle all the bay.

Like lovely Venice throned above the tide,
 At such an hour the glimmering city seems;
 Or some rich caravan, at eve descried
 Nigh to Damascus, journeying in our dreams.
 And when the misty branches sway and glance,
 We see an army's glittering legions stand,—
 With blazing standards lifted to advance;
 One signal of command,
 And the great host shall move forever by,
 Their floating banners sweeping down the sky.

Susan Rhyce Beckwith.

Born at Lubec, Me., May 4, 1838; married May 30, 1854; died June 2, 1872. Her daughter writes of her: "She was possessed of rare intelligence and wit, with a warm poetic temperament. Owing to delicate health and household care, her finished literary work was small; and, dying at the early age of thirty-four, much that might have been perfect fruit lay undone. To her children she is a tender blessed memory." The poem of "The Fisher's Wife" seems to have derived some color from a deep sorrow fallen upon her in her latest days, the sudden, violent death of a little daughter. This baby girl was killed by a lumber-wagon that had paused before their gate. Going to find her little child, she was smitten with the sight of its crushed body lying in the road, and the flutter of its little dress, on that gusty day, haunted her till she left our land of winter behind her. The following poem made its first appearance in the *St. John Telegraph*.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

Lonely, desponding—the gathering gloom
 Slowly filling the quiet room—
 Sits the fisher's wife, with disheveled hair;—
 What does she see in the darkness there?
 Outside, the breakers, with sullen dash
 Fling high their spray to the window-sash,
 That, by the fitful gleams of the moonlight thrown,
 Seems like prison-bars on her floor of stone.

On this same night, ten years before,
 While the angry sea lashed the rock-bound shore,
 She, anxiously watching, trimmed her light;—
 And the waves were cold, and the moon was bright.

“Let the light, my lass, by the cottage door,”
 Said the fisher that morn as he sought the shore;
 “The moon will be up when I come to-night;
 Her wake once crossed, I shall be all right.”

With earnest eye, since the waning day,
 She had followed the moon in her upward way,
 And her quivering wake on the midnight sea,
 If there the looked-for boat might be.

'Mong the rocks, where shadows so darksomely hide,
 Where the sea-foam that wreathed them was gone with the tide
 With tight'ning hands o'er the sickening heart,
 With blanching cheek, and lips apart—
 Like a statue she stood, so cold and white,
 Searching, but vainly, into the night.

A tiny form with outstretched hands,
 And pink feet glancing among the sands,
 And a baby voice—“Mamma, mamma!”
 But the merciless sea, shock after shock,
 Assaulting the solid towering rock
 With fearful echoes, re-echoing far,
 Swallows the cry;

Did'st thou hear it not?

* * * * *

There's a desolate heart and an empty cot.

And that little form, uncoffined and white,
 Revealed by the gleams of the pale moonlight,
 As pulseless it lay on the surf-washed shore,
 Shall rest on her memory evermore.

'Tis this she sees in that quiet room,
 Where all is wrapped in the gathering gloom;
 And alone—God help her! she sits apart,
 With folded hands and a broken heart!

Moses Owen.

Moses Owen was born in Bath, July, 1838, and graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1861. He was the author of two volumes of verse, the last issued being entitled "Plymouth Church, and other Poems," published at Portland, in 1873. In a review of Mr. Owen's poetical works, Mrs. Sarah P. E. Hathorne truthfully says: "His poems

characterized by patriotic feeling and a deeply religious sentiment. They have been widely read. His was a poet's nature; he loved the woods, to see the wild bird mirror his form in some lonely lake; to watch the white-winged ships sail down the Kennebec. Early did this poet love 'Casco's fair islands,' and summer was the season whose voices he always sung." Mr. Owen's death occurred in the hospital, at Augusta, November, 1878.

THE RETURNED MAINE BATTLE-FLAGS.

Nothing but flags—but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the host of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and, blessing, died.

Nothing but flags—yet, methinks, at night
They tell each other their tales of fright;
And dim spectres come and their thin arms twine
'Round each standard torn as they stand in line!
As the word is given,—they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
And once again through the smoke and strife,
Those colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags—yet they're bathed with tears,
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;—
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed, of the coming day!
Silent, they speak, and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot,
Their flags come home—why come *they* not?

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death!
Nothing but flags, yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips be dumb!
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags at home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

THE MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL FAIR.

A State, united, hastens with loving hands
To wreath sweet garlands that can never fade;

Love binds each flower with her soft silken bands,
Her voice is gentle, yet it is obeyed.

* * * * *

Sweet time of June! thy lengthening days shall bring
Treasures untold to crown the Summer's day;
Each blade of grass and fragrant flower shall sing,
That Love keeps watch and ward for aye and aye.
The farthest east speaks to the distant west,
And north and south clasp hands at Mercy's call;
The feast is ready—no reluctant guest
Comes to the table Love has spread for all.
What nobler thought than in the human heart
Sweet Pity finds a place nor yet has flown;
Does Sorrow call?—the tear unchecked will start,
And Love proclaims that Maine will guard her own.

Rebecca Ruth Pierce.

This lady—who preserves in an unusual degree the freshness and cheerfulness of earlier life—has her home in the quiet riverside town of Orrington, where she was born August 3, 1838, the ninth of a family of twelve children. When but fifteen years old she began to court the muses, and her first verses were printed under the signature, "Rebecca." The greater number of her poems have appeared in the *Bangor Whig and Courier*, to which paper she has regularly contributed during the past sixteen years. In these writings are seen her love of nature and of home, her sympathy with children, her reverence for age, her simple piety, her hopefulness and tenderness. While in her verse we discover how much alive she is to others, we also discern

"The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on her own heart."

Miss Pierce has recently returned from an extended trip in Southern California.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Within a pleasant vale it stands—
The quiet homestead, quaint and old:
Dearer than wealth of all the lands,
Its memories I hold.

Tender and sweet they are to me;
And yet not all unmixed with pain;
Like April days they seem to be
Woven of sun and rain.

'T is still unchanged by Time's rude hand;
It wears no look of drear decay:
There is to me in all the land
No fairer spot to-day.

Yet, softly brooding over all,
There lingers in each quiet room
A shadow that doth ever fall
With touch of wintry gloom,

For some, alas! have gone from sight,
Who walked with us the long years through,
And made the dear old home more bright;—
We who are left are few.

When Night doth draw her curtain round,
We feel, unseen they hover near—
That 'mid the silent hush profound,
They come—the dead and dear!

They come, methinks, and as of old,
While glide the solemn hours apace,
They, in the old-time likeness, hold
Each his accustomed place.

For O, the river is not wide;
Love leaps all barriers we know;
And loved ones on the other side
Do oftentimes come and go.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

One day, not long ago, there came to me
On speedy wings from a far distant land,
Across the continent, from sea to sea,
A letter, traced in a familiar hand.

A letter from a friend it proved to be;—
Sweet words of love and friendly cheer from one
Who, long since, hand in hand with destiny,
Went far away toward the setting sun.

Children we were together, she and I;
Our heads in infancy one pillow pressed;
We listened to the self-same lullaby,
Cradled upon a tender mother's breast.

With homesick yearning for a kindred face
To cheer her loneliness, she bade me come
Across the intervening breadth of space,
And be the welcome sharer of her home.

And as I laid the tender missive by,
 My thoughts wandered afar in silent quest
 To others, loved as true and tenderly,
 Who, one by one, went from the dear home nest.

From that far city in the Silent Land
 Do they not, too, send greetings o'er the sea?—
 For well I know each one of that dear band
 Is waiting on the other shore for me.

For the pale boatmen they are watching there,
 To bring me safely o'er the silent flood,
 To that bright city, fairest of the fair,
 Whose builder and whose architect is God.

LITTLE ONES.

Little ones, claiming our care—
 Heaven-lent treasures are they:
 Flowers, making fragrant and fair
 Life's dull and desolate way:
 Glad as a bird on the wing;
 Easily grieved or beguiled;
 A tender and delicate thing
 Is the innocent heart of a child.

Make pleasant the paths for their feet;
 Make the little ones glad while you may;
 The morning of life is so fleet—
 So quickly it passes away;
 Too soon will the swift-flying years,
 Care-laden, appear in their turn;
 And, written in sorrow and tears,
 The lessons of life they will learn.

Sweet human blossoms are they,
 Claiming our tenderest care,
 And making us better each day,
 And stronger life's burdens to bear;
 Kindness and love are their due,
 And words that are pleasant and mild;
 There is nothing so tender and true
 As the sensitive heart of a child.

Henry Melville King.

Rev. Henry Melville King was born in Oxford, Me., Sept. 3, 1838, and is a son of the late Samuel H. King, and a brother of Hon. Marquis F. King, ex-Mayor of Portland. The family removed from Oxford to Portland, in February, 1845. Studied at the Park Street Grammar School under Masters Jackson and Pickering, and was fitted for college at the High School under Prof. Moses Lyford, being in the same class with Rev. Edward N. Pomeroy and Rev. Joseph W. Morse. He entered Bowdoin College in 1855, and graduated in 1859. He was the Poet at the anniversary of the Athenæan Society in 1859. His oration at the commencement was a poem, which closed with a tribute to Prof. Parker Cleaveland, who died during his senior year. Having chosen the profession of the ministry, he entered the Baptist Theological Institution at Newton Centre, Mass., where he remained three years, graduating in June, 1862. Was ordained at the Free Street Baptist Church in Portland, in August, 1862, and returned to the Theological Seminary as Associate Professor in the Hebrew Language. Accepted the invitation of the Dudley Street Baptist Church in Roxbury, Mass., (now Boston) to become its pastor, and assumed the duties of that office in April, 1863. Received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Colby University in 1877. Remained pastor of the same church in Boston for nearly nineteen years, and in January, 1882, accepted the call of the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Albany, N. Y., where he now resides.

TO REV. HENRY S. BURRAGE, D. D.

ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

There's some mistake; it cannot be!
Are my eyes blurred that they can't see?
Fifty? No, no, there's something wrong,
I'll not believe it without proof,—
Proclaim it not upon the roof.
He's hale and hearty, young and strong;
The almanac tells not the truth,—
There's some mistake; it cannot be!
I know him well; he's but a youth.

There's some mistake; it cannot be!
Does time go faster than to me?
And I'm just turning—never mind.
Why fifty's half a hundred! True!
'Tis past the zenith in the blue
Of life's fair sky; and so you'll find
In the birth-register, forsooth,
There's some mistake; it cannot be,
I know him well; he's but a youth.

Fact! He left "Brown" in sixty-one;
And when at "Newton" he'd begun,
His soul was fired with patriot zeal,
And forth he went to Freedom's war,
And served three years, and bears the scar,
And deeper wounds than flesh can feel,
In memories of those bitter years,
Of battles lost and battles won,
When earth was drenched in blood and tears.

And when at length from sea to sea
Peace was proclaimed, the slaves were free,
And all the land with gladness thrilled,
 He turned him to his books again,
 That he might preach to dying men
The Gospel with God's mercy filled.
 His studies finished, then began,
After a year in Germany,
 Life's work for truth, and God, and man.
 "The pen is mightier than the sword,"
And both he's wielded for the Lord.
With voice and type he's utterance given
 To God's whole truth by him received,
 And firmly, honestly believed,
As it should be by one whom Heaven
 Has called to make it known, and sent
To preach this Word revealed, adored
 As its last Will and Testament.
The studious years have quickly fled,
As by the Holy Spirit led,
Within that modern wilderness
 He's sought the tempted, who have died
 For love of Him once crucified,
The Anabaptists, German, Swiss,
 And brought to light the hidden truth
Of noble souls whose blood was shed—
 With all the ardor of his youth.
The books he's written, who can tell ?
The work he's done, and done so well ?
But then, his life's a busy one,
 No idling vain with weak desire,
 But all the irons in the fire;
'Tis thus by him success is won,
 And so he's lived a life intense,
A life not measured by the bell,
 And lived for God and truth's defence.
I'll not believe it. Why, just see
How young he looks, friend H. S. B !
The way to reckon is reversed.
 The past is not of life the test,
 But its large promise for the rest;
And last there are that shall be first.
 Who says he's fifty ? State the truth,
There's some mistake; it cannot be !
 I know him well; he's but a youth.

John Davis Long.

Hon. John D. Long, the thirty-second governor of Massachusetts, and whose "wise, prudent administration reflected great credit upon himself," was born in Buckfield, Me., Oct. 27, 1838, the youngest of four children. To his father, Zuloc Long, whose poetical talent is elsewhere represented in this volume, John was largely indebted for his scholarly training and moral guidance. Our author had an early fondness for books, and his systematic methods of study enabled him, at the age of nine, to enter Hebron Academy. He gained admittance to Harvard College at the age of fourteen, and at once took high rank. He was the author of the class ode, sung on Commencement day. After leaving college, Mr. Long was Principal of the time-honored Westford Academy two years, winning the esteem of his pupils and the love of the whole people. From Westford he passed to the Harvard Law School; was admitted to the bar in 1861, and opened an office in his native town. After a two years stay, his ambition led him to try his fortunes in Boston, and being blessed with robust health and a faculty of dispatching office-business with remarkable rapidity and correctness, he was soon "at the top of the ladder." Making his home in Hingham, in 1875 he was elected to represent the Second Plymouth District in the Legislature: re-elected in 1876; Speaker of the House for two successive years; Lieutenant-Governor in 1878, and Governor from 1879 until 1883; Member of Congress for 48th, 49th and 50th Congresses. Mr. Long has been twice married; his first wife was Mary W. Glover, of Hingham, who died during the years of his governorship; his present wife, to whom he was married May 22, 1886, was Agnes Pierce. Mr. Long was a contributor to the press at an early age; he published a translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* in Boston, in 1879, and a volume of original poems—"Bites of a Cherry," dedicated to his father. Both books were very favorably received. His inaugurals and public addresses abound in graceful diction, and are invested with more than ephemeral interest.

TO MY WIFE.

PER ASTRA AD CŒLUM.

Time was I loved your soulful eyes
For their own sake—nor now repent,
So soft the love-light in them lies—
Of every mood so eloquent!

Time was I loved the stars and skies
For their own sake—nor now less fond;
Yet now far past their range my eyes
Go searching for the heaven beyond.

So, searching through your eyes, mine grope
Ah! not in vain, to find within,
The heaven of my immortal hope,
The soul-life of diviner kin.

Thus your dear eyes long since have been
Not more the light by which I trod
Than gateways where I entered in
To breathe the love and peace of God.

MARGARET.

I am a little three-year old;
My eyes are heaven, my hair is gold.
What heaven and gold are, I don't know:
But what I mean is, ma says so.

Waked by the birdies and the sun,
 Till night I chatter and I run,
 And am so happy all day through
 I make all others happy, too.

They say my face is sweet and fair
 Beneath the big brown hat I wear:
 Sometimes I stick it with a trim
 Of dandelions round the brim.

At night when tire my little feet
 I'm glad my bread and milk to eat,
 In mamma's lap my head I lay;
 This is the prayer I always say—

" Now I lay me down to sleep,
 Father in heaven, take care of me:
 May my sleep be sound and sweet,
 And my waking happy be."

In bed, tucked safe from harm and cold,
 Shadows and slumber round me fold:
 Sometimes I dream that one by one
 The brown mice o'er my pillow run.

HELEN.

Helen is aged two.
 Look at the tender blue
 Her eyes have tempted from the heavenliest patches in the skies!
 Look at her rose-tint face,
 The ineffable fine grace
 That in its smiles and dimples everywhere upon it lies!

Had lady's hand e'er such
 An inborn grace of touch?
 Could nestling head more gently woo, forgiving or forgiven?
 Did ever mouth put up,
 Or bud, so fresh a cup?
 Or little feet make doorway seem so like the gate of heaven?

Father, enfold, I pray,
 This little lamb alway!
 My arm and love will such poor shelter be in storm or stress,
 That O! may Thy great arm
 Keep her dear feet from harm,
 And Thy great love enwrap her in its perfect happiness!

AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little, just like her.

Ah, little lips, you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering;
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago!

I at my father's fireside sit,
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little, just like me.

Sarah Brown Earle.

Sarah Brown Earle was born Oct. 22, 1835, in East Baldwin, Me. She is the daughter of Cyrus S. Brown, of East Baldwin, who was grandson of the famous Capt. David Brown, of Concord, Mass., whose company was the first to fire on the British troops at Concord Bridge. Her mother was Mary, daughter of Major Paul Burnham, of Parsonsfield, Me. Aside from the home schools, public and private, she attended the academy at Limerick, and at Fryeburg, Me., and taught in district schools, between terms, for most of the years from fourteen to twenty-four years old, - the last five teaching constantly. On Feb. 7, 1865, she was married to Oliver K. Earle, of Worcester, Mass., in which place she still lives. Mr. Earle died in 1868. Since that time the work of charities and schools has engaged her interest, having served nine consecutive years on the school-board of Worcester.

MAINE IN CALIFORNIA.

[From a poem written for the California meeting of the sons and daughters of Maine.]

Against the adverse winds of fate
That over young ambitions blow,
Strong scions from the Pine Tree State
Stand fast and grow;
True Pilgrim stock, though gnarled and old,
Bears grafting in a land of gold.

And while they seem to toss about
As wild misfortunes o'er them sweep,
They're making fibre tough and stout,
And rooting deep,
Till History's unbiased pen
Shall register Maine's honored men.

They're ready with a helping hand,
And have been since the time of old,
When Plymouth's struggling Pilgrim band,
Hungered and cold,

From Pemaquid met friendly aid
In Charity's sweet spirit paid.

They started at the first alarm
Of Revolution's bugle trill,
Maine soldiers stood with lifted arm
At Bunker Hill.

They did not loiter by the way,
And lose their chance in that great day.

And when our latest peril came,
The first cry struck Maine's listening ear;
She felt the quick heroic flame
And answered "Here."

No word of praise or lauded name
Can add new lustre to her fame.

But how her truest, noblest braves
Met that fierce conflict, and how well,
Let five and twenty thousand graves
Of patriots tell!
"Maine's quota's full," is heard again,
When numbering the hosts of slain.

We like to turn the pages back,
Read primer life in slow review,
Climb the old straight and rugged track,
Unlike the new,
Which winds and circles round our creeds,
To fit our mazy, shifting needs.

Our stern, cold winters, crisp and rough,
Deep-drifted snow and ice-bound rills,
Found boys and girls with grit enough
To slide down hills,
And test Geometry's device,
On Saco or Sebago ice.

Or find where maple orchards grow,
Rude sugar-camps in early spring,
Where rustic pairs o'er crusted snow,
While sleigh-bells ring,—
Soft chiming bells—declare their loves
And seal their fates in sugar-groves.

Hard times but made the children brave
To clear rough obstacles away;

And "nothing venture, nothing have,"
Is true to day.
The power to stem an adverse tide
Has made Maine men our boast and pride.

When Down-East urchins found their world
Half buried in new-fallen snow,
In pathless hills and valleys whirled,
 And miles to go,
The thought of staying home from school
Was far too much against the rule.

Ox-teams and wood-sleds breaking way
Bore precious loads of eager youth;
Faith, pluck and shovels won the day
 In search of truth.
A rosy, hooded, mittened band
Went forth, warm-wrapped by mother's hand.

It was so in the long ago;
I hope the custom lingers yet,
A privilege in worth will grow
 When hard to get;
A day at school was worth the while
Of shoveling drifts a good long mile.

Before a blazing fire of oak
Our sides in turn its warmth would feel,
While Latin verbs and Greek roots woke
 Our classic zeal.
And so the boys sought Bowdoin's shade,
The girls true Yankee school-ma'ams made.

School-ma'ams in Maine! the name implies
A brave, self-educated band,
In training stern for mothers wise,
 In this new land;
When our boys came new homes to find,
They did not leave their girls behind.

They bear their full and equal share
In building homes and church and school,
Where woman's counsel, love and care
 May help to rule,
And on the rocking ship of state
Become the pilot's trusted mate.

If Maine is to her motto true,
 And, doing all things, bravely leads,
 With eagle vision should she view
 Her highest needs,
 Nor give her soaring pinions rest
 Till she has found and won the best,—

Till better than a mine of gold,
 Or pinnacles of tottering fame,
 Shall prove the title she shall hold
 In her fair name;
 Unsullied honor shall she gain
 And wear her crest without a stain.

Mary J. Cummings.

This author is a native of Bowdoinham, and resides at Brunswick. She was born 1838, and has followed literature as a profession, having contributed to more than thirty different papers and magazines. Has also published two books. She is least known by her real name, having nearly always written over a *nom de plume*.

SUMMER-TIME.

Times and seasons onward glide,
 Like a swiftly rolling tide,
 Till the past to us doth seem
 Like a vision or a dream;
 And the future's tidal waves
 May roll over wrecks and graves;
 But oh, let no rude alarms
 Mar the summer evening charms.

Soft the air—the evening star
 Shines beyond the hills afar.
 Through the twilight's purple gloom
 Steals a subtle, sweet perfume,
 As if fairies, all unseen,
 Swing their censers o'er the green.
 And the fire-flies—giddy things!—
 With their lanterns 'neath their wings,
 Search among the shrubs and flowers
 For the hidden elfin-bowers.

Overhead the quivering leaves
 Throb responsive to the breeze.
 Mid the flags a sound is made
 Like the rustle of brocade.
 Dusky shadows creep and cling,
 Like a sombre, brooding wing.

In the upper starry world
 Soft cloud-banners are unfurled,
 Where, like flags of truce, they fly
 From the ramparts of the sky.
 Through the dusk the night has made
 Flits a bit of darker shade,
 Where the bats, the mongrel things,
 Fan the air with velvet wings;
 In a wild erratic flight—
 Pigmies vampires of the night.

In the musky, slumbrous air,
 Spirits whisper everywhere.
 When my soul for lost love cries,
 There are near responsive sighs;
 O'er my brow and through my hair
 Soft hands wander light as air,
 And I thrill with joy divine
 When their arms around me twine.

Hush, my heart! be still each sound
 For I stand on holy ground.
 Hush!—kneel softly on the sod,
 These are messages of God.

GLAMOUR.

You think them happy; you do, my sweet,
 With a bounding pulse and free heart-beat.
 You, feeling the thorns sting your aching brow,
 Are jealously viewing their pleasure now.
 O raise your eyes as they stand in place,
 With flashing diamonds and costly lace;
 Then down, look down on the marble floor—
 What see you! “Their dancing feet”—No more?

You think, as you watch them circle past.
 Of your few gay years—too bright to last;
 And your willing feet, with a faith sublime,
 Brought your offering—where?—To an empty shrine.

How all your loving and holy trust
 Found a broken urn and a wreath of dust.
 O raise your eyes as they stand in place,
 With their diamonds flashing and costly lace,
 Then down—look down on the marble floor—
 What see you? “Their dancing feet”—No more?

Your brain is reeling, your heart is torn,
 By the heavy cross that your soul has borne.
 You have borne it well, with a meek, brave grace—
 Do you wish to change and take their place?
 Your eyes are blinded, they are, my sweet,
 As you watch their buoyant and circling feet;
 There are hearts and hopes and dreams all bright,
 Crushed down, crushed dead 'neath their heels to-night.
 You watch the graceful rise and fall of the chief musician's arm,
 And your weary feet in spite of will yield to the powerful charm;
 But you do not think as you list the strains in their jubilant ebb and flow,
 That he stabs his heart with every stroke of that bold, triumphant bow.
 Look down, look down, there are hopes all bright
 Crushed there; crushed dead 'neath their heels to-night.

Julia Harris May.

Miss Julia H. May, the daughter of Rev. William May, a niece of Judge May of Lewiston, was born in Strong, Me., and educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, where she graduated in 1856. She has been a teacher and literary worker ever since, and spent several years teaching in the South. For the last twenty years she has been at the head of a private school in Strong, Franklin County, called the “May School,” her sister, Miss S. R. May, being an associate. The subject of our sketch has written considerably, especially the last six years, for leading religious and literary journals, and her sister, the associate teacher, has contributed prose articles to the *Sunday School Times*, *Congregationalist*, and many other religious papers; also stories for the children. Some of Miss May's poems have been widely copied.

SCHOOL-TIME.

I am sitting in my schoolroom. It is a sunny May-day morning. The fragrance of spring and the song of the robin are coming in at the open window. My thoughts arrange themselves to the sweet accompaniment of reviving nature in humble, happy rhyme. Shall I repeat it to you?

The sunshiny day is beginning,
 And the school-room is full of its light;
 At my desk I'm sitting and spinning
 The thought I was spinning last night.
 Through the door comes the scent of the morning,
 And the song of the robin steals in,
 While the clock in the corner gives warning
 It is time for the school to begin.

They are coming, my lads and my lasses,
The door-yard is full of their noise,
Their feet wet with dew from fresh grasses,
And the girls just as glad as the boys.
They are brimming with innocent laughter,
They are blushing like blossoms of spring;
Will the fruit of their distant hereafter
Be as sweet as the blossoming?

In reverent silence they're sitting,
Grave Bertie and frolicsome Lee;
We are reading the verses so fitting,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
Our heads on our hands we are bowing,
We are speaking the time-hallowed prayer,
And the Father in heaven is knowing
Whether the spirit is there.

We are singing the airs of the May-time,
The children are singing, and I
Am listening to songs of the play-time,
And the songs of the by and by.
Their voices are ringing with pleasure,
Their hands and their feet beating time,
And my heart is made glad with their measure,
As my soul to their joy makes a rhyme.

We are opening our books and our papers,
We are ready to read or recite;
The boys have forgotten the capers
That troubled me so yester-night.
I am listening, and looking, and listening,
And spinning my thread, as I look,
And the tear in my eyelid is glistening,
And hiding the words of my book.

Ah! the smile to my eyelid is creeping,
And driving the tears to their bed;
And deep in my heart I am keeping
The thoughts that would come to my head.
And unto myself I am saying,
As my children so funnily spell,
I would that life's school were beginning,
And I could commence it well.

But since not a bit I can alter,
Of the web that I once have spun,

I would guide the fingers that falter,
 Because they have just begun;
 And I hope that the Master Workman,
 When my broken threads he sees,
 Will mend them, if they're twisted in,
 With the better threads of these.

The sunshiny day is beginning,
 And the school-room is full of its light;
 At my desk I am sitting and spinning,
 But not as I spun yester-night.
 Through the door come the scent of the dawning,
 And the oriole's song to the sun,
 But I'm spinning a new thread this morning,
 Like the one that the children have spun.

THE SONG OF THE VALLEY.

Sweet valley of my birth!
 Thy green hills heavenward rise;
 Where clouds come whispering to the earth
 The secrets of the skies.

The silver Sandy winds
 Around thy mountain's feet,
 The brooks and rills together binds,
 And makes the meadows sweet.

Mount Abram cools thy head;
 Old Blue makes warm thy breast;
 A hundred hills unturreted
 Keep watch from east to west.

Within thy clasping arms,
 Close clinging to thy side,
 White villages and fertile farms
 Safely and warmly hide.

Over thy nightly sleep
 The same, soft starlight plays
 That loving watch was wont to keep
 In unforgotten days.

Pressed to thy beating heart
 A happy village clings,
 Just where Mount Day's dark shadows start,
 Sheltered beneath its wings.

That village holds a nest
Where tuneful memory sings
The song I love to hear the best
Of all earth's pleasant things.

Hush! I can hear its trill;
It fills the valley fair,
From north to south, from stream to hill,
Around and everywhere.

Sweet valley of my birth!
The skies thy hilltops meet;
And thought sent daily o'er the earth
At nightfall seeks thy feet.

Eliza Leland Adams Crosby.

Mrs. Eliza L. A. Crosby is a native of Bucksport, but has lived many years in Bangor. She has written, at various times, very acceptably for several publications.

LET US RUN WITH PATIENCE.

The heart is fixed and fixed the eye,
And I am girded for the race.
The Lord is strong—and I rely
On His assisting grace.
Race for the swift! it must be run,
A prize laid up! it must be won.

And I have tarried longer, now,
Pleased with the scenes of time,
Than sitteth those who hope to go
To heaven, that holy clime;
Who hope to gather fruit that grows
Where the immortal river flows.

The atmosphere of earth—O how
It hath bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervid glow,
And stayed the purpose high.
And how these feet have gone astray
That should have walked the narrow way.

But now, no more—for I have caught,
O God, a glimpse of Thee,

And, all unworthy though the thought
 Of Thy perfection be,
 Yet, 'tis of God, and earth no more
 Can have the heart it held before.

Race for the swift! I must away
 With footstep firm and free.
 Ye pleasures that invite my stay
 And cares are naught to me,
 For, lo! it gleameth on my eye, .
 The glory of that upper sky.

"A prize laid up," said he who fought
 That holy fight of old;
 Laid up in heaven for me, yet not
 For me alone that crown of gold,
 But all who wait till Thou appear
 Saviour, the diadem shall wear.

Patiently wait! so help Thou me,
 Thou High and Holy One,
 That, dim although the vision be,
 The race I still may run;
 This eye thus lifted to the skies,
 This heart, thus burning for the prize.

Llewellyn Andrew Wadsworth.

Llewellyn A. Wadsworth was born in Hiram, Me., Nov. 13, 1838, on a farm some four miles from any village or educational advantages, other than the common school of some three months in a year. This, with some three terms of High School at Kezar Falls, comprised his privileges. He remained on the farm most of the time till his thirtieth year, teaching some in the district schools, and serving eight years as Supervisor of Schools, and S. S. Committee. He was married Aug. 12, 1868, to Miss Annette Clemons, who, with one son, comprises his family. His father, Col. Charles Wadsworth, was a grandson of Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, of Revolutionary fame, hence a cousin to the poet, H. W. Longfellow. He is also a descendant of five of the Pilgrims, who landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. His mother, Mrs. Sarah H. Wadsworth, was a lady of tender affections and mild and gentle nature. He has been engaged some years in writing a history of his native town. He has lived for sixteen years on a highland farm overlooking the Saco Valley and Lovell's Pond, and affording a grand view of the White Mountain region. He has contributed prose or poems to some thirty papers of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and served two years as associate editor of the *Oxford County Record*. He was Representative from Hiram in the Legislature of 1879, and has been prominently named for the Senate. He has served as Justice of the Peace and Trial Justice some seventeen years, Notary Public thirteen years. He is a member of the Odd Fellows, the Grange, the Free Masons, and the Congregational Church. His life has been one of affliction, hence the pathos that permeates his writings, and the spirit of humanity that results in self-sacrificing efforts for the oppressed, the stricken, and the suffering in his vicinity; believing that beyond the shadow of the Great Mystery these deeds are treasured, and a voice will one day be heard softer than the wind-harp's Aeolian cadence, and sweeter than the angel's song, saying: "Inasmuch as ye did these things to these my homeless, friendless and forsaken ones, ye did them unto Me."

THE TRESS THAT IS FADED AND GRAY.

To-night, as I turn to the treasures of yore,
 Collected with many a care,
 My gaze turns to one, and returns o'er and o'er,
 'Tis a lock of my fond mother's hair.
 This boon that I cherish is faded and gray,
 And long, long ago on the page,
 My dear mother penciled her name where it lay,
 When her fingers were trembling with age.
 I have names of the poet, the soldier, the sage,
 And treasures from far o'er the sea,
 But the name of my mother, so tremulous with age,
 Is the one that is dearest to me.
 How oft, O how oft, my heart fondly yearns
 For the scenes of my boyhood's play,
 And often in sadness it tenderly turns
 To the tress that is faded and gray.
 As sadly I turn from the time-worn page
 To the throng that is festive and gay,
 There's a tear on the name that is tremulous with age,
 And the tress that is faded and gray.

COMING HOME.

Mother, I'm coming home,
 I'm weary of my wandering here alone;
 The days allotted for my feet to roam,
 Have almost flown,—
 I'm coming home.

Out in the falling snow,
 Or in the pitiless and chilling rain,
 Lonely and wearily I onward go,
 For worldly gain,—
 Weary and slow.

Last night I dreamed of home,
 And stood beside the crystal mountain stream
 And gazed upon its music-making foam,—
 Stood in my dream,
 Where once I roamed.

The northern breeze sweeps by,
 It comes from where the May-flower blooms,
 And through the pine-trees towering high
 With bending plumes,
 It softly sighs.

Mother, when day is done,
 And the evening fire burns cheerfully,
 Dost thou think then of thy long-absent one,—
 Dost think of me—
 Thy wandering son ?

Thy crown of silver hair,
 The tender glance of thy blue, fading eye,
 Tell that thy weary soul will soon repair
 To climes on high.—
 We'll all meet there.

Thy kiss is on my brow,
 Thy fingers roving through my flaxen hair,
 As when long, long ago,
 I used to bow to say my prayer;—
 I say it now.

My lamp burns dim and slow,
 My thoughts are turning for a homeward flight;
 Into the land of pleasant dreams I go;
 Mother, good-night,—
 My lids droop low.

David Dana Spear.

David Dana Spear was born in North Yarmouth, County of Cumberland, May 28, 1839. He was the only son of William and Emily (Bridge) Spear. His early education was received at the common schools of North Yarmouth, and the select schools taught at Cumberland Centre. He took a course of study at the North Yarmouth Academy located at Yarmouth, Me., —was graduated from this school in 1860. Was admitted to Waterville Collegio (now Colby University) in the class of '64. He remained but one year, but was engaged in teaching after this. He then studied at Concord School of Theology for one year, and preached for two years at the Methodist churches in Wells and Cape Elizabeth. In 1864 he commenced the study of medicine, spending two years in the Maine Medical School, at Brunswick, under the control of Bowdoin College. The last year of medical study was pursued at the Berkshire Medical College, in Pittsfield, Mass. His first place of medical practice was Kennebunk. Since 1873 he has practiced medicine in Freeport. He received his medical degree, in 1867. The degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by Colby University in 1886. His earliest poems were written while a student at North Yarmouth Academy—mostly for personal amusement; quite a number of these were printed under a *nom de plume*. Later, he was a contributor to the *Guide to and Beauty of Holiness*, a magazine published in New York. He has also contributed occasional pieces for the *Christian Mirror* and for the *Zion's Herald*.

MY SUREST STAY IS GOD.

When hope is bright and all is fair,
 No cloud within surrounding air;
 When gentle gales propitious blow
 Rich blessings to me as I go,
 My surest stay is God.

When all within is calm and still
And I submissive to His will,
Finding in faith a "perfect peace,"
A rest from sin,—a full release,
My surest stay is God.

When fortune smiles and friends are true,
My pathway strewn with roses, too;
When all around in love combine
To make a *pleasant pathway* mine,
My surest stay is God.

If sorrows come and darkly roll
Dread, gloomy doubts upon my soul;
While tempests fierce rage in the skies,
And hopes and fears alternate rise,
My surest stay is God.

If friends forsake and me disown,
And sore afflictions bow me down,
With aching heart I seek to find
One place to rest my troubled mind,—
My surest stay is God.

When Jordan's waves dark flow beneath
And bear me to the gates of death;
When earthly helps and comforts flee,
And I no other rest can see,
My *only* stay is God.

TRUE BEAUTY.

True beauty, it can never die,
Though perish all beneath the sky;
Or, wrapped in fire, this lower world
Into its foretold ruin hurled,
Fades it? From mortal sight it may:
But lives in God's eternal day.

And wilt thou kindly, with me, trace
That beauty time can ne'er efface,
And find in Hope's approving eye,
Wherein its virtues purely lie?
Then shalt thou know what laurels fair
On earth to make thine earnest care.

Though bent beneath the weight of years
 Amid the storm which here appears,
 That form is beautiful and bright
 Which firmly stands in God's own might;
 Which nobly dares to do and bear,
 Beneath the Cross its burden share.

Though wrinkled deep with furrows near;
 Though clouded o'er with earthly fear;
 Though smiles be few and far between,
 That rest upon the troubled mien,
 That face has truest beauty there
 Which Jesus calms by answered prayer.

If hopes of heaven be bright within,
 A conscious purity from sin
 'Mid the dreariest path of life,
 Though pressed with care and grief and strife,
 Sublimely beautiful, that heart
 Which knows and loves the better part.

This beauty can be had by all
 Who listen to the Saviour's call.
 Nor this alone: true peace they find;
 A calm, serene, benignant mind;
 When changing scenes of life are o'er,
 A crown to wear for evermore.

Annie Bradbury Holbrook.

Mrs. Holbrook, wife of Rev. C. F. Holbrook, late pastor of the Baptist Church at Newport, N. H., is a native of Maine, and a daughter of the late Benjamin B. Bradbury, of Bangor. At the early age of fifteen years she completed the course of study in the Bangor High School, after which she was a pupil in Mt. Holyoke and Charlestown Female Seminaries, and was graduated from the latter. As a pupil, Mrs. Holbrook was diligent and brilliant, and as a teacher of young ladies she was efficient and accomplished. She was married to Mr. Holbrook in 1863, and since that event, though she has shown great devotion to parish work and to family duties, has occasionally found time to contribute articles to *St. Nicholas*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other juvenile and religious periodicals. Her literary efforts are always much appreciated by friends and publishers.

"IT IS BEAUTIFUL THERE."

The gates were unclosing, and glories elysian
 With strange lustre shone through earth's shadowy night;
 A fair maiden gazed on the pure, heavenly vision,
 Till her pillow of stone bore a Bethel of light.

The faces, lost faces, all radiant with glory,
 Like stars that the darkness of night but reveals,
 One moment shone downward, to tell the sweet story
 Of satisfied hope our earth-mist conceals!

O thin, love-pierced veil! How quick the transition
 Through clear, shining waves of light, buoyant air,
 By a swift angel borne, whose merciful mission
 His pale brow surrounds with an aureole fair!

The lily-white bell of the sweet asphodel,
 He bears like a signet of love on his breast,
 And smiles, as smiles only the fair Israfel,
 Who brings the evangel of peace and of rest.

The maiden looked upward, and saw him draw near,—
 The lily bells paled in his still, icy breath;
 He wooed her with smiles, and, with never a fear,
 She plighted her troth to the bridegroom, Death.

“I think I will go; it is beautiful there,”—
 And a smile of strange beauty transfigured her face;
 We called her by name, but the maiden so fair,
 In death’s snowy bridal, with still, silent grace,
 Gave back no response; and the vision so brief,
 Had faded from out the dark, vacant room!
 The maiden, too, vanished; and grief, sable grief,
 With footsteps all noiseless, approached in the gloom.—
 Be still, throbbing heart, and cease thy repining!
 Breathe out thy vain sighs in a child’s trustful prayer,
 Beyond the thin veil God’s love still divining,
 And know, surely know, “it is beautiful there.”

Orran Rensselaer Hall.

Orran R. Hall was born in Naples, Me., in 1839. He fitted for college at Bridgton Academy, but a severe attack of typhoid fever delayed his entrance upon a collegiate course several years. He entered Bowdoin College in 1859, but ill health compelled him to abandon his studies in his Junior year. The lingering effects of his former illness, and excessive use of his eyes in study and miscellaneous reading, resulted in an attack of iritis which deprived him of his eyesight for five or six years. During those years of intense physical suffering and mental depression, he devoted considerable attention to literary compositions, many of which appeared in the leading periodicals of the day. He commenced the study of medicine, with the aid of a reader, and his eyes becoming improved, he graduated from the Bowdoin Medical School in 1867. He commenced practice the same year in Buckfield, Me., where he remained about five years. He then practiced several years in Massachusetts, but the condition of his health rendering a change of location necessary, he returned to Maine, where he followed his profession until he was prostrated by an attack of pneumonia in 1882, since which time he has not been in active practice. In 1882 he entered on a position in one of the Government Departments at Washington, but was too ill to remain. In 1887 he made a sea voyage to Madeira and the Azores, from which he returned greatly restored in health. During most of the years of his medical life he has held the appointment of Examining Surgeon for Invalid Commissions. Doctor Hall is a man of scholarly tastes and acute literary perceptions.

ASSOCIATION.

To-day I chanced into the fields and woods
 To walk, careworn, in one of those sad moods

That early autumn always gives us when
We seek the summer sounds and sights in vain.

The blossoms of the spring were grown to fruit;
The gentle voices of the spring were mute;
When late the robin and the blue-bird sang
Their matins, and the cricket's chirrups rang,
The squirrel, chattering, to his nest again
Fled with his thieving hands all berry-stained;
The rooks, out of the hemlocks tall, complained
The year was waxing late, or in long train,
With clamor hoarse, and boding croak, again
Held counsel when to fly the coming frost,
The air was still, and not a sound was lost.

The cart that creaked beneath its weight of grain;
The wagon rattling down the rocky lane;
The rhymeless song the barefoot school-boy sang
With such a zest as only school-boy can;
The gurgle of a brook among the rocks;
The patient bleating of the grazing flocks;
The quiet rustle of the ripened sheaves
With the faint breath that stirred the fading leaves;
Art, blending into mellow music, made,
With every sound, a plaintive voice that said
Summer is gone. The fields that late were green,
Were grown to russet brown; nor were there seen,
Of all the soft-eyed darlings of the spring,
A single flower. When late were blossoming
The lilacs, and the rose thrilled with its own
Beauty, now the frost flower bloomed alone;
The cardinal flaunted in the violet's place,
And by the way-side shone the rustic face
Of the gay golden-rod. The very light
Was unlike that of summer. Now a bright,
Gold-tinted haze on all the hill-slope lay,
Or curling into softest mist, the way
The winding brook through grassy meadows made,
Or drooping alders, to the eye displayed.

All things around me, every sound and sight,
Seemed sadly to remind me that the bright
Grace of summer-time we loved had passed
Into the sombre autumn, and at last
Winter would spread his white shroud over all.
"And thus," in bitterness, I said, "the fall
Of life to me, anon, will usher in
The frosts of death. Already has the spring

Lapsed into early summer, and full soon
The waking dream of life, like a sweet tune
That dies e'en while we thrill with it, will break."

Thus did I, feeling old and wilful, take
Its saddest lesson only from the scene,
Nor heed that it taught others; till, as green
Isles fade amid the waters from the sight
Of streaming eyes that loved them, did the bright
Isles of my youth seem fading from the shore
Into the years, to be beheld no more.

And as I plucked the flowers that grew around,
In listless mood, and flung them to the ground,
The plainest of them all in blossoming,
Its name I never knew, a humble thing,
I chanced to crush, and breathe its odor; when
Such flood of recollection smote my brain;
Such gentle memories of days long gone;
Of sunny hearts the dust now lies upon;
Of old-time frolics when the heart was young;
Forgotten melodies in childhood sung;
Of boyish dreams, loves, fancies, that had slept
For many a year, all thronging, o'er me swept,
And moved such tender sadness in my heart,
That was not pain but happiness in part;—
A blending of such sorrow and sweet joy,
That it was spring again, and I a boy.

As I remembered where was wont to grow
That flower, in haunts of childhood long ago,
All the old time came back. Again I heard
The happy twitter of the morning bird;
The droning of the bees amid the plumes
Of the sweet breathing mowing fields; the tunes
The brook sang, as it turned my little mill;
What the wind whispered in the eaves; the shrill,
Sharp whirring that the lazy "quakers" made
As I walked listlessly to school, and said
I wish I were a "quaker," too; the voice
Of sleepy urchin reading not from choice.

I saw the old brown school-house on the hill,
The names I cut on its hacked benches still;
The fat, black letters in the book I read,
That winked, and looked so jolly when I said
Their names; the apple-blooms that spread the ways
With snow; the playmates of my school-boy days,
Now into women grown, and bearded men,

With hearts not half so good, or blithe as then;
 The meeting of the butterflies, the birds;
 The shimmer of the leaves in June; the words
 Of brief hymns I used to say; the smell
 Of new-mown hay; the feathery flakes that fell
 Of the first snow; the shadows of the clouds;
 All the dear memories of the past, in crowds,
 As conjured up by some magician's power,
 Came with the odor of that simple flower.
 And half in tears, yet cheerfully, I said,
 The perfume lingers, though the rose be dead;
 And though life's summer grown to autumn chill,
 The memories of its spring-time haunt it still.

EVENING. TO ONE ABSENT.

The sun steals slowly down the western sky,
 And weary folds him in his couch to rest,
 Laying his gold and crimson mantle by,
 While Hesper drops her dews upon his breast.

The arrow-wingéd swallows, glancing low,
 Pour out their joy upon the scented air;
 And in the grove the whip-poor-will her slow,
 Sad wail takes up, and tells the world her care.

The crickets, drunken with ethereal dew,
 From out their stealthy coverts chirrup shrill;
 From the cool meadow far below a few
 Brief notes of song are heard, then all is still.

When Echo, fast asleep upon the hill,
 Half-wakened, catches up but half the song;
 Repeats it over, low and lower still,
 As in a dream, the soft notes to prolong.

A soothing sound the little streamlet makes,
 Where, sliding o'er the mossy rock, it winds:
 Communing with itself as on it takes
 Its way, of sands and flower-sown banks behind.

And now the shadows gather in the leaves,
 And stealing from the wood, put out the light.
 Laden with sweets, the balmy night wind breathes,
 And darkness veils the dusky world from sight.

The fire-flies flit, with twinkling lamps alight,
 Through the dusk shadows flashing here and there;
 As though the stars were falling in the night;
 Like gems that beauty twines in ebon pair.

Stirred by the idle zephyr's breath, the leaves
Rustle their timid whispers in the ear
Unseen. The hill a rounded outline heaves,
Of orchard trees against the sky so near.

Hushed now are all the sounds of busy day;
The din of weary industry is done;
Heart vexing care and sorrow steal away,
To come again with the returning sun.

Sad, at this hour, and sweet it is to dream
Over again the dreams we dreamed before;
Listing your voice in fancy, till I dream
Old joys renewed, and you are near once more.

Again I feel your breath upon my cheek;
Again I gaze unchid in your eyes;
Revealing the impassioned words you dare not speak,
While all the golden hour unheeded flies.

Again we rear fine castles in the air
Wherein we happy wander, hand in hand;
Ourselves the solitary tenants there,
Alone within the realms of fairy land.

Once more I feel the pressure of your hand,
Thrilling my pulses into quicker flow:
Once more upon the little bridge we stand,
Watching the starlight in the wave below.

All those bright days come back to me again,
And meet my heart at this calm hour of night;
So does your fancied presence banish pain,
And bless my dreams until the dawning light.

Then speed the lagging hours through which I wait
So long to welcome your return to me;
And let us trust the bliss that comes too late,
Delayed, may dearer and more lasting be.

Sarah J. D. Stevens.

Mrs. S. J. D. Stevens was born in Belfast, Me., July 17, 1830. Her parents, Benjamin and Eliza Dyer, soon removed to Troy, Me., where she has since resided. Previous to her marriage to Augustus Stevens, in 1861, she taught several district schools. Inherited scholarly tastes and an intense delight to wield the pen from parents and ancestors of each, although a natural diffidence and love of retirement have kept their rich thoughts hidden from the world. Her maternal grandfather was Hon. Hezekiah Chase of Amity, Me., whose widow, a beautiful and brilliant woman at the age of one hundred and one, still retains an active mind, and much personal beauty. The only grandchildren who inherit the name are Prof. G. C. Chase, of Bates College, and Rev. J. Aubury Chase, of

Chelmsford, Mass. Mrs. Stevens has three children—one a student in Boston Conservatory, one in New York Medical School, and the youngest in Bates College. The education of her children has closely occupied the time and thought of the mother, but during the last two or three years has given some time to the C. L. S. C. readings, and written several poems, mostly composed while doing the work that falls to the lot of the farmer's wife. The Boston *Morning Star* is occasionally enriched with Mrs. Stevens's contributions.

DANTE.

'T was a festival scene in the city of flowers,
A bright May-day morn in the long, long ago,
When in childhood they met. O gay were the bowers
In fair, sunny Florence, where sweet waters flow!

To the dark eyes of Dante she came as a vision;
So lovely and fair to his fancy, she seemed,
An angel of beauty from mansions Elysian
Had watched o'er his slumbers, and smiled when he dreamed.

The years glided by. A boy no longer—
A scholar, a poet, and honored his name,
His love with the years growing deeper and stronger,
For Beatrice he struggled for fortune and fame.

In his works one could trace his heartfelt devotion,
In his eyes read the story of unconquered love,
Of a heart tempest-tossed, like the billows of ocean,
When storm-clouds o'ershadow the clear sky above.

O why was fate cruel! and why they were parted
And Beatrice another's, has never been known—
Why Dante, the gifted, the brave and true-hearted,
In anguish must suffer and sorrow alone.

Except—had God given this maiden so peerless,
The beanteous Beatrice, to love as his own,
The greatness of Dante, the noble and fearless,
And "Divina Comedia" had never been known.

By stern fate—cruel war—the last tie was riven,
An alien henceforth he was destined to roam,
From his own native land our hero was driven
In exile to die, far from country and home.

But from sorrowing depths of his true heart's devotion
Inspiration was born—of his nation the pride;
And the world reads to-day, with tearful emotion,
How in poverty, loneliness, sorrow, he died.

PICTURED FACES.

The cool, purple shadows of evening are stealing,
 And, alone with the loved and the lost, we are kneeling,
 While the firelight's soft glow is dimly revealing
 The sweet, pictured faces, that gaze on our tears.
 Their looks are unchanged, when the world blames or praises;
 Why tell them of hopes hid with them 'neath the daisies;
 That we wander alone through life's dreary mazes,
 With longing for home, and eternity's years?

To their voices on earth we shall listen no more,
 They will bid us glad welcome to yonder bright shore,
 Singing, "Fear not the tempest and dark billows' roar;
 Beyond is the calm and the sunlight of heaven."
 There are hearts that are breathing, and waiting to bless
 With kind, soothing words and loving caress.
 O why from the living all feeling repress?
 They alone can respond to the sympathy given.

Oft coldness and sternness is only the token
 That the world, false and cruel, a true heart has broken.
 O judge them not harshly—let kind words be spoken,
 The lonely to cheer, and the fallen to save.
 To the exile from home, on life's stormy billow,
 Send a missive of love ere he sleeps 'neath the willow;
 With roses—not thorns—O strew his lone pillow,
 And save not the sweetest to brighten his grave.

Mary Newmarch Prescott.

Mary N. Prescott, a younger sister of Harriet Prescott Spofford, elsewhere represented in this volume, was born in Calais, Aug. 2, 1839. She is the daughter of Joseph N. and Sarah Jane Prescott, Harriet being the oldest of the five children. The mother was a native of Charlotte, Me., sister to O. L. Bridges, the brilliant attorney. Mary was educated partly in Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., and partly under her sister Harriet's tutorage, and has resided with her most of the time since the latter's marriage, in 1865. Miss Prescott is a lady of quiet tastes, is essentially a "home body," a dear lover of children, and very successful as a juvenile writer, an accomplishment in which really few excel. Some of her poems, published in the *Atlantic* and *Harper's Bazar*, have also won high praise from mature readers. Miss Prescott has spent a year abroad, a year or more at Washington, and occasionally visits New York, and the old home in the Pine Tree State. She is equally successful as a writer of short stories and editorials, which have found acceptance in journals and magazines of the highest character. "Matt's Follies, and Other Stories," has appeared in book form, and added to her literary repute.

THE BROOK.

The little brooklet ripples along,
 Every bubble singing a song;
 It tangles the sun in its crystal skein,
 And it answers back to the fretting rain;

Along its margin the ferns unfold,
 And violets shapen out of the mold;
 And the flag-flower leans, as if fain to snatch
 A hint of the brooklet's musical catch,
 While arrow heads are wading out
 To watch the flashing of silver trout.
 Day after day, and night after night,
 It seems to be running away out of sight;
 But the way is long, and the path is rough,
 And day and night are not long enough.
 Orion looks on its quivering stream,
 His belt and buckle upon it gleam,
 And all the stars that haunt the sky
 Reflect their splendor in passing by.
 O happy brooklet, that bears along
 The skimming swallow's early song;
 The secret of each neighboring nest,
 Of lilies anchored on its breast;
 That every day, and perhaps forever,
 Plays out of doors in all sorts of weather!

SONG.

The very stars will rise and swing
 More radiant censers in the air,
 No shadow fall on anything,
 The red rose paint itself more fair,
 So brief the hours, divine their sum,
 When Love is come, when Love is come.

Beauty will fail from earth and sky,
 Fragrance and song will lose their dower,
 The world in dark eclipse will lie,
 And all things wither in that hour,
 When still the heart beats on and on,
 And Love is gone, and Love is gone.

WATCHING.

I see the fishing-boats put out,
 And sail away;
 I watch them out and in again,
 Day after day.
 Across the white lip of the bar
 The fog uprises like a scar,
 And blots the bay.

I mark them when the wind they take,
And urge their flight;
I'm waiting when their shining wake
Creeps into sight.
Across the mellow afternoon
The breeze keeps pulsing like a tune;
The light-house star forgets its swoon,
At fall of night.

And following up the beckoning tide,
They flash and fade;
While the dark water-bank beside
I crouch dismayed.
The stars came out like glittering tears,
Waiting upon my hopes and fears;
The dipping oar salutes my ears;
I hear the boat's keel graze the shore,
My soul in thankful song can soar,
No more afraid!

TO-DAY.

To-day the sunshine freely showers
Its benediction where we stand;
There's not a passing cloud that lowers
Above this pleasant summer land;
Then let's not waste the sweet to-day,—
To-morrow, who can say ?

Perhaps to-morrow we may be
(Alas! Alas! The thought is pain)
As far apart as sky and sea,
Sundered to meet no more again;
Then, let us clasp thee, sweet to-day,—
To-morrow, who can say ?

The daylight fades; a purple beam
Of twilight hovers overhead,
While all the trembling stars but seem
Like sad tears, yet unshed;
O sweet to-day, so soon away!
To-morrow, who can say ?

Thomas E. Wilson.

T. E. Wilson was born in Kittery, Sept. 6, 1839, and his father is still living on the old homestead. He lived at home until 17 years of age, when he went to Portsmouth, N. H., where he lived most of the time until 1868, when he removed to Boston Highlands, formerly called Roxbury. Since 1870 Mr. Wilson has been actively engaged in business, but he has still found leisure, especially during the last five years, to do some literary work, writing for a number of publications, among them the *Portland Transcript*, the *Watchman*, etc. He is a great lover of first-class literature, especially works of a poetical character.

KITTERY.

Quaint old Kittery town,
By the shore of the heaving sea,
With its houses, old and brown,
My thoughts go back to thee.

How often I have strayed
Along thy dusty ways,
Or climbed thy rugged hills
In childhood's happy days.

Upon thy winding stream
I love to pull the oar,
Or lie, as in a dream,
Upon the grassy shore;

Or from thy ruined wharves
To watch the sails go by
Upon the deep blue sea,
Like clouds across the sky.

Within thy quiet homes
I've many friends to-day,
And many more have passed
From earthly scenes away.

Some are sleeping now
Within thy mossy graves,
And some have found their rest
Beneath the ocean's waves.

Dear old Kittery town,
By the shore of the heaving sea,
As I wander up and down,
My thoughts go back to thee.

The early grass is springing
Above the soldier's grave;
The merry birds are singing
Above the true and brave.

My boyhood friend is sleeping
Within this narrow bed;
The years are softly creeping
Above the honored dead.

O comrade, pure and tender!
O soldier, brave and strong!
To thee we love to render
The tribute of our song.

And, in the life eternal,
Beyond our toil and pain,
Where all is bright and vernal,
We hope to meet again.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Charles Oren Stickney.

Chas. O. Stickney was born in Bridgton, Me., Nov. 16, 1839, where he has dwelt nearly all his life. He was brought up on a farm; educated at the common schools and Bridgton Academy; and at an early age began writing both verse and prose for the public press, particularly the *Portland Transcript*. When only thirteen years old he wrote a novel of some thirty printed pages, which was published in book form the next year by H. Putnam, of Boston. In 1869 he was "poet of the evening" at a military and civic banquet in Cambridge, Mass., in which notable representatives of Harvard College, the city government and the literati participated, and at the conclusion of his poem was accorded a spontaneous and enthusiastic ovation. Mr. Stickney is a Grand Army man, and has served on the staff of the Department Commander of the Maine G. A. R. For the last seventeen years he has been local editor of Major H. A. Shorey's paper, the *Bridgton News*; besides which he contributes miscellaneous prose articles to the *Portland Transcript*, *Boston Herald*, *Journal*, *Globe*, *Beacon*, and *Transcript*, *New York Tribune*, *Chicago Current*, and other periodicals. Has been poet on Memorial Day, and other public local occasions. Mr. Stickney is married and resides near Bridgton Centre.

A HOPE-FUL CASE.

'T was winter's night, and flames so bright
 Were up the chimney leaping,
 As Farmer Jones and better-half
 Were soundly, sweetly sleeping;

And flakes of snow were falling now,
 And piercing winds were blowing,
 While Mercy and her sister Hope
 By cheerful blaze were sewing.

'T was scarcely late, not more than eight—
 But Jones was fond of napping—
 When suddenly the maidens heard
 A soft, familiar rapping.

Their blushes rose—their loving beaux,
 To whom they'd promised "union!"
 Soon happy swain and maid again
 Were holding glad communion.

The clock struck two. "It will not do,"
 Quoth Tom, all in a flurry,
 "To tarry thus so late! Come, Joe,
 Let's on our coats and hurry!"

"O do not go," responded Joe;
 "It is not late—'tis morning,
 The golden sunlight soon will be
 The eastern sky adorning;

"Now, if till day we here shall stay,
 Why, 'Father' Jones won't curse; he
 Has bid me ever cherish *Hope*,
 To you he's promised *Mercy!*"

THE POETS OF MAINE.**TO MY SADDLE-HORSE.**

A friend indeed, thou faithful steed!
 We traveled long together,—
 In glowing prime of summer-time,
 In winter's frosty weather.
 O'er hill and plain we'd dash amain,—
 Through woods and valley deepest,—
 On public road,—in quiet lane,—
 Or climb yon mountain steepest.

But gone for aye those gladsome days,

With time so swiftly fleeting;

We journey now our separate ways—

No more the olden meeting.

My childhood home! that dearest spot

Strange faces are invading,—

Thy home, whence erst we'd sally out,

As knight and steed crusading.

Long years have flown, we've sober grown,

And thou in age declining;

Yet still about our "saddle-life"

Are memories sweet entwining.

Should Fate decree thou first attain

Of life the final measure,

Thy treasured portrait shall remain,

To tell of olden pleasure!

"SWEET SIXTEEN."**TO A SCHOOL-GIRL ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.**

Old Time pursues his steady way
 So softly thou art scarcely heeding
 Each golden, swift-succeeding day
 Which o'er thy youthful head is speeding.

• And lo! that interesting age,
 Far distant from life's evening hoary,
 Of poets' theme, of lovers' dream,—
 Thy "sweet sixteen" of song and story.

Thy girlhood days have quickly gone,
 Those days so careless and elysian,
 And soon life's cares will break upon
 Youth's rosy and romantic vision.

Through coming years may Fortune kind
 Her richest blessings on thee shower;
 And, free from woe while here below,
 May joy attend thy every hour.

Rebecca Perley Reed.

Mrs. Rebecca Perley Reed, daughter of Horatio N. and Anna P. F. Page, was born in Brewer, Me., Feb. 23, 1840. Graduated at Laselle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., in 1859, returning to the same institution as a teacher, the following year. Married Mr. Charles E. Reed in 1861. Present home, Milwaukee, Wis. Has four children—an infant daughter deceased—one son and two daughters living. Has published three books—"Above and Below," (a story for children) "Everybody's Providence," and "From Shore o' Shore," (a sketch of the life of Agnes E. Claflin, daughter of Gov. Claflin, of Massachusetts.) Poems and prose articles for papers and magazines have been contributed since her early girlhood to the present time.

A JUNE SONG OF ROSES.

A glimmer, a shimmer of light by the river,
On whose breast the pink shades of the wild roses quiver—
O dainty wee roses, in tangles so fine,
From whose greenness your clusters of blossoms outshine,
Breathe your breath, raise your bloom for the chance passer-by,
Bring a thought of the youth that behind him doth lie;
Wild roses, wild roses, speak clear to his ear
Your fresh woodland message of comfort and cheer!

From the rail how they trail, blown a-breeze by the gale,
With pennons down flung, as the winds sink and fail—
Bright roses of crimson, with jewels of rain
Showered thick on their heads as they flash back again;
O proud, queenly rose, flame-engirdled and red,
The tempest hath dowered thine unvanquished head.
Red roses, red roses, bloom ruddy and bright,
Through the warm, balmy day, and the still summer night!

White roses, white roses, with balmy incloses
Of soft opal light, in their heart which repose;
So wide-spread of fragrance, so lavish of flowers,
Drinking life from the wind and the sun and the showers,
Pure facéd as saints, and like them, making fair
The unsightly dwelling of labor and care,—
White roses, white roses, drink deep of the dew,
Lift your beautiful heads to the firmament blue!

O looping and drooping of roses moss-covered,
By the wing of the tenderest flower-angel hovered;
A-blush with your beauty—a-tremble with joy,
In a life whose perfection care cannot alloy.
Life to life—breath to breath—bloom to bloom—laughing girls,
Bind the opening buds 'round your clustering curls:
Moss-roses, moss-roses, O tell not of shade,
Nor sigh that the gold of their tresses must fade!

Warm-hearted, wide-parted, with petals just started,
 To fold in the kisses the sunbeams have darted,
 Soft, dainty buff roses of tropical light,
 With rarest of sun-tinted garments bedight;
 Faint odors attend you, most subtle and still,
 That seek out our senses, unasked of our will;
 Lie lightly, pale roses, on hearts that are hushed—
 Press tenderly cheeks that are fading to dust!

THE STORY OF THE PEARL.

In the silent deep where the waters sleep,
 And the light its living ray
 Sends with softened beam through the emerald gleam
 From the golden upper day,
 It lay in the gloom of its living tomb,
 The oyster, dull and gray.

Overhead, the flow, tiding vast and slow,
 Through the centuries unknown,
 Moved with mighty feet, in unceasing beat
 Of eternal monotone.
 While life's feeble spark in the prison dark
 Held its faint, pale light alone.

But there came a time when against the lime
 Of the coarse and curving shell,
 Pressed a grain of sand, and the guarding band
 A strange, dull pain befell.
 Still the atom pressed, and by sheer unrest
 Wrought the story that I tell.

Of the strange dread fear we shall never hear
 That grappled the poor dumb thing;
 And the helpless throes of his new-born woes
 No witness shall ever sing.
 Yet the tale is told by the years grown old,
 And the treasure that they bring!

Round the cruel wound in its fibre bound,
 From his life a balm is shed
 Whose assuaging flow may relieve his woe
 As he lies in his ocean bed,
 That shall soften the strain of the strange new pain
 Which will not be comforted.

As the slow-shod days rolled their weary ways,
 Round the oft recurrent pain,
 When the balm grew chill, still the blind true will
 Poured its easing flood again,
 Till, from out the night, to the upper light
 By the diver's hand it came!

Then lo! when cleft, of its shell bereft,
 On the shimmering lining rare,
 Glowed in radiant white with a lambent light
 A pearl most wondrous fair!
Life, time and pain wrought a lasting gain
 In the gem that a king shall wear!

* * * * *

He who will may tell of the parallel;
 Of life's ocean, rolling ever:
 How we ease in vain our repeated pain
 With the soul's tears, shed forever!
 Yet the pearl finds place through the dear Lord's grace,
 When *His* hand the shell shall sever!

Ann Sophia Wilson Marsh.

Ann Sophia (Wilson) Marsh was born Aug. 14, 1838, at Wilson's Mills, Me. She was first married, in 1862, to Enoch Whittemore, a soldier of the 20th Maine Regiment, who took leave of her, one week after their marriage to fight for freedom and the Union, but who died of sickness immediately after his first engagement (Antietam.) Her second marriage occurred in the year 1876. She commenced writing verses while a girl in her "teens;" was always of an emotional and highly-nervous temperament, slender and delicate physique, but withal of indomitable energy and persistency in what she undertook. Her residence is now at Newton Falls, Mass.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Nature's own filial child and devotee,
 Long fondled in her lap, and kindly nursed;
 Thou livest still in halls of poesy!
 Thy name imperishable, thy words rehearsed!

Youngest of all Apollo e'er inspired,
 Responsive from a child to his decree!
 'T was thine to wake unexampled lyre,
 With childhood's pure, unsullied sympathy!

When first thy strain, like fabled harper's touch,
 Around thee drew dumb life and rocks and trees;
 And not the least of thy pure joys were such
 As they know only who converse with these!

And pressing toward a sure and shining goal,
 Lured onward by the goddess fair of song!
 'T was thine in youth from music's golden bowl
 To pour thought's rich and sparkling tide along!

It murmurs in "the cold November rain,"
 Now that "the flowers are lying in their bed,"
 And "the melancholy days are come again,"
 And "Autumn leaves, heaped in the grove, lie dead."

Its cadence greets me in "my Autumn walk,"
 It speaks to me from out "the evening winds,"
 And haunts the white snow when "flake after flake
 In the dark silent lake oblivion finds."

But no more we hear it in "the hurricane"
 That sweeps "the battle field" where wrong and right
 Contend, and where in slavery's galling chain
 The wretch lies prone, in fell oppression's might.

"To him who in the love of nature" finds
 His sympathy, his rest, his melody,
 Will e'er be borne a name on "softest wings"
 That counts its charms with true love's ecstasy!

Kind, royal benefactor of mankind!
 A world, more sweet than in it thou didst live,
 Pauses to-day a laurel wreath to bind
 Around thy name,—the last the world can give!

Edward Payson Woodward.

Rev. Edward P. Woodward was born June 8, 1840, at Warsaw, N. Y., and is at present a resident of Harrison, Me., where he has resided four years as a preacher of the Advent Christian denomination. Prior to his residence in Harrison, he preached six years as a member of the Christian Church. Mr Woodward has recently accepted a call from the Second Advent Church, in Portland, and enters upon his duties with this society, June 1, 1888. He has contributed meritorious articles, both in prose and verse, to the *Gospel Banner*, *World's Crisis*, and various other religious and secular publications, and has been a popular lecturer on scientific and religious subjects for ten years. The following poem, which has attracted considerable attention, originally appeared in the *Cottage Hearth Magazine*.

"THE BELLES."

A PARODY.

See the sledges with the belles—
 Laughing belles!
 What a world of happiness their merriment foretells!
 How their beaming, black eyes twinkle
 In the frosty air of night!

While the sleigh-bells tinkle, tinkle,
And the flakes their heads besprinkle,
 Filling with a strange delight;
Keeping time, merry time,
In the most unfettered rhyme,
To the merry, joyous laughter that so sweetly, richly swells
From the wildly-throbbing bosoms of the belles:
 Belles, belles, belles,—
From the happy, careless, laughter-loving belles!

See the stately, wedded belles—
 Queenly belles!
What a wealth of mother-love their quiet manner tells!

In the silent hours of night,
To the little ones' delight,
From the trembling, swan-like throats—
 In broken tune—
What sweet, low, soothing music floats
To the little dove that nestles, gently borne
 Around the room.

O from out the sounding cells,
What peaceful harmony continuously wells!
 Now it swells,—
 Anon it dwells

On the past; and then it tells
Of the future that impels
To the toiling and the praying
 Of the belles,—
Of the earnest-hearted belles:
 Belles, belles, belles,—
To the watching and the waiting of the belles!

See the anguish-stricken belles—
 Weeping belles!

What days of wasting sorrow their terror now foretells!

And the gentle eye of night
Looks upon them in their fright,
Crushed beyond the power to speak:
Only now and then a shriek—
 Discord's tune--

With despairing heart appealing to the mercy of the fire,—
Struggling helplessly with rapine's withering, wasting fire,—
 Rising stronger, fiercer, higher,
 With insatiable desire

Now to seize and blast forever
Virtue's tower and beauty's bloom!

O deceived and ruined belles!
 With a wail their horror wells
 From despair!

How they groan, and writhe, and pour
 Sighs and tears so vainly o'er
 Unpitying earth and trembling air!
 And the ear too plainly knows
 By the sighing,
 And the crying,

How their anguish ebbs and flows;
 And to the ear it plainly tells
 In the groaning,
 And the moaning,

How this nameless horror swells,
 By the mad, despairing accents of these hopeless, helpless belles:
 Of the belles,—
 Of the belles, the weeping, sorrowing belles;
 Belles, belles, belles,—
 Of the broken-hearted, crushed, despairing belles!

Sad procession of the belles—
 Fallen belles!

What weird, solemn, awful thoughts their passing-by compels!
 'Neath the flickering gaslight,
 How the soul is filled with fright

At the hollow, ringing mockery of their tone!
 And each sound and word that floats
 From their brazen-coated throats,
 Seems a groan!

But the people!—they who dwell
 On the dark confines of hell,
 All alone,

Planning, plotting, darkly working,
 Hating all, beloved by none,—
 And who revel thus in turning
 Tender, loving hearts to stone,
 Are they either man or woman?
 Are they either brute or human?

 Unpitying ghouls!

And their king it is who rolls
 Agony on human souls,—
 Tolls

The knell of fallen belles!
 And his fiendish bosom swells
 As he counts the ruined belles:—
 And in mad delight he yells,

Dances, wildly keeping time—
 Paying little heed to rhyme—
 To the sighing of the belles,—
 Of the belles:
 Keeping swift, unmeasured time
 To the groaning of the belles,
 Of the belles, belles, belles,—
 To the sobbing of the belles:
 Keeping time—glad time;
 As he knells, madly knells
 In a proud, triumphant rhyme,
 To the curses of the belles,
 Of the belles, shameless belles,—
 To the wailing of the belles,
 Of the belles, fallen, dying belles,
 Belles, belles, belles,—
 To the silence and the darkness of LOST BELLES!

Albert Sobieski Twitchell.

Gen. Twitchell was born in Bethel, Me., Sept. 16, 1840. In the spring of 1863 he was appointed Enrolling Officer for the war draft in his home district, and at the completion of these duties, in December, 1863, he enlisted as a private in the 7th Maine Light Battery; was made Quartermaster-Sergeant at its organization, and served until detailed by Gen. Grant for duty at West Point, Va., in February, 1865. He has held the offices of Town Clerk in Maine, and Selectman and School Committee in New Hampshire. In 1872, at the age of thirty-two, he was elected Railroad Commissioner, and served three years. In 1875 he was appointed on Gov. P. C. Cheney's (New Hampshire) staff with the rank of Colonel. He was Postmaster of Gorham, N. H., from 1877 until July, 1886, when he resigned. He is now in the active practice of law, in company with Carl Abbott, and has done much in erecting buildings for business and public use, in Gorham, N. H., his place of residence. Mr. Twitchell is President of the New Hampshire Veteran Soldiers' Association, and in June, 1887, was appointed Commissary-General on the staff of Gov. Charles H. Sawyer, of New Hampshire.

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF BETHEL.

AN EXTRACT.

I had some relatives by name
 Of Twitchell, who to Bethel came,
 The first of all who built their nest
 Within the place that God has blessed:
 They opened up these fertile farms,
 These happy homes, and all the charms
 Which since have come to hill and vale--
 Through prayer and faith hope cannot fail.
 * * * * *

Good people they, in home-spun dressed,
 With health and plenty truly blessed;
 Not plenty, such as now we need
 To keep pace with the modern greed,

But store of health and strength and sense,
 That truly made their joys "immense."
 They knew no God of Fashion then,
 To weaken women, sicken men;
 The God they worshiped was on high,
 No fashion-plate then filled the eye,
 Great bustles and long corset strings,
 Nor busts, nor any such vile things
 Were known; the girls grew strong and well,
 Nor looked like images to sell,
 As now they look with Demorest,
 Bazar and Butterick holding sway;
 Their waists were not squeezed tightly then,
 Unless by living Jonathan,
 Who did his courting on the square!
 Divorce in that old time was rare. * *
 Ah! all the blessings we have won
 Cannot atone for injury done
 To happy homes, to life and health,
 Which in that olden time were wealth.
 Then, by our heavenly Father led,
 They saw this land with richness fed,
 And, camping by the cooling streams,
 They found at last their land of dreams;
 And when in after years they came
 To love it, and to give it name,
 They called it "BETHEL"—it had been
 A Bethel, truly, unto them!

Henry Bernard Carpenter.

Rev. Henry B. Carpenter was born in Ireland, about 1840. He came to Fryeburg, Me., to spend a few weeks of a summer vacation, in the spring of 1874, and found his home and surroundings so pleasant for a gentleman of literary leisure, that his contemplated vacation was lengthened to a two years' sojourn. While there he supplied vacant pulpits, and lectured in various places upon the great orators, poets, and literary men of England and Ireland. He is the author of a humorous poem, entitled "The Oatmeal Crusaders," published in pamphlet form. He supplied the Congregational Church in Bridgton for three years from 1875. He wrote a drama entitled "New America; or the Young Folks at Home." A dramatic company was organized at Bridgton, and brought out this play at several places, which was well received. In 1878, Mr. Carpenter was called to the pulpit of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, in which Pierpont and Starr King, both poet-preachers, had ministered before him. The society rapidly increased under his popular pastorate. A fine edifice was completed at the South End, but, being encumbered with a heavy debt, was sold to Edward Everett Hale's society, the two societies being merged into one. Mr. Carpenter had not long been in Boston before he was recognized as a man of brilliant talents and fine culture, with a poetical temperament which gave marked individuality to his speech and writings. He wrote a striking poem on "Fryeburg," specially for that attractive brochure, recently published, "The Fryeburg Webster Memorial." Mr. Carpenter has also contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other leading magazines. His volume entitled, "Liber Amoris," published not long since, has given him a permanent place among our poets. He is now in the Old World, writing a series of literary papers for the *Boston Sunday Globe*.

LOVED AND LOST.

In the pathless brake by the brook's wet stone,
Whose water and wood to each other moan,
We sat for a golden hour alone,
None envied our joy, for we only heard
The tell-tale note of the startled bird.

The pine-trees around stood dreaming and still;
I saw not the lilies which drank their fill
As they swooned on the pond; I heard not the mill
Turn its trundled wheel to the wave above,
Like a full heart beating in ceaseless love.

Noon called for calm eve, but I knew it not,
For earth with its life and pain was forgot,
And heaven's full glory crowned the spot,
Till I heeded not how the evening star
Rose as the herald of night from far;

For thy words alone were sweet in my ear,
And thy looks were to me like starlight clear,
Aye, all things were distant, while thou wert near;
Time itself had died, so it seemed to me,
And Life was now Immortality.

I could not speak; she drew to my side,
My cheek she caressed, and its tear she dried,
Then bowing low, "O my darling," she cried,
"I am yours"—and on my neck she hung,
Then weeping she kissed me, and wept and clung.

We parted; she passed through her father's gate,
He rose from his chair with words of hate,
He scoffed at her love, he cursed her mate,
He cursed her mother, who hears not, but sleeps
In her grave where the ash-tree whispers and weeps.

Another came, rich, brainless and bold,
A crested lie on his carriage was scrolled,
He reached out his base-born hand of gold;
"Be his wife," cried the tyrant-father, and swore,
"Or leave me this hour for evermore.

"You will not? Away! get hence to your room.
I'll watch at your door with footman and groom,
You shall never go forth unless to your tomb"—
"My mother!" she sobbed, then left them and fled
To weep all night on the stone of the dead.

In the morning I came, and found her there,
 With folded hands and in wan despair;—
 My love! how she gazed with a moon-struck air,
 And murmured my name, though she knew me not,
 As I bore her weak frame to a neighboring lot.

Three days went round; I watched by her bed,
 She lay in her marble trance like the dead;
 The fourth day dawned, and she raised her head,
 Drew my friendly hand to her tear-wet breast,
 Kissed my tear-wet lips, and sank to rest.

Lost angel! my Morn-star of Memory!
 Lead me on to the land of thy cloudless day,
 To the spirit-land, whence I hear thee say,
 “Bear and be brave;—though thou must weep,
 The sun’s on the dial, the shadows creep.”

But O, to think that nevermore
 I shall speak to her as I spoke before,
 In lane or in garden, by hill or by shore,
 Or, alone, alone, alone,
 In the pathless brake by the brook’s wet stone!

Benjamin F. Fernald.

Born July 10, 1841, in Exeter, Me. Educated in the common schools, supplemented by a few terms at East Corinth Academy, Levant High School, and Gould’s Academy, Bethel, under the tuition of his cousin, now President of the State College at Orono—M. C. Fernald. Benjamin afterwards received instruction at Kent’s Hill and at Edward Little Institute, entering Bowdoin College in 1865. Illness prevented the completion of his course. He partially recovered his health, however, and was admitted to the bar in February, 1868. He followed teaching sometime after his admission to the bar, removing to Winn, where he has since resided. He has held several offices of trust, and has also been a newspaper correspondent for several years, contributing to the *Lewiston Journal*, *Bangor Whig and Courier*, etc., and wrote the history of several towns for the work on Penobscot County.

PLAYING COPENHAGEN.

Playing Copenhagen,
 There is much fun in it!
 Hit a girl’s hand now,
 Kiss her the next minute.
 “There, I’ve hit your hand,”
 “Thought you did so, mister,”
 Arm around her neck,
 Then, by Jove, I kissed her!
 Magic circle this,
 Elfin fairies use it—
 Should you earn a kiss,
 Seize it or you lose it.

Pretty girl with careless fingers,
 Eyes half turned the other way,
 Happy gallant never lingers,
 Never asks her if he may.

Hit a miss a love-pat token,
 Touch her fingers on the twine,
 “Yes” or “no” is never spoken,
 Earned the kiss, and it is mine.

Lassie now within the ring
 Touches finger-tips and ‘scapes,
 Useless now to fly on wing—
 Vain your crying “Sour grapes.”

This is very Christian-like—
 Returning kiss for blow,
 If lad or lassie doth you strike,
 Pressed lip checks the “no.”

Olivia Fenno Cowan Hayes.

“Fenno Hayes” was born in Augusta, in 1841. Her maiden name was Olivia Fenno Cowan. When she was a child her father removed to Saco, and later to Biddeford, where he was editor of the *Union and Journal*. She was married at twenty-one to E. H. Hayes, a lawyer, and spent the greater part of the remainder of her life in Berwick. She died in early middle life, leaving four children. She began in childhood to write. Before she was twelve years of age, several little poems and sketches were published. Her school friends all remember her as a bright, eager, brilliant girl of considerable personal beauty, to which her kind heart and tender conscience added a gentleness of expression very lovable. For many years before her death, she was a regular contributor of stories and poems to the *Portland Transcript*, besides frequently writing for other publications. As wife and mother, she had but little leisure for literary work, but the spirit within stirred and expressed itself in a way that her readers remember. As it is always with the truest people, only her most intimate friends knew the rare and completed beauty of her last years—which gave such strength and pathos to the productions of that time. She was a genuine blossom of our Pine Tree State—bravely reaching heavenward like its pines—and modestly shunning notice like its beautiful arbutus.

LOVE'S PAIN.

To love is pain, since for us all
 Life hath so much of grief and woe;
 On him doth least of sorrow fall
 Who only his own dole may know.

But O, to hold another's heart
 So close we thrill at every throb,
 And helpless know its bitter smart
 Nor yet can stay the cruel rod!

O tender, tender Christ, if there
 In life a sharper anguish be,
 A heavier, thornier cross to bear,
 Be pitiful, and spare it me!

Who walks alone his even way
 No clasping hand from his shall miss,
 For him shall never come the day
 Of dying love's cold parting kiss.

Who loves must suffer; yet we hold
 That dearest which doth cost most dear,
 And who the price of pearl hath told
 That hides within life's pitying tear.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

I can bear it all the day
 When the sun shines glad and gay,
 And the children, at their play,
 Claim me, heart and hand;
 But when all is said and done,
 Hushed in sleep the baby fun,
 Then my torture is begun,
 And I tremble and I shrink
 As I think, as I think,
 Here alone on land.

When the night is black and thick,
 In my fancy, sad and sick,
 I can hear the death-watch tick,
 Still my pulses stand;
 And I shiver in the wind,
 And the salt spray makes me blind,
 As I grope your side to find,
 Breasting with you every gale
 As I sail, as I sail,
 Here alone on land.

Thus my heart is sad and sore,
 Sailing with you, yet on shore,
 Land-becalmed and tempest-tore,
 Helpless, heart and hand;
 I was never brave, like you,
 Weak and weeping, only true,
 Tell me, what can woman do
 When her love sails leagues away,
 But to pray, but to pray,
 Here alone on land.

Do you mind that tale accurst,
 Of mad hunger and wild thirst,
 When than death the end was worse,
 With its ship-wrecked band?
 O why did you tell it me
 To come back when you're at sea
 And forever follow me
 Till I wake with start and scream,
 As I dream, as I dream,
 Here alone on land.

Sometimes when the storm is o'er,
 Stilled the tempest's cry and roar,
 Calm more dread than rage before,
 I can see a strand;
 High upon the barren beach,
 Where the waves forever reach
 Hungrier than the hungry leech,
 You lie dumb in death's deaf sleep,
 And I weep, and I weep,
 Here alone on land.

Margaret A. Bolles.

Mrs. Margaret A. Bolles, daughter of Ellen M. and George S. Burstow, was born in Portland, Me. She received her education in the public schools of that city, graduating from the High School in 1860. In 1863 she married Rev. E. C. Bolles, D. D., for many years pastor of the First Universalist Church in Portland. Her residence is now in New York City.

ILLUMINATED TEXTS.

Behold the wondrous rainbows which joyous summer weaves,
 Reflected in the brightness of glowing autumn leaves!
 In sunset's golden halo the dying day is dressed;
 So sinks the year in glory, to sleep in wintry rest.

From every wood and highway gay banners are unfurled,
 And beauty, gorgeous beauty, enwraps the leafy world.
 As in some realm enchanted, 'neath this October sky,
 I gather bright mementoes of all the splendors nigh;
 More fair than jeweled treasures, from each resplendent tree,
 O beauteous leaves! ye gladden the wintry hours to me:
 With emerald tints and crimson, and sunshine blending all,
 Texts ne'er illumed so richly, ye hang upon my wall.
 I read anew the lesson, we all do fade like thee,
 And think if half thy glory my autumn days may see,
 If I, like thee, may gather the sunbeams of the year,
 And so reflect life's blessings, when harvest-time is near,
 If past all storms and trials, my work like thine is blessed,
 I could, like thee, as nobly await my earthly rest.

GENTIANS.

O, every year, when autumn came,
 We thought that from the skies
 Had dropped upon our dull earth here
 A bit of Paradise;
 For on the field the gentians grew,
 And all the ground was blue, so blue.

O, every year we gathered there
 These blossoms, one by one,
 These children of the old year's love,
 The darlings of the sun,
 And said the half had not been told,
 Such beauty did their petals hold.

I said their tint alone could match
 The light in her dear eyes,
 As from their fringes they looked out,
 In beautiful surprise;
 And that so tender, brave and true,
 The types of her sweet self, they grew.

I never thought that like them, too,
 Her eyes so soon would close,
 To open only when the bright
 Eternal dawn arose;
 O, sore I grieved when autumn came,
 But still the gentians smiled the same.

What could I, but place o'er her grave
 These treasures of her love,

And there, like them in trustfulness,
 Look up to her above?
 Do fairer flowers her heart enshrine?
 Is heavenly love more dear than mine?

Blinot J. Savage.

This popular clergyman and author was born in Norridgewock, June 10, 1841, that fine old village on the banks of the Kennebec. During his boyhood he studied in a general way, with the idea of ultimately entering college, but ill-health interfered with his plans, and though he had fitted himself to enter he never went to college. Having always been a bookworm from the time he was able to read, the evidences of his after fame in the world of literature were early manifest. He graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary, in 1864, and in September of the same year, sailed for California, to engage in home missionary work in that locality. He was first assigned to San Mateo, a beautiful suburb of San Francisco, where he remained a year and a half, and was then called to another church in the Grass Valley region, among the foot-hills of the Sierras. He also preached there for a year and a half. On account of his parents, who were at this time getting along in life, he relinquished his labors in California, and came East again. He subsequently preached in Framingham, Mass., and from thence went West, being influenced to take this action by the fact that his brother was settled in Jacksonville, Ill. He preached three and a half years in Hannibal, Mo., and then accepted a call from Chicago. He began his first work in Boston at the Church of the Unity, where he is still pastor, in September, 1874. Mr. Savage is now regarded as one of the theological lions of the day. His remarks are always taken down in short-hand, and for the past eleven years have been published. In this form they go over the world. As an author his name figures quite conspicuously in the religious and critical literature of the country. Among his books, all of which have been favorably received, we may mention "Light on the Cloud," "Man, Woman and Child," "Life Questions," "Poems," and a "Story of To-Day"—the latter his only production in the way of fiction.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
 There's never a vale so fair,
 But over it sometimes shadows lie
 In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
 And flung its shadows down,
 But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
 Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side:
 Though rage the tempest loud,
 And scatter its terrors far and wide,
 There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
 Shutting the landscape out,
 And only the chilly east winds blow
 From the foggy seas of doubt,

There 'll come a time, near the setting sun,
When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shine the eternal stars.

THE PESCADERO PEBBLES.

Where slopes the beach to the setting sun,
On the Pescadero shore,
Forever and ever the restless surf
Rolls up with its sullen roar.

And grasping the pebbles in white hands,
And chasing them together,
And grinding them against the cliffs
In stormy and sunny weather,

It gives them never any rest.
All day, all night, the pain
Of their long agony sobs on,
Sinks, and then swells again.

And tourists come from every clime
To search with eager care
For those whose rest has been the least,
For such have grown most fair.

But yonder, round a point of rock,
In a quiet, sheltered cove,
Where storm ne'er breaks, and sea ne'er comes,
The tourists never rove.

The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky
Quiet for evermore:
In dreams of everlasting peace
They sleep upon the shore.

But ugly, and rough, and jagged still
Are they left by the passing years;
For they miss the beat of angry storms,
And the surf that drips in tears.

The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea
Turns the pebble to beauteous gem.
They who escape the agony
Miss also the diadem.

Charles Chase Lord.

Charles Chase Lord, second child and first son of Charles and Sarah (Hubbard) Lord, was born in South Berwick, July 7, 1841, being of the seventh generation in direct descent from Capt. Nathan Lord, who is said to have settled in Kittery in 1652. When the subject of this sketch was a young child, his father moved to New Hampshire, residing first at Newmarket, and afterward at Hopkinton. Charles C., in early life, evinced an inclination to intellectual pursuits, but imperfect health prevented the more extended preparatory course of study he might otherwise have passed. In earlier manhood he devoted himself to the Christian ministry, but did not find the vocation congenial; in later years he has mainly been occupied with journalistic and literary pursuits. Mr. Lord has written numerous short poems upon a wide range of subjects, but mostly sentimental, religious or mystical.

DJRIGO.

(A SERIO-COMIC IDYL.)

The slanting shadow of the pine,
The placid lake and sparkling bay,
The hill and vale, express the line,
I guide, direct, or lead the way.

From the dead slumber of the year,
When winter's night is dumb and chill,
Bright spring awakes, with songs of cheer,
And leads her train, to life fulfil.

From desk, and bench, and bonded street,
The eager throng and restless band,
In thankful haste, *direct* their feet
Where pleasure crowns the smiling land.

Where pleasant waters lave the shore,
And fair winds fill the inland sails,
And deer the fragrant woods explore,
No guide deceives, no prospect fails.

Quick freshness *leads* the crimson wave
Back to the pallid cheek and brain,
And care, once longing for the grave
Of time, ignores its former pain.

Then thought *directs* its eye to scan,
With skill that proves its subtle ken,
The process of the wondrous plan
That nature works in plastic men,

And sees how spirits blithe are led
In fields so green and lights so fair,
And marks the famished senses fed
On fats of water, earth and air.

Thus comprehension swift reviews,
 By guidance apprehension shows
 How each true son of Maine renews
 His self and soul, despite his woes,
 Till, life conserved within her bounds,
 Her faithful children, day by day,
 While each exultant theme redounds,
 Thrive, flourish, spread, and *lead the way*.

A LOVE SONG.

Sweet love, who listens to the lays
 My captive heart with rapture sings,
 My transport grateful homage pays
 Before the shrine from which it springs.
 Bright dews exhale and seek the skies
 From which they came; by subtle force,
 The tributes of my verse arise
 In aspiration to their source.
 When my fond strain in thee awakes
 Some blissful theme thy thoughts prolong,
 Of crowning joy my soul partakes,—
 I give thee back thy own sweet song.

MY SHIP.

My ship is on the tranquil sea;
 Upon the strand
 I watching stand,
 While fair winds waft her safe to me.
 Like a bright bird she skims the main;
 With lustre decked,
 Her sails reflect
 The day in white without a stain.
 Far out to sea my vision peers
 To this sweet prize,
 That hither flies,
 While hope commingles smiles and tears.
 I wonder if a soul, intent
 On certain wealth
 And steadfast health
 Of spirit, e'er could circumvent

THE POETS OF MAINE.

The torrent surging in his breast;
 From boundless deeps,
 He smiles and weeps
 Who hails some long-delaying rest.

I cannot see the worth that teems
 Within her store,
 As to the shore
 My ship holds on; as one who dreams,

Entranced by some mysterious art,
 My thoughts divine
 No sure design;
 I read her mission in my heart.

My ship is freighted with a joy,
 To crown my days
 With thankful praise,
 And give each nobler thought employ,

And each ideal theme release,
 And, where the heart
 Has felt a smart,
 Provide the balm that heals with peace.

Kind friends, grieve not when you discern
 That I, in deed
 Nor word, give heed
 To cares in which you toil and yearn—

With you in doubts refuse to roam:
 My heart addressed
 To comfort blest,
 I'm waiting till my ship comes home.

Edwin Ruthven Briggs.

Edwin Ruthven Briggs was born in Woodstock, Oxford County, Me., Oct. 22, 1841. Received a common-school education. Commenced writing for the press when fifteen years old, and from 1866 to 1876 had over two hundred poems published in Maine and Massachusetts papers and magazines. Since 1876 his whole time has been devoted to the editing of puzzle departments, and the column of "Mystifications" in the *Portland Transcript* has been conducted by him since April 1, 1875. Maine has always been his home.

MY TREASURES.

My wealth is not in notes and bonds,
 Nor stocks in trade, nor fertile lands,

Nor gold and silver in a safe,
 Secured by locks and iron bands;
 My treasures are exempt from tax,
 Except what I may freely pay,
 And every dollar I thus expend,
 Pays me good interest every day.

My wealth is not in anything
 To tempt a midnight burglar here,
 Though all my treasures on this earth
 Are in my house, I've nought to fear;
 I often leave them during the day,
 But when descend the shades of night,
 I haste with joy unto my home
 To guard them till the morrow's light.

My treasures,—source of all my joys,—
 The wealth that cheers me on through life,—
 I'll tell to you by naming first
 My gentle, loving, blue-eyed wife!
 Within our home, with shouts of glee,
 A little girl and boy do play,
 The former five years old last month,
 The latter one year old to-day.

These are my treasures, only three,
 And yet I'm richer than a king,
 And happy as the wild, free birds
 That in the summer sweetly sing;
 What though the winds of autumn blow,
 And all without is cold and drear,
 Within is light, and warmth, and love,
 While I am with my treasures here.

OLD FRIENDS.

Like some fair vision in a dream
 The past doth oft before me rise,
 Revealing childhood's happy home,
 And friends I then did highly prize;
 Their faces now are dimly seen,
 More dim as years do onward flow,
 But I shall never quite forget
 The dear old friends of long ago.

How often in my wildwood home,
 My father's cottage on the hill,

I used to play at hide-and-seek
 With Clara, Roscoe, Bess and Will;
 And Clara oft would laughing say
 I was her darling little beau,—
 She was the dearest one of all
 The many friends of long ago.

 Divided in those happy days,
 And scattered all the wide world o'er,
 My eyes, with age now growing dim,
 On earth will never see them more;
 But far above the gloomy clouds,
 Where cold storm-winds can never blow,
 I hope to meet, to kiss and greet,
 Those dear old friends of long ago.

Edward L. Rideout.

E. L. Rideout was born in Benton, Me., in 1841. After leaving school he was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Bangor, and also in Dexter, Me., writing occasionally for publication during those years. In 1878 became editor of the *Household Journal*, published by E. G. Rideout & Co., Montreal, P. Q. In 1880 E. G. R. & Co. removed to New York City, and there published the *Journal* and also the *Household Guest Magazine*, and *Rideout's Monthly Magazine*, with all of which he has since been connected, as also *The New York Waverly*, published by his brother, E. G. Rideout, under the name of the Waverly Publishing Co.

PYGMALION'S STATUE.

Pygmalion, a sculptor of the ancient city of Tyre, made a statue of which he became so enamored that Venus, on his entreaty, gave it life. OLD MYTHOLOGY.

You have read the mythical story
 Of that famous statue of yore,
 That Pygmalion carved from the Tyrian stone
 So faultless and fair that its beauty shone
 Like a gleam from some brighter shore.

You have heard how the sculptor's heart was moved
 By the marvel his hands had wrought;—
 And how he besought the "Goddess of Love"
 To warm it to life by a breath from above,
 And give it the power of thought.

The boon was granted: the marble breathed
 Replete with all womanly grace;—
 And close to his breast he clasped the bride
 He had won from the rugged mountain side,
 And his soul was filled with peace.

* * * * *

Last night I saw the legend reversed,—
 For a woman seemed turned to stone,

'Neath the glance of one who stood at her side
And gazed upon her with fondest pride,
As the song and the dance went on.

O marvelous power of human love!
That could cause the marble to thrill
With all the delights that mortals have known,
And yet could change the woman to stone,—
Like that from the fabled hill.

Caroline Davenport Swan.

Caroline Davenport Swan is a resident of Gardiner, Me., where she was born Dec. 2, 1841. She belongs to one of the "old families" of that town, her two grandfathers having been among its early settlers. Her home, known as "the old Swan place," is quite picturesque, with its spacious lawns, shaded by elms and commanding a view of the Kennebec River. Educated in Cambridge, Mass., at the celebrated school of Prof. Agassiz, she has attained a wide culture, increased by advantages of foreign travel. Her artistic taste is extremely delicate, and she has spent much time with brush and pencil. As a teacher, her influence has been widely felt; having been connected for many years with the Boston Society to Encourage Studies at Home, and conducting by correspondence its Shakespearian Department. At one period she taught French and English, at St. Catherine's Hall, in Augusta, and has trained many private pupils in her native city. In literature she is favorably known as a contributor of stories and verse to the various papers and magazines. The poems appended will serve to give some idea of her merits in this direction. The first given appeared in the *New York Independent*.

ENTRANCE.

At the world's great castle-gate
A beggar cries.
"To wealth and state we open wide,
To the worldly-wise in purple pride,"
A voice replied.
"Alack!" said she, "for the loving heart
And naught beside."

Expectant, at a mightier gate,
The worldly-wise
Stand waiting by its golden bars,
Till wonder-pearls and gleaming stars
Swing open wide
For her who brings the loving heart
And naught beside.

COLOR-FIRES.

September kindles the flame
From an August sun;
A burning-glass in her snow-white hand,

Imperial grace of wide command,
 Lo! the blaze begun!—
 And Love, he watches the stately dame;
 His fires are kindled much the same.

October feedeth the flame,—
 How it laughs and roars!—
 With ruddy maples, and elms that burn,
 And orange masses of sunlit fern,
 His golden stores.

But Love remembers a fiercer claim;
 "My fires," quoth he, "put thine to shame."

November buries the coals
 I' the sodden grass.
 His tremulous fingers all a-cold,
 He shivers across the silvery wold,
 As shadows pass.

And Love is flying!—A sweet bell tolls.—
 O heap of ashes! O weary souls!

VITA NUOVA.

I wandered sad within my garden-ground;
 "My one white rose is dying, day by day,"
 I whispered mournfully, and turned away
 From its bare stalks:—the plant was love-encrowned.
 Long absence followed; yet the years crept round
 To my return. A magical display
 Of roses bade me welcome. Each brown spray
 Shone silver-white, each thorny stem had found
 Its destined crown. "O root and bloom," I cried,
 Spirit and clay, transmutable! How plain
 That life, once lived, must put on life again,
 The type celestial! Thus shall it betide
 With us, when, sudden, from our earthly gloom
 The grand white flower of Heaven shall flash and bloom.

Amasa Stetson Condon.

Dr. Amasa S. Condon was born in Penobscot, Me., Dec. 23, 1841, and is of Scotch-Irish extraction. His father died in Penobscot, a few years ago, at a very advanced age, greatly respected by all who knew him. The mother is still living, in the full possession of all her mental faculties, at the unusual age of 83. Amasa's early life was spent on the farm in summer, but in winter he went through the woods to school, nearly two miles away. A writer in the *Ellsworth American*, speaking of him at this period, says: "Amasa is remembered by the older residents here as a young lad who represented the best type

good-natured, sociable, self-expanding, indomitable Yankee." He entered the Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, at the age of sixteen, where he remained until breaking out of the rebellion. April 28, 1861, he enlisted in Co. E, 6th Maine Regiment of Volunteers, which was made up mostly from the students of the Seminary. In the battle of Williamsburg, Va., he received injuries from which he has never fully recovered. Mustered out of the service, July 17, 1862. He is an active member of the Army of the Republic, and his pen has recorded, both in prose and song, many of the stirring incidents of the war. Recovering, in a measure, his health, he returned to the Maine Seminary, and on graduation selected medicine as a profession, and read for three years, after two years of diligent preparation in Maine, with Dr. Marcus Shelloff, Iowa. After a successful examination at the University of Michigan, where he studied two years, he returned to Iowa and opened an office. In January, 1875, he was appointed one of the surgeons of the Union Pacific R. R., with headquarters at Ogden, where he has since resided and practiced with great success. As a literary man he also had marked success. His first printed poem, when but a child, appeared in the "Herald," and brought him an autograph letter from Dr. Haven, the prince of critics. In 1886 Dr. Condon visited the Hawaiian Islands, and wrote several very interesting papers in regard to the Kilauea volcano, then in eruption. Before leaving he was invited to a banquet at Honolulu, by one of the Royal Princes, which the King himself attended. In the early autumn of 1887, Dr. Condon revisited his old home in Maine, after an absence of many years, from thence visiting Quebec, also the home of Whittier, Webster's homestead, and places made memorable by the Pilgrim Fathers, to procure material for his prolific pen. He has written many poems, and numerous articles, some of which have been widely copied. A volume of his poems will soon be published.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

before the "Tom Reed" Republican Club of Ogden, Utah, on the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, 1888.

COLUMBIA'S PROPHECY, FEB. 12, 1809.

Somewhere to-day in dolor and want,
 Where tears are plenty and bread is scarce,
 And prowling ghosts from a luckless haunt
 Make home a mockery and life a farce;
 Like the dissonant wail from a tuneless chord,
 There the first low wail of a child shall be heard;

 And the large asking eyes full of baby awe,
 That will question the cheer of the wretched den,
 Shall behold, rising out of this cradle of straw,
 A temple ornate with affections of men;
 And when my bright stars shall be paling their hue,
 Then his hand shall recast the whole field of blue.

THE FULFILMENT, APRIL 14, 1865.

Let cunning lips that are crafty in speech,
 Praise "My Royal Lord" and his Lady proud;
 Let pliant tongues loquacious preach
 Of the Baron bold and his noble blood;
 Let Knights call the names of their fathers up,
 And toast them with jeweled lance in rest,
 But with humble hand I will raise a cup
 To one that is greater than their guest.

We will pour from a lip in the tangled horn,*
 A milk-white draught that the Crete adored,
 To celebrate a patriot born
 In a treenailed box of rough deal board;
 We will drink to him whose infant eyes
 Looked first on clouds of a leaden hue,
 That, hanging dense in his morning skies,
 Hid the Orient beams of the sun from view.
 Till the climax that finished a glorified life,
 These furrowing sorrows he patiently bore;
 And the long, painful years of a crucial strife
 Scarce added a line to the horologue's score;
 Like a tell-tale map were his lineaments cast,
 In a mold where sufferings had graved their trace;
 And, always pursuing, this ghost of the past
 Told the story pathetic on his face.
 But the boy crept out of poverty's bed,
 To follow the sibyl's magic wand;
 And always thereafter, where duty led,
 They journeyed together, hand in hand;
 Thou canst trace the stars in the ebon night,
 As they answer the beck of some hidden force;
 But how little thou know'st of the subtle might
 That drives them along in their silent course.
 So the playful sprite weaves a silken net.
 But its meshes are strong as a web of steel;
 At a turn in the path the snare is set
 Where no vigilant eye can its presence reveal;
 A captive thenceforth in the fairy train,
 Where censure condemns or glad salvos ring;
 But ever he follows the tractile chain,
 A beggar to-day, but to-morrow—a king.
 The hills that grew brown in a bitter breath
 That sifted through clouds the wingéd snow,
 Will sprinkle with blossoms this realm of death,
 When the south wind coaxes the buds to blow;
 So genius, if fettered, will languish in gloom,
 Till a herald proclaims the appointed day;
 Then 'twill burst the strong door of its sullen tomb,
 If some angel but roll the stone away.
 But the tide of events flows white from the shore,
 To bear him away on its stormy breast;

* Horn of the goat that suckled Jupiter.

O proud Illinois, he is thine no more!
He belongs to the world as thy sacred bequest;
There's the altar prepared for this gift of thy love,
And the fire, and the dirge, and the buffeting throng;
But only the Father in heaven above
Can fathom this bounty to outrage and wrong.

But the time is at hand when this man will be tried,
As gold in a furnace that's heated seven-fold;
If the metal be base we will cast it aside,
But fire shall determine which is dross, which is gold;
Let the cynic behold, for the trial begins,
And the test is of wisdom and courage combined;
If his arm be of reed he will fail; if he wins,
He's the stuff that makes gods of mankind.

On the tempest-torn main, in the offing out yonder,
The waves clasp the sky and sink down with a roar,
And, rolling together with tumult and thunder,
Break white o'er the sea-wall that circles the shore;
Like the wing of a bird on a faint rim of sky,
Or the shadow of Hope we see in a dream,
The proud Ship of State shakes her canvas on high,
Defying the storm and the lightning's red gleam.

But pirates have shifted the buoys from the bar
To the land-girted harbor, as signals of woe;
And pirates are coaxing where th' gray breakers are,
And the ship has a deck-load of pirates below;
But the Lincoln that slept in a cradle of straw,
Stood brave on the bridge with trumpet in hand;
And, peering through darkness and tempest, he saw
The only safe roadstead that led to the land.

* * * * * *

But away with these symbols that baffle my muse,
And tangle the gait of a smooth-flowing song;
So, to happy-eyed Metaphor waving a truce,
On sturdy Pegasus I'll gallop along.

* * * * * *

At a snug little farm-house that stands on the hill,
A widow grief-stricken bequeaths her last son;
And a fair girl will wait at the tryst by the mill,
Whose white lips will whisper "Good-bye;" and he's gone;
So the villager's hope and the rich city's pride,
With music that chases the echoes afar,
Float down the broad streets in a living tide,
To join in the glory and murder of war.

How graphic the picture that drops from a pen
 While a-painting of scenes from those long years of dread,
 From the fear in the souls of the children of men,
 As they read the long lists of the sacrificed dead;—
 From the dews of the South turned to red showers of rain
 That guttered the turf on the rolling lea,—
 From the crimson-lipped bud on the conscious plain,—
 From the grave where Death held his wild jubilee!

In yon pretty cottage contentment once reigned,
 And all the bright dreams that thrift could inspire,
 Now a prey in the grasp of demons unchained,
 And melting away in the hot tongues of fire;
 The playground once sacred to childhood's retreat,
 With its carpet of green that lay soft on the earth,
 Now trod to a mire by vandal-shod feet,
 And still as the grave are the voices of mirth.

There's the far-reaching lawn; in the arbor below
 Was the rope-braided gig that swept close by the spring;
 But the leaves have grown black in the wrath of the foe,
 And a halter is made of the children's swing;
 The slow-throbbing drum, and the tife's wailing cry,
 And the voice of a wretch in his brief epilogue,
 Proclaim the last act in the fate of a spy,
 Who faces the doom of a dishonored dog.

There the smooth-flowing sea has extinguished its foam,
 And soft on its bosom the night tapers burn;
 While the sailor-boy dreams of his sweetheart and home,
 And the friends of his youth that await his return;
 But a black skulking shadow through darkness less black,
 Like a fire-breathing courser, ploughs over the main;
 And swift as a sleuth-hound that is hot on the track,
 Submerges its prey in a white-foaming grave.

And thus through the years burned the passions of hate,
 As if Satan's new reign on the earth had begun;
 Inciting to murder the filial ingrate,
 And guiding the knife to the throat of the son;
 Braiding halos of flame from a blistered sky,
 Whose fires put to shame the mad rocket's light;
 And the iron messengers screaming by
 To gash the red earth in their random flight.

But true to his trust, and with "Right" for his guide,
 Mid contention at home and confusion abroad,
 He held on his way till the foe's humbled pride
 Had thrown down the altars set up to their God;

But how oft, when his own heart was bursting with care,
 Did he pause an encouraging word to bestow;—
 To patiently heed a suppliant's prayer,
 And speak peace to a mind distracted with woe.

But Peace spread her wings to the gaze of the world,
 And the stars sang again in the angels' employ;
 While the turbulent banners of discord were furled,
 And the laughing sky rocked with hosannas of joy.
 When the battlefield buzzards had stilled their hoarse cry,
 And the spirit of hate had fettered its rage;
 Then a blow struck him down like a bolt from the sky!
 O God, could I cancel this blot from my page!

But the record is made, and the world knows the rest:—
 How it smothered in flowers the grief on his bier,
 And mourned him, of men the truest and best,
 That had lived out the span of a mortal's career;
 Yes, the record is made, and this man has been tried
 As gold in a furnace that's heated seven-fold;
 But the urn holds no dross to throw idly aside,
 For fire hath determined the whole mass is gold.

Mary A. Hamlin.

Mary A. Hamlin was born in Gorham, Me., Jan. 22, 1842, her parents removing to Jackson when she was about six years of age. Her mother's early days were spent in Portland, and she sang for some time in the choir of the Christian Church; later she turned to the old home in Gorham to care for her aged and blind father. Mary's father, M. Hamlin, was a descendant of one of the first settlers of Gorham. Miss Hamlin signates her little poems as "Songs in the Night," the expressions of a heart under the training of a Divine Hand. She has a spontaneous sympathy with others who are passing under the cloud; her poems are the mementoes of the "Marah Wells" and "Elim Ways" of life. In 1874 she took charge of the *Dirigo Rural*, of Bangor, and has written stories and other prose articles. She is now preparing a poetical work for publication.

GLEANINGS.

"And she went and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers."—Ruth II: 8.

'Tis not for me with zealous care
 To toil for earthly praise:
 A little here, a little there,
 Along life's devious ways,
 With what He gives to joyful go
 And seed beside all waters sow.

Nor may my arm the sickle wield,
 With reapers brave and strong,
 To gather in the ripened field
 With shout of harvest song;

But where brave reapers once have been,
The Master gives me leave to glean.

 Of this not selfishly to make
A sheaf for earthly store:
But what He gives to gladly take
And use and gain for more.
Thankful when golden sheaves I see,
That this sweet task was left for me.

 I may not reap, I may not bind,
The sheaves of ripened wheat;
But should some reaper fall behind,
Faint from the toil and heat,
The frail, veiled gleaner there may bring
A cooling draught from bubbling spring.

 And as I glean from day to day,
I yet perchance may see
Some rare, ripe cluster on the way
Left purposely for me.
Gladly I'd toil from morn till night,
But to find favor in His sight.

 I may not join the joyous key,
With those who bind the grain;
But as the song floats back to me,
I'll chant the sweet refrain.
And thus my note of praise I'll yield
To the rich Master of the field.

Emma J. Coombs.

Emma Coombs—the initial "J" being only borrowed from that of a friend, and inserted with her own as her pen initial—was born in Damariscotta, where she resided and attended school until she was seventeen years of age. At irregular intervals she also attended school at Lincoln Academy, Newcastle. She commenced the study of Latin at twelve years of age, and at fourteen was reading Virgil's *Aeneid*. Soon after she removed to Bath. Her first poem was an obituary on the death of a schoolmate, and was written at the early age of nine years. When eighteen years old Miss Coombs was prostrated by a severe and long-continued illness, and during the period of invalidism wrote several poems for the *Portland Transcript* and other papers. Bath has been her home for the past twenty years. For the past six years Miss Coombs has given her attention principally to art, which is the vocation of her choice, but still occasionally writes both in prose and verse.

GROWING OLD.

Gray hairs? so soon? 'T was but yesterday
I complacently smoothed my locks of gold;
Gray hairs, they say, are a sign of age—
Can it be true I am growing old?

**And surely enough, my face does wear
An expression for youth too wise and cold;
A prophetic wrinkle is in my brow,
And I see in my eyes my story all told.**

**And now I review it, how long ago,
Since in that spring-time soft and mild
I first discovered with pleased surprise
The face of a maiden, instead of a child.**

**What a sweet long time ago it was,
That I looked through such hopeful, expectant eyes,
That I dreamed such wayward, fanciful dreams
Beneath such changeable April skies!**

**O beautiful youth, hast thou left me so soon?
Thy kisses scarce cold on cheek and brow?
With all thy promises unfulfilled—
Unheeded and broken thy softest vow?**

**Will the sweet south breezes never again
Whisper a tale in my waiting ears?
Will the daisies and violets never again
Tell me the fortunes of future years?**

**Will the robins and blue-birds sing no more
Their tenderest songs as they pass me by?
And the honey-bees bear no message to me
As about me on gossamer wings they fly?**

**For answer, the south wind comes to my ear
With whispers no more, but with gentle moan;
The dreamy hum of the bee is still—
The flowers are dead and the birds are flown.**

**The daisies and violets lie dank at my feet,
Nor lift as I pass them each gentle head;
Of the future no more will they breathe to me—
The book may be closed, for the story is read.**

**Farewell, forever, O beautiful youth!
In the sigh of each breeze I can hear thy knell,
With all thy mystical, golden dreams,—
Farewell, O beautiful youth, farewell!**

Virgil Viraldini Twitchell.

Editor Twitchell, of the *Gorham Mountaineer*, was born in Bethel, Me., June 27, 1842, where, as one of his facetious friends remarked, "he successfully sang the 'Squall.'" Virgil received his education at the town school and Gould's Academy at Bethel until he was 16 years old, when he took a notion to become a photographer, and

practiced that art in Bethel, Portland and Boston for several years. In 1863 he enlisted in the Maine Infantry, but not passing the medical examination, he subsequently got a position in the sanitary commission, and was stationed at City Point, Va., until the battle of Petersburg. He was then ordered to Richmond, and remained there till the close of the war. Later, he worked in the offices of the *Daily Star* and *Advertiser*, in Portland, Me., for six years. After a trip of three months in the far West, where he went to regain his health, he came back to Portland, and was a trader for two years. After acting as clerk for three seasons in the Waumbec House, at Jefferson, N. H., he went to Gorham, N. H., and, in April, 1877, established the *Mountaineer*, which he still manages ably and profitably.

DON'T STAB HIM IN THE BACK.

If you have a grudge against a man—some fancied wrong—you blame,
Would it not be far better to face him with the same,
Than to follow him in silence, like a blood-hound on a track,
And when you get him cornered to stab him in the back?

Perhaps you may be sensitive, and think because you're erred,
Your friend has ceased to love you—your heart is strangely stirred,
When you're the one that's kicking like an enraged jumping-jack,
And before you are aware of it you've stabbed him in the back.

We do not mean you've struck a blow in anger or in strife,
With a sharp-pointed dagger or a murderer's keen knife,
But in your exasperation, by some sleight-handed knack,
Your tongue was used, instead thereof, to stab him in the back.

If you would be more merciful to all, be kind and true,
You must try to do by others as you'd have them do by you,
And if a friend unthinkingly should give your nose a whack,
Just hit him square between the eyes—don't stab him in the back.

THE OLD FLAX-WHEEL.

Grandma sat there in her old arm-chair, humming her favorite tune,
Her head was white but her face as bright as a leafless rose in June;
She tapped her heel as she turned her reel, in a sing-song way so queer,
I can hear her yet, and I'll never forget, though I live a hundred year,
The distaff's rebound as it turned around, and grandma's cry, "Take care!"

'Twas always my fate, I found too late, the "old thing" pulling my hair.

She'd sit upright from morn till night, nor think it was a tax,
With toe and heel she'd turn the wheel and finger the glossy flax;
The old black cat asleep on the mat, the clock so tall and queer
Its tick, tick, tick, and the wheels' click, click, were musical sounds to
hear;

The fiery blaze from the fire-place made shadows on the wall
Of revolving reel and spinning wheel, with grandma over all.

Old grandma, alas! has gone to rest, and many long years have flown,
She's now at rest among the blest, while I to a man have grown.
I've her old wheel here, to me 'tis dear, I gaze on it now with pride,
To me it's a sacred souvenir since the day old grandma died;
But, alas! it is now a useless thing to girls of this modern day,
Because they cannot learn to spin—for they are not built that way.

THE DUDE.

What is nothing? please to tell me,
If you know, now don't be rude;
I would know if out of nothing
Comes a something—called a *dude*.

If a dude is simply nothing,
What in thunder must he be?
For we cannot get a quotient
From a cypher—don't you see?

Did a zephyr plant a bubble
In the shadow of a storm?
Was it nursed by sweet aroma?
Did the rainbow give it form?

Well, perhaps there's something in it
Not so strange when rightly viewed—
Out of something comes—well, nothing,
Out of nothing comes—a *dude*.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

Miss Kate Putnam Osgood was born in Fryeburg, that old and quiet village, noted for sending out so many able *literati* of both sexes. For a number of years the poems of this author have appeared in the best publications of the day, both secular and religious, and many of her pieces have been extensively copied. She is a sister of James R. Osgood, recently a book-publisher in Boston, and now in England, also a native of Fryeburg. Miss Osgood resides near Boston.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;

The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the clouds came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

It is a lofty turret-room,
Leaf-bowered, and set about with bloom,
Where, by the lattice, lurks the breeze,
To rob, unseen, the searching bees,
And flutter in a petal wet
With honey-dew to Margaret.

It is the falling of the night,
Yet in the chamber burns no light.
Scarce visible about the room
Vague forms, just shadowed through the gloom:
Familiar forms whereon is set
The impress still of Margaret.

There, from its corner, glimmers tall
Her harp against the western wall:
About the chords not yet unstrung,
The chords so late that thrilled and sung,
Something of sweetness lingers yet,
Left by the touch of Margaret.

A moonlight glint, that seems to shift
And play upon a mountain-drift;—
White-draperied from foot to head
The straight and slender couch is spread,
Beneath whose snowy coverlet
But yester-night slept Margaret.

Upon the panel opposite
A girl that watching seems to sit:
The last faint gleam about the place
Lingers upon the pictured face,
The wide and wistful eyes that met
Each morn the eyes of Margaret.

Is it a statue from the wall,
Broken from off its pedestal,
There, in the middle of the room—
Death aping Life amid the gloom?
White face, white form, so coldly set,
So strangely like to Margaret!

No statue, yet a thing of stone,
The form that lieth there alone!
A stone that once had warmth and breath;
Life's image frozen into death:

The marble mold, in beauty set,
That yesterday was Margaret!

Come forth, and leave her there to keep
Her soundless, sightless trance of sleep.
There, in the falling of the night,
Shut in the chamber without light,
Shadow and silence round her met—
Death's fitting watch for Margaret.

Only the moon her face may see—
As calm, as cold, as pale as she!
Only the breeze may whisper there--
Mysterious dweller of the air!
Nothing beside may dare to set
A touch of earth on Margaret!

Albert Elisha Jones.

Albert E. Jones was born in the town of Weld, on the west slope of Mount Blue, Aug. 16, 1842. His parents removed to Farmington when he was one year of age, and from thence went to Salem when he was four years old, two years later going to Phillips. After residing in the latter place one year, the family moved back to Salem. In May, 1855, Albert went with his parents to the town of Strong, where he has resided most of the time until 1878, when he went to Topeka, Kansas, his present home. The following poem from his pen appeared in the *Phillips Phonograph*.

MOUNT BLUE.

Beneath the mountain's rugged slope
My eyes first saw the light,*
Where noon-day's sun gave joy and hope,
And gathering shadows told of night.

The summit viewed from fore and aft,
Majestic tower seen at sea;
A solid fortress with piercing shaft,—
Art fails to build a dome like thee!

Thrust from the earth long ages back,
Thy walls show signs of wear;
Of glaciers in their southern track,
Moving in darkness, who knows where?

Could human eyes see past the door
That guards thy wondrous birth;
The mist of time roll from the shore,
How grand thy rising from the earth!

* The writer was born at the foot of this mountain.

Piled high above, unmoved by blast,
Thy form is dear to me,
As in my youth those years swift passed,
To-day this land-mark still I see.

"On the mountain top appearing,*
Lo, the sacred herald stands,"
Was sung in faith to hearts endearing,
Its echoes wafted o'er the land.

The smiling vale thy spire above,
A beacon may it ever shine,
Guiding the heart to home and love,
Mt. Blue, I fondly call thee mine!

Harriette G. Pennell.

Miss Harriette G. Pennell was born in Brunswick, Me., and now resides in the old historic town of Salem, Mass., on a street named for one of our Maine Poets, the distinguished Hawthorne. Miss Pennell has written very acceptably for the columns of *Cottage Hearth Magazine*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Boston Budget*, and other literary publications.

BESIDE THE SEA.

'Neath the rustling, spreading branches,
Close beside the summer sea,
Where the waves' low whispering music
Breathes its ceaseless mystery,

Gently o'er my slumberous senses
Falls the distant church bells' chime,
While within the sheltered beaches
Flows the tide in songs sublime.

Round me rolls the measured cadence
Throbbing o'er my brain and heart;
Thronging memories gleam undying,
Till they seem of life a part!

O'er the cliffs the sun is shining,
And the flowers of golden g'low
Wave their plumes of graceful beauty
Where the freshening sea winds blow.

*Many years ago a great meeting was held on the summit of Mt. Blue, and a hymn was read and sung containing these two lines.

Just the same the birds are singing;
 Just the same the waters flow;
 All around, beneath, above me,
 Strangely breathes of long ago.

When a gentle form was near me,
 Sat beside the summer sea,
 Heard the same soft, dreamy music,
 Shared her pure, sweet thoughts with me.

Now I tread the tangled pathway
 All along the wooded shore,
 Living o'er in silent sadness
 Glad, sweet days that come no more.

There's no tender voice beside me,
 Still the pines beside the sea
 Whisper of a heavenly spirit,
 Of the love it brought to me.

THE ORIOLE.

Hark, 't is the oriole's song,
 Sweet, worshipful, deep in delight;
 There's a spell divine in the radiant voice,
 Outbreaking from morn till night!

O sweet in the flush of dawn
 Comes the golden melody;
 And for lonely shadows no place is found
 In the message he sings to me!

Then the voice like a spirit floats
 And breathes on the charméd air;
 Till the long spring days more blissful seem,
 And the sunny world more fair.

O creatures of life and beauty!
 O voice divine and dear!
 We know when we hear thy sweet notes ring,
 That the perfect summer's near!

Lydia Merrow Fogg.

This lady was born in Waterville, March 16, 1843. The most of her girlhood was spent in Hartland with her father, her mother having died when she was but six years old. She graduated from the academy there in 1859. On Nov. 12, 1864, she was married to William H. Fogg, of Bath, an officer in the navy at that time. After passing twenty-two

appy years together, she passed on to the other life, Feb. 17, 1837, leaving her husband and three children a lasting memory of her virtues. Too much cannot be said of her nobleness of character and person. Patient, hopeful, sympathetic and tender, all hearts were drawn toward her instinctively. The *Portland Transcript*, to which she had been long contributor, said of her that "no one who had seen the rare loveliness of her face could ever forget it." We subjoin her last poem published in that paper since her death.

LIFE'S NOVEMBER.

I said: My life is written out,
My meagre life that was to be
So full of hope, so free from doubt,
So full of boundless charity.
But as some weed that bore its flower
With pride, because it was a weed,
And through some tempest's angry hour
Its petals dropped, and left indeed
Barren the stalk on which it grew,
But living still, through cold and rain,
It dreams of skies which once were blue,
And buds that yet may come again.
Therein our likeness ceases, for
I have no hope of future bloom,
And back to seasons turn that saw
My flowers and breathed their sweet perfume.

I must awake! and from me shake
This lethargy of heart and brain:
All times are seasons of our Lord,
And he can make them bloom again.

We fear our lives are written out—
Wilt Thou create and Thou renew?
Take from our hearts the fear and doubt,
With new resolves our souls imbue.

O give us hope instead of fear,
O give us faith instead of doubt;
With charity and love amear
O may our lives be written out!

ONLY A BIRD'S NEST.

Only a bird's nest! you wonder I stand,
Holding the tangled shreds in my hand!
Only a bird's nest! torn and brown,
Tost by the winds from the oak-tree down,
The tree we watched in sunny weather,
When robins were building, and talking together.

Syringas were falling like snow-flakes white
 Over the steps, and the glad sunlight
 Crowned like a halo her curls of gold,
 As I whispered to her the story old,
 The sweet old story, sobbed or sung,
 In every heart since the world was young.

Her work lay idle; we watched the nest
 And the robins flying in eager quest,
 "For something they had not found," I said;
 "They seek for a curl from this golden head."

"The nest should be lined with silken floss,"
 Then back the golden waves she tost,
 "And so it shall be!" she quickly said,
 As a curl was shorn from the dainty head,
 And upward tossed, by the branches won,
 In their leafy net, like a wave of sun.

* * * * *

Over the steps the snow-flakes fall,
 The winds through leafless branches call,
 And I, alas! my life is lone,
 For robins southward long have flown,
 And where we watched them build together,
 I stand alone in wintry weather,
 Holding a bird's nest brown and bare,
 But golden-lined with her shining hair.

Moses Highland Greene.

Moses H. Greene was born in Chester, N. H., March 10, 1843. He resided for a while in Kittery, Me., where, in view of old Ocean and the jeweled bosom of the Piscataqua River, he courted the muses. Later, he removed to Portsmouth, N. H., and now resides in Haverhill, Mass., where he is engaged in business. Mr. Greene, in leisure hours, has written for various publications, and is connected with the Bradford Farmers' and Mechanics' Literary Institute.

CHANGED.

Hark! through the gray woods dying with a moan,
 Softly the winds are sighing,—“Winter's gone.”
 Here where often memory calls us,
 Where the joys of sense enthrall us,
 Where no grievous thought befalls us of what hath been,
 Winter's gone!

Bright may the spring-time find us—full of joy;
 Free from all cares that bind us,—sin's alloy.
 God's right arm around us, guarding,
 On his promises enlarging,
 Written o'er life's newest margin, of what shall be.
 Winter's gone!

Then in our woodland bowers yet to be,
 Oft we'll mark the shining hours glad and free;
 And hand in hand we'll wander,
 Fully blest together ponder
 'Neath the fair spring sky—up yonder our sun shines free,—
 Winter's gone!

Sweetly sings the morning lark overhead;
 Spring has banished winter's dark; on we're led,
 Where the rill is sweetly playing,
 Where through leafy bowers straying,
 All its summer joys displaying round us ever—
 Winter's gone!

Undulating on the river, buds and bloom,
 Rocking in our boat of pleasure, midst perfume,
 Earth's full joys are o'er us blending—
 Not a thought that needs amending,
 Not a shade of doubt portending any sadness,—
 Winter's gone!

Alfred Cole.

Alfred Cole was born in Hartford, Me., May 16, 1843, and was the youngest of six children. His father, Lemuel Cole, was an active business man. Alfred passed his boyhood on the farm, attending the district schools and the high schools at Canton. Early in 1861 the family moved to Buckfield Village. He attended the high school there, and subsequently entered Hebron Academy, and also had one year's schooling in Boston. Owing to ill health he continued a course of study at home, acquiring an ardent taste for classical literature, which he has always cultivated. He engaged in trade about a year in Buckfield, and subsequently engaged with a nursery firm at Geneva, N. Y., representing that firm for several years at their Boston office during their delivery season. He afterwards engaged in the same business for himself. In 1878 he was married to Miss Mary E. Storer, of Buckfield. He has held various town offices in Buckfield, where he is now a Justice of the Peace and Postmaster, having been appointed to the latter office in the fall of 1885. His writings, consisting mostly of poems and sketches, have appeared in the *Portland Transcript* and various other papers and magazines.

MY MOTHER.

Old and wrinkled, with silvery hair,
 And eyes bedimmed with the touch of time,
 My mother sits in her old arm-chair,
 Weaving threads of gold with her autumn rime.
 Once my mother was young and fair,
 When the wood-lark warbled her wedding chime.

**And she oftentimes speaks of the quaint old ways
Of the long ago, and catches gleams
From the summer-land of her vanished days,
Through the mists of years, till the present teems
With scenes that gladdened her childish gaze
And forms that peopled her youthful dreams.**

**The old log-house, with its homely cheer,
She remembers well, and how, when a child,
She strayed to her father's clearing near
O'er a corduroy road, through forests wild—
A way that grew fairer year by year
Till fields of plenty beside it smiled.**

**She recalls the preacher, rigidly brave
To battle with creeds and foes unseen,
The quaint old church, with its echoing nave,
Its old-time choir and Sabbaths serene;
While summer now over the preacher's grave
And the site of the church spreads a mantle of green.**

**She sits with her knitting and heedeth not
The ways of the world that come and go;
Its murmurs of strife are scarcely caught
From the far-off tides that ceaselessly flow.
Home is her world, in a lowly lot:
Her crown was won where the daisies grow.**

**And I am the hero of that world,
The genius of all, whom her minstrels sing—
I, so nameless, an atom swirled
In the throng, where the deeds of the great scarce ring;
For me love's banner is gently unfurled—
I am the hero, I am the king.**

**Old and wrinkled! Those lines of care
Were written for me; there is wealth untold
Blossoming out from her silvery hair,
Better to me than houses and gold.
Once my mother was young and fair;
God bless her now she is wrinkled and old!**

Elizabeth Converse Durgin.

Miss E. C. Durgin was born in Portland, May 26, 1813. Her father was Dr. O. E. Durgin, who practiced medicine in Portland and vicinity half a century. Miss Durgin graduated at Gorham Seminary, and was a teacher in her native State, and in New York, for some time. Her home is now in Deering, where she lives with her only sister and her adopted child. She has written, and translated, many fine poems.

A "FAIR" ARGUMENT.

Bright scarlet blushed the maple-leaves,
The elms were turning golden,
And future oaks in acorn-cups
Right daintily were holden.
Upon the eastern sky, each morn,
There shone a wondrous comet,
And wise and foolish gazed, and made
Their own deductions from it.

While thus Dame Nature magnified
Her wonders, past all telling,
Lo! hands, accounted small and weak,
Gigantic wrongs were felling;
A wonder, not of earth or sky,
Made men pause in their walking,
And question whither this must tend,—
A Woman's Congress, talking!

There were, who said, with faces grave,
"The world to ruin hurries;
No more sweet woman stays at home,
To calm the household worries.
Henceforth must buttons fall like leaves,
And needles bright grow rusty,
The baby roar unheeded, while
The husband waxeth crusty.

"For how can Mrs. Smith, M. D.,
Attend to household matters?
Or Reverend Mrs. Jones defend
Her family from tatters?
Ah! who shall cook the dinners now?
A famine sore awaits us!
While yonder woman, eloquent,
Of pity void, berates us.

"O! Solomon, who soughtest long
To find a single woman,
And, in a thousand, found not one,
We greet, with heart-throb human,
Our fellow-sufferer; but ah!
What would have been thy wailing,
Hadst seen with thy prophetic eye
What centuries were veiling:

"That beings, wearing woman's form,
And woman's lovely features,

Should farmers, lawyers, brokers
 Inventors, authors, teachers;
 In short, should boldly undertake
 To use whatever powers
 Move from within, their brains or
 As we, their lords, use ours?"

Now when these moanings mae
 Were on the air uplifted,
 Straightway to ears most womanl
 And pitiful, they drifted.
 And here, to-night, we offer you,
 O men, so persecuted!
 An argument potential, and
 That cannot be refuted.

Who thinks the art of sewing los
 Is cordially invited
 To look upon our tables, and
 Confess he was benighted.
 Know that the woman liveth still
 Who, wool and linen taking,
 Works skilfully, with willing han
 All needed garments making.

And that her merchandise is good
 Full well she still perceiveth.
 To-night she brings her food from
 And firmly she believeth
 That fears of famine cannot bide
 When you shall test her cookin;
 Grant us your money and good w
 Our rights not overlooking.

John Dix Willian

Born in Portland, Me., Sept. 14, 1843. Attended the Gr Portland. Entered the office of the City Civil Engineer ea nine months, when he accepted a position in the draughting Company's Works. In November, 1861, enlisted, and was 12th Maine Regiment, was discharged for disability, at Fort May, 1864, was appointed Acting Third Assistant Engineer in capacity on the blockade off Charleston, S. C. On the *encous* the "G. Indiolus," was the first of the fleet to pass the obstruc March, 1865, resigned from the navy to accept an appoinme neer in the U. S. Revenue service; served on the Boston resigned therefrom Dec 1, 1868. Was afterwards employed office as Second Assistant Engineer, and for one year was ac neer. Entered the office of the Western Union Telegraph 1873, and was appointed Cashier of that office, Feb. 1, 1887. verse and prose to various publications. Was married to Mi land, in 1877.

MIND AND THOUGHT.

"It's a poor rule that don't work both ways," we are taught;
 But here an exception to this rule you'll find:
 Absence of mind is often the presence of thought,
 But absence of thought is never presence of mind!

THE IRISHMAN'S DREAM.

'T is an old, old story—the Irishman's dream--
 Showing that sometimes things are not what they seem;
 He dreamed one night that a friend asked him to drink—
 Of course he accepted, as quick as a wink.

When asked if his drink should be hot or be cold,
 He allowed he'd take it as hot as they sold;
 The bartender turned some hot water to get—
 Perhaps but for that he'd been slumbering yet.

But just at this point he awoke with a start,
 And the loss of his drink took greatly to heart;
 "I was a fool," said he; "now see what I've got;
 I should have had it *cold*, not waited for *hot!*"

McCLELLAN.

Halt, Comrades, here! Uncover all!
 Before this black and mournful pall
 Bend low your heads, and drop a tear
 On this gallant soldier's bier.

He was a soldier, tried and true;
 Loved by his country--loved by you;
 Tried by fire in that deadly strife,
 Ready to offer e'en his life.

Upon his brow the laurel place;
 Cast one fond look upon his face,
 Then slowly, sadly, all depart
 Bearing his image in each heart.

O sweetly may our hero rest,
 Who stood a peer among the best!
 May gentle zephyrs waft above,
 To "Little Mac," the soldier's love!

Frederick Fairfield Foster.

Frederick Fairfield Foster was born in Winthrop, Me., Oct. 11, 1843, where his father, Rev. Frederic Foster, was pastor of the Universalist Society. In 1845, his parents removed to Buckfield, where, in the public schools and under his father's instruction, he fitted for college, entering Bowdoin in 1859, but never joining his class by reason of a second removal of his parents to Meriden, Conn. In 1862 he entered the Sophomore Class of Dartmouth College, his father's alma mater, from which he was graduated in 1865. For many years after his graduation he taught in Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, most successfully, devoting much of his leisure time to literary work, at which he was also successful. During the past few years, he has resided in Weare, N. H., with his mother, and given himself almost entirely to literary pursuits. He has won a reputable position in the world of letters. His especial realm has been that of prose fiction; and, though making no claim to poetical ability, has produced verses that have had a wide circulation, and entitle him to a place among the bards of to-day.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Softly the shades of evening round me gather,
And, in their depths, bright angel forms I see
Of loved ones, who have passed from earth forever:
You cannot see them; plain are they to me.

Lightly across my brow they pass their fingers,
Wafting away all weariness and pain;
Upon my lips their tender kiss now lingers,—
Such I ne'er knew before. Shall I again?

In accents low, so low they reach no other
Than my own ear, their voices come to me;
Soothing and gentle words from father, brother
And sister, too, are spoken silently.

The same fond smiles illuminate their faces,
Which they were wont to wear long years ago,
Before they went from earth to heavenly places;
They sweeter smile than when they dwelt below.

I stretch my arm out, thinking, yet how vainly,
To clasp the fingers that have touched my brow.
I fain would kiss the lips I felt so plainly
Pressed to my own. I cannot feel them now.

The loving words which thrilled me through with pleasure
Bringing glad peace and comfort to my soul,
I cannot answer. I can only treasure
Their memories blest, as on the years shall roll.

The shadows round me noiselessly are creeping,
Working strange fancies both on wall and floor,
Midst them I search for those who have been keeping
Their watch with me. I see them now no more.

I am alone. I know myself far purer
That they have been a little while with me:
Their presence, smiles, words, kisses make me surer
Their love will end but with eternity.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

A kindly smile, a cheery word,
Alone to me were given;
By them my very soul was stirred,
Earth made to seem a heaven.

Lewis Frederic Starrett.

This poet was born in Warren, Me., June 20, 1844. He was reared on the farm on which he was born, and there his home has always been. He was employed in Portland, from 1862 to 1867, and subsequently learned stenography, which he practiced for a time in the courts of Maine. In 1877 he was elected Clerk of Courts for Knox County, and has since filled that position, having been re-elected in 1880 and 1884. Mr. Starrett began to write verse when quite young, though the bulk of what he has written has been done quite recently. A memorial tribute in 1865, written upon the day of the National fast appointed for the death of President Lincoln, was published a week or two later in the *Portland Transcript*, and was highly praised. It appeared under the signature "S." In 1883 Mr. Starrett commenced the study of German, at Rockland, with a German teacher, and has become much interested in this language. He has made several translations, and finding his material, both original and translated, accumulating on his hands, he published a very interesting and valuable volume in the fall of 1887, under the title of "Poems and Translations," which is having a good sale. The negative fact must be mentioned that he has never married; as Mr. Peggotty said of himself, we may say of Lewis, he is a "bachelore."

OLD UNCLE BILLY WHITTEMORE.

I call to mind a queer old man,
Whom well I knew in days of yore,—
One in his life esteemed by all,
Whom everybody used to call
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

I doubt not that he once was young,
And wore a frock and pinafore;
But howsoever that may be,
For very many years was he
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

He was a simple-minded man,
Not versed at all in bookish lore,
For slight had been his chance at school,
And yet not anybody's fool
Was Uncle Billy Whittemore.

**A little garden-plat he tilled,
And larger crops each year it bore
Than many younger men will scratch
From off three times as big a patch,—
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

**When anybody asked him how
He made it yield such goodly store,
He said, while he could use a hoe,
He didn't mean the weeds should grow,—
Shrewd Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

**The world his neighborhood beyond,
He cared but little to explore;
He followed peace, and hated strife,
And loved his children and his wife,—
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

**An honest, wholesome life he lived;
He neither gambled, drank, nor swore,—
Unless, indeed, an oath you call
That phrase of his, "Consarn it all!"
Quaint Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

**He used it when he spilled his milk,
Or when his Sunday clothes he tore,
Or when his neighbors' cattle vexed,
For sadly such mishaps perplexed
Poor Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

**Throughout the winter evenings long,
Before the fire at Thompson's store,
Perched on an old inverted keg,
Or on a stool that lacked a leg,
Sat Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

**He used to fill the old clay pipe
He smoked a dozen years before,
And then his locofoco match
Across his pantaloons would scratch,
Our Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

**And as he smoked, and now and then
Expectorated on the floor,
He heard old tales and gossip new,
Accepting every word as true,
Plain Uncle Billy Whittemore.**

And if a story pleased the rest
He always joined in the *encore*;
And when 't was time to blow the light,
Straight to his home he went each night,
Good Uncle Billy Whittemore.

But by-and-by there came a time
He could n't go beyond his door;
And then the doctor shook his head
When people called to him and said,—
“How's Uncle Billy Whittemore?”

And when, one day, the bell was tolled,
The people counted up four score;
And still it struck, one, two and three,
Four, five, —then stopped, “Yes, it must be
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.”

Full soon his body to the grave,
With quiet tread, the neighbors bore.
There many years the grass has grown,
And you may read upon the stone:—
“Here lieth William Whittemore.”

William Wallace Maxim.

William W. Maxim was born in Buckfield, Oxford County, Me., Sept. 19, 1844, being the ninth of a family of ten children, all of whom are living at the present time, (May, the oldest being forty-seven years of age, the youngest, (twins) thirty. His parents Capt. Benjamin and Mrs. Susanna (Harlow) Maxim. They were both school-teachers and both possessed considerable poetic talent. William was passionately fond of poetry when a child, and at the age of five years could repeat page after page. At twelve years of age he commenced writing for the press, and has continued to write occasionally ever since. He has also been engaged by agricultural papers in other States to furnish articles upon farm topics. He has lived alone on a large estate near Mt. Mica, in , Me., for many years, and is known as the “Literary Hermit.”

STRANGERS.

We are living and toiling as strangers
In a land that we call our own;
We are passing, like priest and Levite,
The road to the great unknown.

We talk of the golden city,
Of friends in that home so dear,
But scarcely a word of pity
For those who are starving here.

THE POETS OF MAINE.

Starving for love and devotion
 And the graces that round them fall;
 Starving for pure religion
 In a country of churches tall.

These shadows and baubles are empty,
 Though decked with the treasures of art,
 And the light of a life burns dimly
 When love has gone out of the heart.

We read in the legends of heroes,
 Who, labors of love to bestow,
 Put self in the misty back-ground
 And build up the kingdom below.

May we ask with patience enduring
 Like the servants and seekers of yore,
 That the faith of the ancient martyrs
 Might visit the earth once more;

Might come like the splendors of sunlight
 To a shadowy groping band;
 Might come like the rain in summer
 To the arid and dusty land.

For the same old passions bind us,
 And the same afflictions bow,
 And we know that the God of the Bible
 Is the God of His children now.

IN THE FUTURE.

There are joys locked up in the future
 That only the angels know,
 There are pains and crosses and trials
 That our wisdom cannot forego.

But stop, there's a *faith* in the future
 That is ample, and just, and true;
 There is courage and strength to conquer,
 And a grace that is always new.

Martha Owen Colcord.

This writer, the daughter of John W. and M. O. Colcord, was born in Hancock, Hillsboro County, N. H., in 1845. Her parents removed to Portland, Me., in her infancy, and that city has, with a few brief intervals, since been her home. She was educated in the public and private schools of the city, and at the State Normal School. Like her sister, Millie Colcord, she manifested a poetical taste at an early age; but excepting occasional

fugitive pieces contributed to different journals over various signatures, her verses have been penned for personal friends and social gatherings, often including both words and music. For years she has been an earnest member of the Catholic (Cathedral) church in Portland, having charge of various choirs connected with the sodalities of that congregation.

A LESSON.

Sweet Hope and fair Contentment, hand in hand,
Sought for a resting-place throughout the land.

The rich man was too busy with his gold,
The poor man all his bitter sorrows told.

The sick were waiting for the boon of health—
And everywhere men sought for fame or wealth.

Wearied at last they rested by the way,
Where a poor blind man begged for alms each day.

They waited, listening for his tale of woe,
Ere onward in their weary search they go:

Waited in vain; they heard a murmured prayer,
And saw a face serene and free from care;

The blind man seemed to feel their presence near,
And asked an alms "for love of Christ so dear."

"Silver and gold we have not," answered they,
"But we have found a resting-place to-day."

They asked him of his friends—they all were dead;
"But God loves me, and I love Him," he said.

They asked him if he never longed for sight:
"The day shines but the brighter for the night;

And God the Father cares for me each day,
While I delight to do His will alway."

When morning came, they sought again the face
So lighted by the Holy Spirit's grace;

But God's bright angels, coming in the night,
Had borne his soul away to realms of light!

RESURREXIT.

Easter lilies pure and white,
Angels clothed in robes of light
Tell the world that Christ is risen
From the grave, that darksome prison.
Let us hasten to his feet,
And our risen Saviour greet.

Gone the passion's gloomy hours,
 Now we twine the cross with flowers.
 Christ has borne this bitter sadness,
 All our hearts to fill with gladness.
 Resurrexit, let us sing,
 Welcome to our risen King.

Autumn leaves grow brown and sere,
 Earth and sky seem cold and drear.
 Flowers beneath the snow are lying,
 Wintry winds a requiem sighing:
 But when winter's storms are o'er,
 Then the flowers shall bloom once more.

Thus we long for heaven's glad light,
 While we pass through earth's dark night:
 But our Saviour's gone before us,
 And his love is ever o'er us.
 Star of Hope, illume our way,
 Alleluia, sing to-day.

Rachel Pomeroy.

Rachel Pomeroy, the gifted sister of Edward N. Pomeroy, elsewhere represented in this volume, was born in Yarmouth, Me., March 9, 1845, and died in Boston, Mass., June 16, 1880. Miss Pomeroy was a very graceful and interesting writer and was an occasional contributor to the leading religious and literary journals and magazines.

MAINE WOODS.

May-flower from over the sea,
 With the bloom still bright on your lips,
 And a hint of odor lingering yet
 In your delicate petal tips;
 Nursling shy of a season wild,
 Nature's first and fairest child.

You have come so far, so far,
 Tender, beautiful thing,
 Out of the sharp New England woods,
 And a frosty northern spring,
 Yet bringing, methinks, the woodland smell,
 Whose spicy wealth I know so well.

Your perfume smote on my sense
 Like a delicate, dim complaint;

Subtle meanings seem to hide
 In the woodland murmurs faint,
 And the city gleaming across the bay
 In smoke and shadow faded away.

For one amazing hour
 The dull world dies to me,
 Sky, tree-top, sudden bird-note grow
 Life's sole reality,
 And O, to have staid there all alone,
 Afar from tiresome school and town!

Flower and I were one,
 Earth held us to her heart,
 Her fragrant breath was on our brows—
 But she let her babes depart;
 Stealer and stolen went their ways,
 Yet she loved us both in those old days.

Yet, O enchanted Mays,
 O woodland odors wild,
 Have you ever missed from then to now.
 The happy-hearted child
 That went so blithe through yonder wood,
 Your sun and bloom in her dancing blood?

Nay, nature spares us well,
 She's our foster-mother at best;
 'T is never she that needs our love,
 But we that need her rest;
 So she gathers us back to her veins at last,
 And new life comes to repeat the past.

But, O forests fair, as of old,
 And May-blossoms over the sea,
 O merry children despoiling both,
 You all belong to me—
 For into the past ye slip away,
 And lo, the dead years bloom to-day!

Edwin Pond Parker.

Edwin P. Parker, D. D., born in Castine, Me., Jan. 13, 1836; fitted for college at Foxcroft Academy, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1856; studied divinity at Bangor; installed pastor of the Second Church in Hartford, Jan. 11, 1860. Author of "Book of Praise," "Christian Hymnal," and other manuals of praise. Poet of Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention at Providence, and orator of convention at Hartford; author of numerous hymns also of music for choir use; and contributor to periodical literature.

SONG.

AIR—"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Strew the sod with roses where the fallen heroes lie,
 Build the wondrous story of their glory to the sky,
 Sing once more the song of yore that made them dare to die:—
 Union and Freedom forever!

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah! we shout the jubilee!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free!
 Let the chorus echo from the mountain to the sea,
 Union and Freedom forever!

Shadowy hosts come thronging in from Freedom's battle plain,
 Round the dear old flag they flock and rally once again;
 And their purer voices join our jubilant refrain:—
 Union and Freedom forever!

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

Sounds of strife and discord in the distance die away,
 Hand in hand old foemen stand in brotherly array,
 Blue and gray united at one altar kneel and pray:—
 Union and Freedom forever!

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

Everlasting honor to the nameless, myriad brave!
 Age to age shall proudly tell the offerings they gave;
 God of battles, guard and bless the land they died to save:
 Union and Freedom forever!

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

IN MEMORIAM.

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D.

The lips are silent which alone could pay
 His worthy tribute. We can only lay
 The laurel on his breast,
 And bear him to his rest,
 And say, farewell, dear soul, till break of day.

Dear brother-soul! within that realm unknown
 When thy good spirit far from us has flown,
 Caust thou look back and see
 How lonely, without thee,
 And how impoverished our world has grown

In purer light dost thou now clearly scan
 The lines of truth so dim to mortal man?
 Dost see amid our gloom

The beauty and the bloom
Of some inclusive and unfolding plan?

Are mysteries disclosed? misgivings stilled?
Dark doubts disproved? Hope's prophecies fulfilled?
We only hear our cries
Re-echoed from the skies,
In the vast, awful silence God has willed.

Oh, brother sweet, what wouldst thou have me say?
Sleep well! farewell! the night is for the day
And not the day for night!
Sleep well till morning light
Shall break thy rest, then rise and go thy way!

Ann Boynton Averill.

Miss Anna B. Averill, the eldest of a family of ten children of George Averill, a lumberman of Penobscot, and farmer of Foxcroft, was born in Alton. From a literary essay, the first of a series on Maine Poets running in the columns of the *Portland Transcript*, and written by Mr. Edwin R. Champlin, we learn that most of the life of this author has been spent in Alton and Dover, she having lived only some three years in Foxcroft. Her mother's maiden name was Nancy Burrill. Miss Averill's former literary name, Anna Boynton, was her grandmother Averill's maiden name. Her daily duties are domestic, as she is her father's housekeeper, but every moment of leisure is given to study and poetical composition, with occasional rides to the postman's, and rambles in the fields and woods. Miss Averill's name is a familiar one to the many lovers of choice poetry, and her graceful productions have appeared in the *Atlantic*, *Tippincott's*, and other leading magazines and journals. Readers of the *Youth's Companion* and *Portland Transcript* have long read her shorter pieces, frequently reprinted, and which have aptly been spoken of as marked by a "peculiar combination of purity and sweetness." Miss Averill is not only a natural and sweet singer, but has those qualities which endear her to all who know her. Such a woman, bright in her sympathies, delicate and refined in her nature, can do much to bless and benefit humankind. Miss Averill has written admirably for children, a difficult task, and some of her shorter poems have been set to music.

NORTHERN MAINE.

My native wilds! For years untold
The morning touched your hills with gold.
The north wind swept your fragrant glooms,
And bore the larch and pine perfumes
Across your lakes of lily blooms.

The fir, the hemlock and the pine
Sang on the heights—and moss and vine
Made many a far, dim valley sweet
And shadowy for the shy fawn's feet.

In silvery solitudes, the loon
Laughed with the echoes, and the moon
Made splendor on the mountains, when
The Storm King slept, unseen of men.

O woods, and lakes, and wandering streams!
 Ye have awakened from your dreams.
 Your sweet breath blew abroad. Beware!
 The gay world comes and finds you fair.

Will all wild things take wing away?
 I ween I would an' I were they.
 Up these deep water-ways I'd fare,
 If I were wolf, or moose, or bear,
 Or bird, or fawn, or fox, or hare!

O northern wilds! you surely hold
 In your great heart some refuge old,
 Safe hid and far and deep and dumb,
 Where the gay world will never come.

SONNET.

The softened splendors of a million spheres
 Are gently showered upon our feeble sight
 Through the great shadow of the world to-night.
 The troublous thunders of the infinite years
 Fall into dreamful echoes on our ears.
 Standing below the awful heaven's height,
 Blind to the blessing of the tempered light,
 We gaze on brighter worlds through wistful tears.
 And always in the shadows of our life,
 Shrouded from splendors that we could not bear,
 We long for some far heaven where we shall bow
 Before His face, while all the night is rife
 With tender glory, and the common air
 Throbs with His presence even here and now.

BIRCH STREAM.

At noon, within the dusty town,
 Where the wild river rushes down
 And thunders hoarsely all day long,
 I think of thee, my hermit stream,
 Low singing in thy summer dream
 Thine idle, sweet, old, tranquil song.

 Northward, Katahdin's chasmed pile
 Looms through thy low, long, leafy aisle;
 Eastward, Olamon's summit shines;
 And I upon thy grassy shore,
 The dreamful happy child of yore,
 Worship before mine olden shrines.

Again the sultry noontide hush
 Is sweetly broken by the thrush,
 Whose clear bell rings and dies away
 Beside thy banks, in coverts deep,
 Where nodding buds of orchid sleep
 In dusk, and dream not it is day.

Again the wild cow-lily floats
 Her golden-freighted, tented-boats
 In thy cool coves of softened gloom,
 O'ershadowed by the whispering reed,
 And purple plumes of pickerel-weed,
 And meadow-sweet in tangled bloom.

The startled minnows dart in flocks
 Beneath thy glimmering amber rocks,
 If but a zephyr stirs the brake;
 The silent swallow swoops, a flash
 Of light, and leaves, with dainty splash,
 A ring of ripples in her wake.

Without, the land is hot and dim;
 The level fields in langour swim,
 Their stubble-grasses brown as dust;
 And all along the upland lanes,
 Where shadeless noon oppressive reigns,
 Dead roses wear their crowns of rust.

Within, is neither blight nor death;
 The fierce sun woes with ardent breath,
 But cannot win thy sylvan heart.
 Only the child who loves thee long,
 With faithful worship pure and strong,
 Can know how dear and sweet thou art.

So loved I thee in days gone by,
 So love I yet, though leagues may lie
 Between us, and the years divide;
 A breath of coolness, dawn, and dew,
 A joy forever fresh and true,
 Thy memory doth with me abide.

George Bond Crane.

George B. Crane was born in Chesterville, Me., July 4, 1845, and spent his boyhood at Fayette Corner and Mount Vernon. He enlisted from the latter town in the 4th Maine Battery, June, 1863, and was discharged in June, 1865. Married in June, 1866. Attended the Medical lectures at Brunswick, and at Ann Arbor, Michigan, receiving

the degree of M. D., at Brunswick, in June, 1868, practicing one year in Patten, and then removing to Milo, and from thence to Wayne, in 1877. In 1881 Mr. Crane went into business at Bristol, R. I., returning to Milo, January, 1884. He was appointed postmaster at Milo, June, 1885. In the winter of 1885-86 he gave up the practice of medicine on account of disease of the lungs. He was a dealer in drugs and merchandise in Milo until November, 1887, at which time he went to New Mexico for his health.

BLUE EYES.

Like gallant knight you swear to die
 If need be, to defend that eye,
 From 'neath whose dark and drooping lash
 Steal glances like the lightning's flash.
 But when a knight, I take the field,
 Bearing my trusty lance and shield,
 My plume shall be of lightest blue,
 My sash the same ethereal hue,
 And my clear, ringing battle cry,
 "Long live the maid with the blue eye."

APRIL FOOL.

In quest of food an early bird,
 Pecking the frozen ground, is heard
 Soliloquizing: "Everv word
 Of that old rule
 Regarding worms is false, absurd,"
 An April Fool!

A hat upon a flinty brick
 Lay by the way; a youth named Dick
 Administered one hearty kick,
 Then went to school,
 Whistling, though looking very sick,—
 Young April Fool.

At eve the poet hears the hum
 Of wings o'er glades that long were dumb,
 And sings, "The joyous Spring is come."
 Hark! from yon pool
 A voice arises hoarse and grum:
 " Fool! April Fool!"

Lives there a mortal who can lay
 His hand upon his heart and say,
 In April is the only day
 He acts the fool?
 Heaven cheer him on his lonely way,
 Poor April Fool.

Rose McKenney Rawson.

The daughter of William and Mary Besse McKenney, and was born in Paris, July 18, 1845. Her mother was a sister of Hon. Warren H. Vinton. Mrs. Rawson, before her marriage, was a successful teacher and has been an occasional contributor to various publications for several years, both in poetry and prose. She married the Rev. Otis Bent Rawson, a Baptist clergyman, who was at one time settled over the church in Bethel, but is now located out of the State.

THE OLD HOME IN THE LANE.

There's something in the air this morn that carries me away,
Back many a year of toil and care, back many a weary day.
Once more I seem a careless child, I'll fling away care's chain,
And visit with my heart to-day the old home in the lane.

O let my father just this once lay off his silv'ring hair,
And put away those spectacles, and then those lines of care;
Do take away those signs of age; O make him young again,
To visit with his child to-day the old home in the lane.

O let my mother once again, I beg with aching heart,
Have just a score of age's cares from off her life depart;
Then will she not so feebly step, but, free from grief and pain,
Again go happy, singing in the old home in the lane.

And now I look across the hill, and see the self-same grass
Roll off in waves 'way down the vale, and flee as on I pass;
Just as I've watched it many a time sweep off across the plain,
When I regretfully would seek the old home in the lane.

The path across the orchard lot we hourly used to pass
Has been fenced up by stranger hands, they say, to save the grass;
And then the balm of Gilead trees will never bloom again,
A stranger's axe has sadly robbed the old home in the lane.

The brook in which we fished for frogs and bare feet waded through,
And all the unhatched polliwogs and toads we thoughtless slew,
To make a fertile field they say, he's spoiled it with a drain,—
Ah, sadly changed are you to-day, dear old home in the lane.

Ah, stop—where are the dearly loved, the old home held so long,
The dear, unbroken household band, that cheered its hearth with song?
Then let me lay aside my pen, and hear again that strain,
Just as it cheered in years ago the old home in the lane.

The noblest boy, the father's pride, to-day his heart so true,
Lies still and silent 'neath his coat of undimmed army blue;
Beneath the sun of distant skies, upon a southern plain,
There lies the pride and treasure of the old home in the lane.

The old church-yard upon the hill of dear ones has its share,
 Two brothers dear lie side by side, a sister, too, is there;
 So sadly changed is now the flock, 't would be less joy than pain,
 E'en if I could go back and see the old home in the lane.

The dear old neighbors, though to them must needs have been the lot
 Of human frailties; still they seem as though they had them not,
 And dear to me as precious links in memory's golden chain
 Are those old friends united with the old home in the lane.

I have had many kindly friends, God bless them all and each,—
 But there's a tender tie of old that these can never reach;
 Perhaps 't is wrong and childish weak, I know it's all in vain,
 But how my heart is yearning for the old home in the lane.

But now 't is time I dried my tears, and closed the portals up,
 That's filled with recollections sweet from memory's brimming cup;
 I draw the curtain to the world—go back to work again,
 But treasured next to Heaven, shall be the old home in the lane.

Edward A. Jordan.

Edward A. Jordan was born in Portland, Me., November 11, 1842. He was a lover of music and song, and was a skilful player of musical instruments, and wrote poetry of a high order. His retiring disposition prevented his being better known. He was a true friend, and faithful to his convictions. He died in Portland, in 1885.

WHEN I SHALL SLEEP!

When I shall sleep, never again to waken,
 Wilt thou not come
 And sit beside what then remains,
 Though cold and dumb,—
 Of him, whose heart with all its stains,
 'Mid all its waverings, joys or pains,
 Was in its trust and love of thee unshaken?

Soon I may sleep in this unbroken slumber,
 Yea, e'en to-night!
 Whene'er the time may be, do thou,
 As by thy right,
 Come to me; I shall know as now
 As o'er me thou shalt sadly bow,—
 And silently shall all thy kisses number.

And though my lips shall never more return thee
 Thy dear caress;
 Believe that I shall always know
 And always bless
 The only one on earth below,
 That with my faults hath loved me so,
 Whose kindly heart will never cease to mourn me.

Perchance my life may linger late; its twilight
 Slowly ending
 In eternity. I shall need
 Thy befriending
 Tenderness. O may I be freed
 From life, ere yet its years exceed
 The sweet duration of thy love! E'en to-night!

Emma Huntington Nason.

Mrs. Emma H. Nason was born at Hallowell, Me., Aug. 6, 1845, the daughter of Samuel W. Huntington and Sally Mayo Huntington, directly descended from the Rev. John Mayo, who settled at Plymouth in 1639, the first pastor of the Second Church, Boston. Our author graduated from Collegiate Course at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, 1865, and was married to Mr. Chas. H. Nason of Augusta, in 1870. She began to write verses when a school-girl, and was Class poet at graduation. She gave the commencement poem before the literary societies of Maine Wesleyan Seminary in 1875, and also read an original poem at the dedication of the Hallowell Library, March 9, 1880, which, with the oration delivered at the same time, was published in a dainty souvenir volume. Her earliest published verse was printed over a *nom de plume* in the *Portland Transcript*. The first poem published under her true name appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* — "The Tower" — which was greatly admired. Mrs. Nason has been specially interested of late in writing for young people. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, now have in press a collection of her verses for children, entitled "Off for Boyland."

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

JUNE 16, 1871.

"Victory!" This was the first that she read;
 And then, "Heart's dearest," the soldier had said,
 Tracing the lines in a faltering way,
 "Heart's dearest, the hospital surgeons say
 That I shall be out of their hands to-day!
 'Twas an ugly wound, but the danger is past;
 I am coming to you, at last—at last!
Unter den Linden! Yes, we shall be there!
 Come with a rose in your dark shining hair—
 Not the white blossoms you once used to wear.
 White roses are meet for those who are slain;
 The rich wine-red, for the welcome, remain;

Red as our life-blood, and sweet as the air
 That floated through Eden, sweet and as rare;
 Greet me with a wine-red rose in your hair!
 Germania triumphs! Come with a song!
 And can you, dear heart, be patient and strong?
 For slow is the crutch and ghastly the sling.
 And gone is the hand that once wore the ring—
 Your ring, the one pledge I promised to bring;
 I yield them ungrudged, with life if need be,
 But hold fast my troth to country and thee."

In through the Brandenburg gateway they come,
 With clashing of arms and clangor of drum!
Unter den Linden! How proudly thy shade
 Quivers and thrills with the wild cannonade,
 As wild as the battle's carnival made!
 Borne on its passion we catch up the song;
 Thrilling and swelling it thunders along;
 Hear it, ye nations, afar o'er the sea!
 "Germania triumphs! Germania free—
 Free and united, through glad victory!"
 Heroes of Saarbruck and Metz and Sedan,
 Tell how the torrent of victory ran!
 Fair hands of women shall bring from afar
 Hundreds of flowers for each bloody scar—
 Scars that far dearer than rare jewels are.
 "*Der Kaiser kommt!*" For his guardsmen, make way!—
 "A woman struck faint has fallen," ye say?
 And the troops, in their jubilant grand review,
 March on through the linden-grown avenue;
 But she in her death-swoon still lieth there,
 A woman, stone-white, yet passingly fair,
 With the bloom of a wine-red rose in her hair.
 Ah! what did ye hear the guardsman had said?
 "Only a man in the hospital dead!"

Sarah Elizabeth Eastman.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Eastman was born in Columbia S. C., July 20, 1846. In her seventh year, her father, Mr. Joseph H. Long, moved his family to Charleston, and a few years after, to Sumter, in the same State, where they remained until the close of the Civil War. Mr. Long being killed by Potter's Raiders April 9, 1865. Sarah, with a younger brother, sought a home among relatives in Massachusetts, soon after. In 1873 she was married to Mr. E. Eugene Eastman of Augusta, Me., and in 1880 moved to Portland, which latter place is now her home. Mrs. Eastman began writing poetry about the year 1880, most of her articles being for children's papers and periodicals.

A VAIN REGRET.

Some day when we have looked our last on some dear face,
 Have closed the eyes, and tenderly have put in place
 Each quiet, stiffened limb again;
 And then, when we have gently laid in that last bed
 The still, cold frame, with flowers about the head,
 And slowly, sorrowfully turned and walked away;
 All through our after-life some bitter thought *may* prey
 Upon our heart with bitter pain:—
 Some memory to make our grief more poignant still,
 To bow us low in anguish and our days to fill
 With unavailing woe and deep regret:—
 Some hasty, unkind look, or deed, or word,
 Perhaps forgotten until now, when, like a sword,
 Remembrance comes to pierce the heart with wounds which yet
 Must with us ever be, and never wholly heal.
 Time, blessed soother, touches hearts and stills their pain;
 Cools fevered brows, and brings us back our smiles again,—
 But where we bear such memory within, it gives
 A saddened tone to all our thoughts and ever after lives
 A vain regret which we must always feel.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody crawls into mamma's bed
 Just at the break of day,
 Snuggles up close and whispers loud:
 "Somebody's come to stay."
 Somebody rushes through the house,
 Never once shuts a door;
 Scatters her playthings all around
 Over the nursery floor;
 Climbs on the fence, and tears her clothes—
 Never a bit cares she—
 Swings on the gate and makes mud pies—
 Who can somebody be?
 Somebody looks with roguish eyes
 Up through her tangled hair;
 "Somebody's me," she says, "but then
 Somebody doesn't care."

Annie Zilpha Marshall Plummer.

Annie Zilpha Plummer, eldest daughter of S. D. and E. A. Marshall, was born in Paris Me., Oct. 6, 1846, attended and taught school till, at the age of twenty-one, she married J. Fellman Plummer, of Sweden, and removed to the village of Norway, Me., living there five years; then going to Essex, Conn., where she spent thirteen busy, studious

years there being the birthplace of the greater number of her compositions. Failing health made a change of climate necessary, and brought her back to her native town, where she has resided the past three years. From earliest youth she has had an intense love for poetry and landscape paintings, and is a devoted worshiper of the grand and beautiful in nature, and in the solitude of quiet retreats has found pure and sweet subjects for pen and brush.

• HILLS OF MAINE.

Lofty, cloud-capped, rock-bound mountains,
Bold ye tower in grandeur high,
Till your bristling pine-tree summit
Seem to reach the cloud-flecked sky,
Seasons change from sun to shadow,
And blossoms bud and fade again,
But these bulwarks stand forever,
They will always last the same.

How sublime, how full of wonder
Seem the marble piles of art,
Yet in nature how much greater;
All her works feed soul and heart.
Hills and vales I love you fondly;
Love the sound of every name,
That each granite dome is christened,
In the dear old State of Maine.

Eloquent teachers are the mountains;
What sermons preach they every day,
And we need no written logic
To decipher what they say.
Grand, majestic, testifying
In each rock and grain of sand,
That like God they are everlasting,
Built and fashioned by His hand.

And the music of their brooklets,
Rippling o'er low beds of green,
Brings a soothing charm and restful,
Like none other heard, I ween.
Fond I cherish and revere you,
For, linked firm in memory's chain,
Are the glens and deep dense wildwoods
Of the dear old State of Maine.

Resting in their quiet beauty,
See the silvery lakelets blue,
Mirroring on their crystal bosoms
Your tall peaks, each form and hue;

And I reach, I long to clasp you,
 See your faces once again,
 Rearing high your heads so hoary;
 O ye grand old hills of Maine.

I can see you when in autumn,
 Gauzy veils of haze seem swung
 O'er your scarred and rough-hewn boulders,
 Till the hills and sky seem one;
 And the tinted bow of promise
 Would seem faded now and pale,
 Seen beside the gorgeous colors,
 Painted over hill and vale.

I can see you when the sunset
 Sheds a golden glory 'round,
 And amidst the twilight shadows,
 Reigns a stillness, deep, profound;
 Till your forms so kingly, regal,
 Stand like battlements on high,
 Fit to be a nation's strong-hold;
 "God's free hills!" the battle cry.

When life's last sunset is fading,
 And the mists are gray and cold,
 Leave me where those cloud-wreathed mountains
 May their shadows round me fold;
 And, methinks, from out the silence
 I could hear the sweet refrain
 Of the pine-tree's low, sweet sighing
 From the dear old hills of Maine.

Edward William Thompson.

Capt. Edward W. Thompson was born in Raymond, Cumberland County, Me., Oct. 13, 1846. Received his education at Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalborough, and Gorham Seminary, Gorham, Me. Entered the army at sixteen, and was severely wounded at Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864, while a member of the 12th Maine Regiment. Was afterwards in the regular army on the northern frontier. He removed to Lowell, Mass., in 1868 and has since resided there. His first published poem was in 1872. This was followed by a campaign lyric which was very extensively copied, and which gave him his first impulse to continue literary work. He has contributed frequently to Massachusetts newspapers, principally the *Lowell Courier*, and was at one time on its editorial staff.

THE SONG OF THE LOOM.

On sprays of birches the pearls of rain
 Gather, and fall, and gather again,
 To mingle at last in the silver rills

That sing on the breasts of the granite hills,—
 Sing of the springs that bubble and flow;
 Sing of the crystals of mountain snow;
 Sing of the cloud that crowns the height
 When the overflow of the sunset light
 On the dark of the nimbus paints the bow
 Of the meteor arch in prisny glow.
 In æons past the song was sung,
 Ere man had birth and the world was young.
 From the mountain-side to the ocean sand,
 In a rhythm tuned by the Master's hand,
 The song of Nature was sung alone,
 By a chorus of pearls to art unknown.
 The northern springs are as clear to-day,
 The rain-drops shine with as pure a ray,
 And the crystal snow gleams white as when
 First they shone on the eyes of men.
 But the river that bears to the far-off sea
 The liquid pearls from the treasury
 Of the "Lake of Isles," is held in thrall
 By the art of man to rise and fall;
 While its music dies in the wheel-pit's gloom,
 And the song is drowned in the song of the loom.

Flying, flying, to and fro,
 Backward and forward my shuttles go.
 Thrice in a second within the shed
 Of the warp is laid the filling thread.
 To the beating reed the heddles sing,
 And the iron frames in chorus ring.
 Warp and weft; while round and round
 The turning beam the web is wound.
 In triumph strain, in a march that plays
 Through the ringing clamor of ringing days,
 While captive Nature turns the wheel,
 The notes are struck on chords of steel.
 And this is the song of the busy room,
 "The triumph of art is the fruit of the loom."

Flying, flying, to and fro,
 Backward and forward my shuttles go.
 Scarcely threescore years have flown,
 But a town has flourished, a city grown,
 Since first the pearls of the northern hills
 Sped my song in the echoing mills.
 Now to the strength of the captive stream
 Is added the giant arm of steam.

Higher and higher the strain has soared,
Wealth in the lap of Art has poured,
Law, and order, and learning meet,
Business throbs in the busy street.
Rise homes of comfort and spires that tell
The temples of worship. All is well.

Flying, flying, to and fro,
Backward and forward my shuttles go.
“Dwell in the lay,” O shuttle mine!
Pause one beat in the cadenced line!
There were days when my song was still,
Days of dread, when each silent mill
Stared from its windows and only saw
The fear and sorrow born of war;
Saw men who had walked their busy floors
Marching away from their closed doors,
With stern, set faces, to join the strife,
To battle and die for the nation’s life,
To write on the future yet to be—
“Labor is loyal, it shall be free.”

Flying, flying, to and fro,
Backward and forward my shuttles go.
Fifty years my song I have sung
Since the natal bells of the city rung.
And that song to-day is a song of pride,
For in every land, on the ocean wide,
Its name is known; in every mart
Is stored the product of its art;
And where the record of men you find
Who have served their country and their kind.
With sword or pen, with voice and heart,
Lowell has there an honored part.
By busy mills that sing and sing,
By engine stroke and anvil’s ring,
It has writ in fabric, and steel, and wood—
“Art is the handmaid of human good.”

Alice Elizabeth Ripley Maxim.

Daughter of Orison and Hannah Ripley, and born in Paris, Jan. 7, 1847. “God Bless our Native Hills,” sung at the Centennial of the town, was written by her; also a Memorial Hymn, both of which were set to music by her brother, Winfield Scott Ripley, of Boston.

DIP THE FLAG REV'RENTLY.

Strew flowers lovingly over each grave,
 Where lies the dust of the patriot brave;
 Salute with the flag each mound where they rest,
 They died at their duty, each doing his best:
 And their spirits, arisen, are marching to-day
 In the Great Grand Army, just over the way.

CHORUS.

Dip the flag rev'rently over each grave.
 Comrades, they died our loved country to save.

With us they trod the red fields of the South,
 And with us they faced the cannon's dread mouth;
 Suffered with sickness, with hunger and cold,
 Can we forget them, our comrades of old ?
 Never! our hearts beat as warmly to-day
 As when, side by side, we joined in the fray.

CHORUS.

God bless the soldiers who fought in the blue,
 'Neath heaven's own color beat hearts warm and true;
 Wherever they are, be they living or dead,
 Time weaves fresh laurels for each honored head.
 Yearly they're passing to heaven's bright bowers,
 And yearly love covers their new graves with flowers.

CHORUS.

God bless the soldiers who fought in the gray,
 Whatever we've been, we are brothers to-day;
 Cast out of our hearts all hardness and pride,
 For one common country, we work side by side,
 Whatever their faults, we forgive them to-day,
 Strewing sweet flowers o'er the blue and the gray.

CHORUS.

Dip the flag rev'rently over each grave.
 Comrades, they died our loved country to save.

Clara Marcelle Greene.

Clara Marcelle Greene, wife of Mr. Wyer Greene, of Portland, Me.—is a native of Buckfield, Me., and daughter of Dea. David Farrar. She is a great-granddaughter of Anna Crosman Smith, and relative of Seba Smith, both of whose names appear in this volume. Mrs. Greene's early work appeared under the *nom de plume* of "Kate Kendall." She opened an art studio in Portland, 1870, which she occupied successfully for three years, until her marriage. Some of her work has been praised for its dramatic quality, particularly "Possession" and the "Magdalen," the last having been brought to the platform by several dramatic readers.

THE MAGDALEN.

My beautiful lilies down under the snow,
 Hasten not, waken slow
 From your dreaming! For O,
I dread the bright summer with gossamer wings
Which over your brows a diadem flings
Of perfumed white petals, as pure as is meet,
While low at your feet, darlings, low at your feet
 This heart will be lying!
 Would God it were dying
And sleeping in peace with you under the snow!

Yet, O beautiful things, but a summer ago,
 Listen low, listen low!
 You remember I know
Each morning how gayly I lifted you up
And dared to look into each virginal cup
Face to face with your pureness; I flung back as pure
A look as you gave me—God! can I endure!
 My step was the lightest,
 My soul was the whitest,
And life was on wings but a summer ago.

But my pathway o'erran with the green myrtle vine
 So tender it seemed
 I never had dreamed
It would tangle and leave me so cruelly bound,—
That a hand from caressing so quickly could wound
With a stab to the heart. O that I had died,
When a pure little child, and slept cold at the side
 Of my sweet young dead mother,
 Whose love and no other
Would bear on her bosom such anguish as mine!

O Sleep! with two hands crossing over a breast!
 The garments I covet
 A white shroud—above it
A green quilt all daisy-starred—no! such as I
Have no name cut in marble to tell where they lie.
I flee like a hunted thing—Where can I hide?
Heaven's mercy!—I see now—there runs a dark tide,
 Yes! yes! the black river,
 For sorrows are never
So wild but it hushes and lulls them to rest!

And O my sweet darlings down under the snow,
 When you wake you will know,
 And will miss me, dears, so,
 By the grasses untrod, and the paths unimpressed,
 By the sparrows unfed, by my dog uncaressed,
 By the hush of the still air which erst and ere-while
 Was liquid with laughter and song without guile.
 On the black flowing river
 The sunlight will shiver,
 And then you will know, darlings, O you will know!

Life, life, is thy bitterness ever redressed ?
 Is there any heaven ?
 Are sins ever forgiven ?
 Comes white in the next world what turned black in this ?
 Hush, heart ! thou shalt know e'er day dawns all that is.
 O river, be kind, though thy bosom be cold.
 Let me sleep well and long in thy passionless hold.
 From Tantalus fly not !
 O Lethe, deny not
 Thy boon of oblivion,—rest, give me rest !

* * * * *

And now, while the malice is gathering stark,
 Do thou, my soul, hark !
 If down through the dark
 God's mercy may whisper at last, and so late,
 That I go not unshrive and accursed to my fate.
 One last moment, one, my poor eyes from the ground
 Uplift them to heaven, awaiting that sound.
 Will no angel speak
 This death-spell to break ?
 Still—still as the grave—like the grave all is dark !

Are they weeping, those lilies down under the snow ?
 I can hear them, I know,
 And I love them, but O
 Mine eyes are as dry as the dust without rain,
 And the drouth of my heart scorches up in my brain.
 My sight swims in blackness—strange frenzy I feel,
 I swoon—the sky wavers—my racked senses reel !
 Is this mortal immortal ?
 O Death, swing thy portal
 Wide, wide to receive me !—Christ pity me—sc !

AT OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

A year ago the moon, as now,
Crossed the sea with a silver shoe;
Along the beach, subdued and slow,
Dusky figures went, two by two.

Two by two with foreheads bare,
Half were women, and half were men;
Half were gallant, and half were fair,
Others are here to-night as then.

Treacherous all, O passionless beach?
Earnest ever, O listening shore?
Give your secret, nor voice, nor speech,
Hold it dumbly for evermore!

Forth from the dazzle, and heat, and glare
Of throngéd halls to the wakeful sea,
Strains of waltzes haunting the air
The while from window and balcony,

Tripped the light feet down full fain,
Out free under the bending sky;
We thought you women, we fond blind men,
We moths, with the fire and pain so nigh.

Had we not seen your lips aglow,
And with what seemed a breath dispart?
We thought what shook your jewels so
Was the beating of a living heart.

Were we dazed, demented, that nightly there,
We dreamed of truth by that solemn sea?
Once, and for only once, how did you dare
To be other than true to your soul and to me!

—
Two by two along the sands
Going to-morrow on separate ways,
Did half of them walk with both white hands
On an arm, as yours on mine, and gaze

Wistfully out on the mystic sea
With broken syllables half confessed?
Vague words meaning so easily
All, or nothing, as suits you best!

Did half of them droop their tender eyes
Dewy and dusk, as yours 'neath mine,

Looking the sweetest of all sweet lies,
 Dragging us down to the death, in fine ?
 Down, down, down to the death !
 Small comfort that others have gone before.
 O that *all* stone were void of breath,
 That men might never mistake it more !

—

Sparks of rubies, diamonds rare,
 Burned on bosoms with restless fire,
 Under the lovely disheveled hair,
 Maddening men with a strange desire,
 Till passionate vows were purely said,
 With low beseeching for sweet replies ;
 But women turn cold when love goes mad,
 And calm and mute with a feigned surprise.
 So did half of them glide away,
 In spirit out of the others' reach,
 Intangibly as the tide to-day
 Slid from the arms of the longing beach !
 If, like you, they leant and lingered
 Crowned with their fortunate diadems ;
 Bent low, listening, idle-fingered,
 Snapping the slender jessamine stems,
 Till the brave, brave words had all been spoken ;
 Till every drop of the cup divine
 Was poured ; till the seal of each heart lay broken,
 Wrenched, and flung at their feet, like mine !
 Were you and I on the strand, I say,
 But types of all who wandered there ?
 Then half smile on in the sun to-day,
 And half are cursing the life they bear.

—

O lonely sea ! O listening shore !
 O bending skies, ye are hollow, too !
 And the moon is a wraith for evermore
 Crossing the sea with a fiery shoe !

Mary E. J. Mayo.

Mary E. J. Mayo—maiden name Mary E. Johnson—was born in Bluehill, Me., Aug. 24, 1847. She attended district school and Bluehill Academy, taught in the public schools for seventeen years, enjoying the work very much. She has given considerable attention to the study of music, taking lessons of resident teachers, of teachers in Augusta and Boston, Mass.; has been engaged in giving lessons, vocal and instrumental, more or

less of the time since she was thirteen years of age. She has served on Superintending School Committee of her native town, and has cooperated in most all leading work for the public good. Was married to Mr. Mayo some few years ago, has two children who call for considerable attention. In her happy home she has constant calls to write for public occasions, lyceums, school papers, etc. Two years ago she published two pieces of memorial music, words and music, which have met with very good acceptance. She contributed many of her compositions to the *Sullivan Bulletin* during the three years it was published.

TYPES.

A happy, gliding rill
Flows along to the gladsome sea,
With a merry, musical chime,
Like a rippling melody.

A foaming, dashing brook,
Darkling under laden skies,
With a turbulent rush and roar,
To the heaving ocean flies.

A slow and quiet stream,
With a graceful but stately sweep,
Winds silently on its way,
To join the waves of the deep.

A shallow, babbling fall
Goes tinkling over the ledge,
With a voluble, blithesome song,
Till it nears the water's edge.

A river wide and grand
Rolls on in its glowing strength,
Unchecked by the tide or wind,
And reaches the main at length.

Like various, flowing streams
Are the human lives we see,
Till they blend with the ocean broad
Of the vast eternity.

INDECISION.

How oft in life we reach the place
Where two ways seem to meet;
And while in deep suspense we wait,
Time moves with hurrying feet.

It sweeps us past the Possible,
We write with tears "*too late*"
Then charge our folly and unrest
To blind and cruel Fate.

Mattie Baker Dunn.

Mrs. Mattie Baker Dunn was born in Hallowell, and is the daughter of the Hon. Hem K. Baker, of that city. She was educated in the common schools of her native place and in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill. In September, 1873, she was married to R. Wesley Dunn, of Waterville, in which city she still resides. Mrs. Dunn has exercised her literary talents chiefly for the gratification of her family and friends, although a number of her short poems have been published in the local press.

THE BUILDING OF THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

"What shall we do for the children?"
 The question had pressed us long—
 At morning and noon they gathered,
 A merry and fair-faced throng;
 From the happy homes of plenty,
 From the dwellings of the poor,
 Bright-eyed, intent and eager,
 They thronged the school-room door,
 And the walls grew strait to hold them
 Till we asked, with anxious frown:
 "What shall we do for the children,
 The promise and flower of the town?"

So we said to the master-builder:
 "O craftsman, apt and skilled!
 Our town, with thought for the future,
 Hath in its wisdom willed
 That you shall build for the children
 A mansion spacious and tall;
 Four-square like the heavenly city;
 With stair and turret and hall,
 With windows looking skyward,
 North, south, and east and west,
 Build firm and strong, O master!
 O workmen build your best!
 Build for the bright-faced children
 That smile in your eyes to-day—
 Build for the unborn children,
 In years that are far away!"

"Out of the solemn quarries
 Where Nature, never at rest,
 Shapeth the mighty granite
 Hid in the green earth's breast;
 Where sun and rain, and fusion
 Of elemental fire,
 Work miracles forever
 At her supreme desire,

Cut from the solid boulders
The firm foundation stone,
The house on a rock that is builded
Shall ne'er be overthrown.

"Where ranks of stately pine-trees
In earth's primeval lands,
Toward the lonely mountain
Stretch out their waving hands;
Hew down the forest monarchs,
For the fertile earth below
Hath yielded richest juices
Within their veins to flow.
The lonely lakes shall speed us,
The mountain torrents still
Shall aid us with their currents,
The rivers work our will,
Till the huge trunks dismantled,
In timbers great and small,
Shall shape our beams and rafters,
Shall fashion stair and hall.

"With brick from smoking brickyard,
With iron from the mines,
The walls shall spring by magic
In straight and shapely lines;
With sound of hammer and chisel,
With workmen's cheerful cries,
The house we build for the children
In beauty shall arise,
With here an arching doorway,
And here a turret tower,
We see the thought that shaped it
Grow in it every hour,
Till looking northward ever
We set the carven face
Of him, the mightiest master
In all the human race.
O keen, calm eyes of Shakespeare!
Not ancient Stratford town,
But our fair, new-world city
Beholds you looking down;
Those dumb lips say: 'Remember!
The teeming, restless brain
Is still the potent factor
For human joy or pain;

And you who would mould and shape it,
 Make for eternity
 An impress like the circles
 That widen on the sea!"'

Finished at last—our school-house—

The workmen's hammers dumb,
 And bare of memories it stands,
 Its story all to come.

Yet we to-night who view it,
 In structure now complete,

Hear through the years the echoes
 Of all the coming feet;

For vainly master builded,
 And vainly workmen wrought,

If we build not in human lives,
 And shape in human thought;

And vainly hath the mason

Laid the foundation stone,

If we our superstructure rear

Of brick and wood alone.

Unless when master's brain is dust,

And workmen's tools at rest,

When skill that planned, and hand that wrought

To silence are addressed,

The future shall by wisest zeal

And nobler impulse tell,

In tones that sound across the years:

"Behold, you builded well!"

Allen Walton Gould.

Allen Walton Gould was born in Athens, Me., Nov. 21, 1847. In 1850 his parents removed to Skowhegan, where he spent his boyhood, and was fitted for college. He graduated from Harvard in 1872. He taught the classics in his *alma mater* for the next nine years, with the exception of one year which he spent in Germany, studying Latin and Greek. Since 1883 he has been filling the professorship of Latin in Olivet College, Michigan.

TRANSFIGURED.

Swift o'er the sparkling sea,

Under the summer sun,

Her white wings to the breeze spread free,

Our graceful boat flew on.

Slowly across our course

A barque deep-laden crept;

Full many a mark of time and storm
Her hull and canvas kept.

But when the western wave
Glowed with the dying day,
Darkling we sped—white-robed and fair
On heaven's brim she lay,

Wrapt in celestial light,
Transfigured, like the soul
That dons its heavenly raiments when
Life's evening gates unroll.

On us death's shadows fall,
While the worn face grows bright
Catching the glow of endless dawn
Across our gathering night.

REVISITED.

Sadly my heart is drifting to-day
With the lad who sailed, at the break of day,
From the port where he was born;
Watching its roofs and steeples gleam,
Faint and more faint, like a beauteous dream,
That vanishes with the morn.

And sailing home in the ebbing light,
Nor steeple nor roof met his eager sight
Of the port where he was born;
But barren and bleak lay the homeless shore,
And the dark waves rolled with a sullen roar
O'er the paths his feet had worn.

For down, far down in the desolate deep,
Lay the buried town in its endless sleep,
The port where he was born;
And glimmering faint in the spectral gloom,
Its nodding shapes seemed to beckon him home,
While the waves leaped high in scorn.

So once sailed I, in the morning's glow,
O'er the ocean of life, with its ebbless flow,
From the port where I was born;
And drifting home in the twilight gray,
O where is the town that glorious lay
In the magic light of morn?

Far down in the swelling tide of years
 Faintly the wavering image appears
 Of the town where I was born;
 And vague and dim, through the forms I meet,
 I see the forms that I fain would greet,
 In the glimmering depths forlorn.

And faces and voices, of old that I knew,
 But mock me afar, as I wander through
 The town where I was born;
 For the year-long billows are rolling between
 My heart and the pathways, bordered with green
 That my childish feet had worn.

Sara E. Perham Lowell.

Sara E. (Perham) Lowell was born in Wilton, Me., Jan. 9, 1840. She early evinced a great love for books, and attended a term of school at the age of three and a half years. She received simply a common-school education with the addition of a few terms of High School. Her first literary venture was sent to the *Kennebec Journal* when she was fifteen, since which time she has been a contributor to several papers in Maine and other States. In 1861 she was married to Benj. F. Lowell, who died in 1882. She now resides in East Wilton.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

If you see a friend despondent
 'Neath the cares and ills of life,
 If he wears a face of sadness
 As if weary in the strife
 Speak a word of hearty kindness,
 Greet him with a handclasp warm,
 Let your smile be like the sunshine
 Breaking through the clouds and storm.

If you see a fallen brother
 Trampled by the passing crowd,
 No one heeding—no one caring
 For the heart so scorned and bowed,
 Do not harshly chide and judge him,
 Lend to him a helping hand,
 Help him to assert his manhood
 And among his fellows stand.

O how quick we are in judgment
 And how prone we are to chide,
 With cold looks and gathered garments
 Passing to the other side,

When we ought with Christly kindness
To lift up the fallen one,
And by prayers and deeds to help him
Other pitfalls deep to shun.

"O the woes that we might lighten!"
O the tears that we might dry!
"O the homes that we might brighten!"
As the days pass swiftly by,—
If we would but stop and ponder
On the good that we might do,
And with loving hearts endeavor
To our conscience to be true!

IF I COULD KNOW.

If I could only look within the gate
That shuts the blessed from our longing vision,
If I could look upon their sinless state
And hear the songs that float o'er fields elysian,—

If I could know they do not quite forget
This earth-life and our love so true and tender,—
That sometimes when our eyes with tears are wet
They turn away from all their heavenly splendor,

To lay upon our hearts a touch of balm,—
A breath of heaven to cheer us in our sadness,
And in the hush of midnight's holy calm
They chant their songs to lure our souls to gladness,—

If I could see them walk the golden streets
Bearing no trace of care, or pain or sorrow—
Or as they bow in love at Jesus' feet
Encircled by the light that from His brow they borrow,

I think it would not be so hard to bear
The grief that now my heart is breaking,
If I could know they love us still, and there
They long to greet us to their blissful waking.

If I could know! O weary questioning!
Can I not trust my Father's love so tender?
"I shall be satisfied"—to this I cling,
And all my doubts and fears to Him surrender.

Helen Marr Hurd.

Miss Helen M. Hurd, author of an illustrated volume of poems, published by B. B. Russell, 1887, was born in Harmony, Conn., and was one of a family of six girls and a boy. Her father, Isaiah Hurd, 2d., was a native of Harmony, the town receiving its name from his mother. Our author's mother was Mary Page, closely related to the Pages and Walls of Hallowell and Augusta, Me. Miss Hurd began to turn her attention towards literature at an early age, and she determined to succeed in acquiring knowledge. A very troublesome and discouraging impediment to her progress was severe myopia, but by perseverance she fitted herself to become a teacher, and was successful in that vocation -teaching some thirty schools—until compelled by increased trouble with her eyes to give up her professional duties. Since then she has devoted her whole time to literary pursuits, receiving a good share of sympathy and favor. She now resides at Skowhegan.

KEEP COOL.

Somewhere upon a busy, stone-paved street
Of an old town which sat in regal state
Amid the hills, in gifts of wealth complete,
There lived an aged, iron potentate.

Time which he oft misused and oft misspent,
Vengeance had brought; upon his naked head
Were many ills; his cumbrous form was bent,
And gout its tortures through his system sped.

His household feared his face, yet served him more
Than aught they loved; the serving maid and man
Full dread and hatred for their master bore,
Yet to fulfil his mandates swiftly ran.

One proverb in his lesser years he flung
At all who vexed broke forth and played the fool;
And it was this, "Howe'er by passion stung,
'Tis policy and wisdom to keep cool."

And while years of young manhood told his age,
Ere not good habits had despoiled his health,
In tribulations, steadfast, cool and sage
Before the world, he raved and swore by stealth.

And now, the habits of his earlier years
Thrust themselves out upon his later days;
And as his many plagues their full arrears
Presented, stealthy faults were open ways.

If pain, anger, or just the least offence,
Or smallest contradiction checked his will,
With whom he did contend they lived suspense
Until his fearful passion-storm was still.

No tongue of all his household dared reprove,
Nothing within his presence dared rebel,
Or counter to his wishes dared to move,
Except the prating parrot, saucy Pell.

He was his favorite, ere his head was bald,
And many mottoes he had learned at school
He'd taught to him; and one his voice extolled
As daily by-word; it was this: "Keep cool."

Now, when Satan, through habit and disease,
Pronounced that he should serve him as a tool,
Sagacious Pell, the household pet and tease,
Ruffled his plumes, looked wise, and said, "Keep cool."

Impatiently his wit his master bore
As harder raged his ills; and when one noon
His gout was dreadful, Pell was pert, and swore,
And said, "Keep cool, and screech not like a loon."

Without a word the tortured man arose
In fearful wrath, and cherished, petted Pell
Was held a moment by his neck quite close,
Then from the shutter to the pavement fell.

"There," hissed the master, "now be still, you pest!
You've mocked me quite enough; your broken neck
You earned." Helpless, the stones the poor bird pressed,
Then stirred, stood up, tottered, began to peck.

A bit of fruit upon the paving stone
Had caught his eye as strangled life returned;
Slowly he ate, as though the twisted bone
In his gay throat was sore, and ached and burned.

But cool and dignified he stood, nor looked
Upward where mid the potentate looked down
Enraged and baffled; the hooked beak more hooked
Appeared, and more erect the saucy crown.

Tongs, ottomans and books the mad man threw,
Savage with the intent the bird to kill;
But Pell beyond his reach slowly withdrew,
Holding the fruit quite coolly in his bill.

The enraged man glared, clenched his fingers tight,
And might have burst with potent, angry spleen;
When round the corner, hard toward the right,
Creeping at stealthy pace, old puss was seen.

A gleeful chuckle from the man had vent,
 And, gloating on revenge, he watched the
 As crouching tiger-like she slyly went
 With lashing tail, raised nose, and ears laid
 Near old puss came, nearer, but Pell stirred
 He slowly pecked and ate the luscious fruit
 Nor glance of eye a fear of being caught
 Betrayed, nor knowledge that he saw the lion.
 Nearer crept puss; by feline habit led
 She paused half-crouched, her tail its lash
 Then, quick as lightning, on the feline's head
 Pell struck his beak, and screamed out, "Aah!"
 In sudden terror puss whirled from her prey
 With bristling tail and round the corner flew
 Like something with winged feet; Pell turned
 And coolly did his feast of fruit renew.
 The potentate in gusts of laughter roared,
 Unmindful of sciatica or gout;
 Wide-eyed his folks into his presence poured
 To learn what all the uproar was about.
 Then ordered the great man a golden cage,
 With triple roost and silver tank and stool
 For Pell, the only thing he'd seen so sage
 As to keep, in vast trials, grandly cool.

Emily W. Peakes

Miss Emily W. Peakes is the daughter of the late Benjamin Peakes, born at Harmony, Me., Dec. 1, 1847. Besides the common town schools, she attended Oak Grove High School and Westbrook Seminary, where she was a scholar in her class. She has taught in the schools of Novascotia, Somerset County, and in Portland. Her home, since 1875, is in Terre Haute, Ind. She is now teaching in the public Schools of Terre Haute. Miss Peakes is a person of much lively and pleasing, and strangers at once see that they are in the presence of a amiable and gifted woman, and on parting with her will soon

IN SCHOOL A PERFUME

I close my eyes, and the lilac's perfume
 Has borne me away from this crowded room.
 Under northern skies where the flowers bloom,
 And this plumpy branch for the Juno mu.
 A farm-house stands from the road aloof,
 With the mountain-ash against its roof.

There's a bridge in front that crosses a brook
 Where the spotted trout hides away from the hook;

And a winding road, with a double ridge
 Of grass, comes down the hill to the bridge.

Close by the door twin lilac-trees
 Breathe a sweet good-morning to every breeze;

A group of children with happy look
 Are lingering here with basket and book.

Why do they wait? There's one little creature
 Wants a lilac-flower to give to the teacher;

She must have the very highest one
 That no one can reach—and what's to be done?

For the longest arm comes short of the prize
 That bends and beckons before her eyes;

But she saw papa coming up through the clover,
 A strong, tall man; see! he lifts her over

The heads of the group that around him stand,
 And she breaks the branch with her chubby hand.

What was I saying?—I open my eyes;
 Why, I am the teacher supposed to be wise;

One instant ago 't was a six year-old
 Who smelled of the lilac, and my father's hold

Was strong around me; the years and death
 Were swept away by the lilac's breath.

John Adams Bellows.

Rev. John A. Bellows, a son of Henry A. and Catherine Bellows, was born in Littleton, N. H., May 27, 1848. He entered Dartmouth College in 1866, and graduated in 1870, with a poem on Commencement Day, and an ode on Class Day. He engaged in literary work on the *Liberal Christian* newspaper, of New York City, until 1876. He was ordained and installed as minister of the First Unitarian Society of Waterville, this State, June 1, 1878. He married Isabel Francis, of Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1878.

TWO PICTURES.

She sits in the low, old-fashioned room,
 Two white hands are crossed on her knee,
 The clock is ticking on in the gloom,
 Marking the moments steadily.

While the red glow of the failing fire
 Flashes full in her pure, young face;
 I wonder if she is unaware
 Of lips' expression, and eyes' sweet grace!
 Or does she guess, has some one told,—
 Surely she loves, I know not whom,—
 That her hair is like to fine-spun gold,
 Her cheek to the pink of the apple-bloom?
 What sweet fancies have thronged her mind,
 Thoughts of happier days long past?
 Hears she the roar of the dreary wind,
 The branches creaking at every blast?
 Knows she aught of the falling rain,
 Of the pitiless, merciless, driving sleet?
 Look! she has pressed her face to the pane,
 Gazing out on the long, dark street.
 Now she has clasped her fair, white hands:
 “Father in heaven, I look unto thee,
 Thou who rulest on wave and land;
 ‘T is a terrible night for my lover at sea.”

Many a year has gone to its grave,
 Years with sorrow and loss in their track,
 Since her fond prayer went over the wave
 For one who might never again come back.
 Still she sits in the darkening room,
 Her poor, thin hands at rest on her knee,
 The old clock ticking still in the gloom,
 Marking the moments steadily.
 Ah! but the face is so old and wan,
 And the wondrous hair that her lover called gold,
 Years ago in the days long gone,
 Has silver threads; she is growing old.
 Still when she hears the wintry blast
 Singing its dirge in each leafless tree,
 Says she softly, while tears drop fast,
 “‘T is a terrible night for those at sea!”

Elisabeth Cavazza.

Mrs. Elisabeth Cavazza is the wife of the late Nino Cavazza, of Modena, Italy. She is a native of Portland, and has written in verse and prose for the *Portland Transcript* and *Portland Press*, and for various magazines and newspapers.

AN ISLAND PINE.

SESTINA.

Upon the promontory stands a Pine,
Where the last land is steep against the sea,
And waters break below, upon the shore:
The years pass by as clouds above his head;
And tempered by the sun and rain and wind,
His lonely strength is lifted to the sky.

And not for any changes of the sky,
Or heat or cold, is changed the constant Pine,
But sets his leafage hard against the wind;
And fed with salt, sharp moisture of the sea,
Before the hatred of the storm makes head,
And stands a sentinel upon the shore.

And when the sun-seared grass half clothes the shore,
And floating mists melt in the sapphire sky,
And birds of the new summer, overhead,
Fly to and fro about the ancient Pine,
And the sun's light is broken on the sea
As the thin waves are crisped before the wind,

The Pine, not moved by fierce or flattering wind,
All day, all night, upon the lonely shore,
As from a citadel, looks out to sea;
Where slender, pointed masts upon the sky,
Stature and shape of many a kindred pine,
Come up the bay with banners at their head.

And while the crown of leafage on his head
Is held on high to meet the ocean wind,
The mariner will hail the mighty Pine
Set as a beacon on the extreme shore;
And unafraid of darkening of the sky,
Or sullen murmur of the mutinous sea.

Year after year the Pine beside the sea
Has watched the ships sail past the granite head
And vanish in the distance of the sky,
And send no message backward by the wind,
To him who guards the lonely island shore,
Forever at his post, the faithful Pine.
Some day the Pine shall fall into the sea,
And on the shore the trees bewail their head,
While a great wind makes havoc in the sky.

SLUMBER SONG.

**“Sonno, sonno, vieni da lontano—
Vieni a cavallo e non venir a piedi,
Vieni a cavallo, a un cavallo d’oro!”**

(*Italian popular song.*)

Come, sweet Sleep, from afar—
Not with footsteps that delay,
For thy wool soft sandals are
Over-slow upon their way.
On thy floating dusky hair
Wreath of poppies thou dost set,
That we mortals may forget
Waking hours and all their care.
From afar, come, sweet Sleep!

Come, sweet Sleep, on a steed,
That weareth golden wings,
That on asphodel doth feed
And doth drink at heavenly springs.
Ride not through the ivory gate,
Come to us through gates of horn,
Bring good dreams made true at morn,
Even though the morn be late.
On thy steed, come, sweet Sleep!

Gentle Sleep, weave a wreath
Of thy drowsiest poppy-flowers.
Bind it over and beneath
The incessant fleeting hours.
Set thy lips against their face,
Whisper to them, light and low,
Plead for us before they go
That they stay a little space:
Weave a wreath, gentle Sleep!

Haste thee, Sleep, do not wait,
For the night is near its noon:
Thou wilt find us overlate
So thou dost not seek us soon.
For the cock begins to crow
At the earliest beam of light;
Then with every other sprite,
Thou, a gentle ghost, must go.
Do not wait, haste thee, Sleep!

Take us, Sleep, on thy horse—
As a mother, journeying,
Holds her babe and on her course
Lullaby doth softly sing.
Let thine hair fall round thy face
Veiling visions in thine eyes,
Carry us to Paradise
At thy steed's most quiet pace.
On thy horse, take us, Sleep!

BALLATA ITALIANA.

OF ALICIA'S BONNET.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

I sat beside Alicia at the play;
Her violet eyes with tender tears were wet
(The diamonds in her ears less bright than they)
For pity of the woes of Juliet;
Alicia's sighs a poet might have set
To delicate music in a dainty sonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

And yet to me her graceful ready words
Sounded like tinkling silver bells that jangled,
For on her golden hair the humming-birds
Were fixed as if within a sunbeam tangled,
Their quick life quenched, their tiny bodies mangled,
Poor pretty birds upon Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming birds were fastened on it.

Caught in a net of delicate creamy crêpe,
The dainty captives lay there dead together;
No dart of slender bill, no fragile shape
Fluttering, no stir of any radiant feather;
Alicia looked so calm. I wondered whether
She cared if birds were killed to trim her bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

If rubies and if sapphires have a spirit,
Though deep they lie below the weight
If emeralds can a conscious life inherit,
And beryls rise again to winged birth—
Being changed to birds but not to lesse
Alicia's golden head had such upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened

Perhaps I dreamed—the house was very :
But on a sudden the Academy
Of Music seemed a forest of Brazil;
Each pillar that supports the balcony
Took form and stature of a tropic tree
With scarlet odorous flowers blooming o

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened

A fragrance of delicious drowsy death
Was in the air; the lithe lianas clung
About the mighty tree, and birds beneath
More swift than arrows flashed and flew
The blossoms of the perfumed poison'd
The heavy honeyed flowers that hung up

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened

Like rain drops when the sun breaks up
Or weavers' shuttles carrying golden t
Or flying petals of a wind-blown flower,
Myriads of humming-birds flew overh
Purple and gold and green and blue an
Above each scarlet cup, or poised upon i

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened

What rapid flight! Each one a winged f
Burning with brilliant joy of life and s
Delight of motion; to and fro they came
An endless dance, a fairy festival;
Then suddenly I saw them pause and i
Slain only to adorn Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened

My mind came back from the Brazilian land;
 For, as a snow-flake falls to earth beneath,
 Alicia's hand fell lightly on my hand;
 And yet I fancied that a stain of death,
 Like that which doomed the Lady of Macbeth,
 Was on her hand: could I perhaps have won it?

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
 And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Susie R. Graham Clark.

Mrs. Susie R. G. Clark, the daughter of Adam and Charlotte Graham, was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 2, 1848, and came to Portland, Me., with her widowed mother, when only eight years old. She says: "I was too poor to purchase the education I needed, and too frail to earn it,—but this grand old State took me to her broad bosom, gave me freely of her advantages, and treated me so like her own I had well-nigh forgotten I was not such." She was among the first scholars who occupied the present High School on Cumberland street, was converted when eleven years of age, and is a member of the First Baptist Church, Portland. She was married young, has had eight children, three of whom have reached the better land, and the rest are spared to earth and mother. Seventeen years of Mrs. Clark's early married life were spent in other parts of New England, but four years since she returned to the city of her adoption. She regards the privilege of writing in itself its own exceeding great reward, even if the work is necessarily cramped by household cares, while little ones prattle at her feet or nestle in her arms. Much of Mrs. Clark's poetry, as well as prose matter, has been written for *The Vermont Watchman and Chronicle*, *The Boston Watchman*, and the *New York Examiner*, though occasionally she has written for various other papers. Her books, from the firm of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, "Zensie Walton," "Zensie's Womanhood," "Our Street," "Triple E" and "Achor" are well known to most young people, and are found in the Sabbath School and circulating libraries. To the series named, a new book will soon be added, entitled "Herbert Gardenell's Children." The story of "Our Street" is her favorite, and is located in Portland and its immediate vicinity.

THANKSGIVING.

For the flowers that bloomed, and the flowers now dead,
 For the beauty and fragrance their memory shed,
 We give thanks.

For the nest now quite empty, that gently doth sway,
 Where it throbbed with the life that is elsewhere to-day,
 We give thanks.

For the rain and the snow, for the sun and the cloud,
 For the smile on pale lips seen when under the shroud,
 We give thanks.

For the harvest of earth, and the harvest of heaven,
 The love thou hast taken, the love thou hast given,
 We give thanks.

For the home that is building above and below,
 For the love that is gilding the edge of our woe,
 We give thanks.

For the graves of our darlings, the tears of to-day,
 For the glad resurrection we hail on its way,
 We give thanks.

For the power to work, and the will to be Thine,
 For the weakness that strengthens, the girding divine,
 We give thanks.

For the friends at our side, and the friends that await,
 Who are watching for us at the Beautiful Gate,
 We give thanks.

For the path that, though rough, by the Saviour was trod,
 For the mansions so sure in the City of God,
 We give thanks.

SAY "MOTHER."

Call me, my son, say "Mother" once again,
 My old eyes miss thee, dimmed with years of pain,
 But thy dear voice can call me "mother."

Speak slowly, I would hear,
 And duller grows my ear,
 But, O it covets that sweet word of old,
 That falls like sunshine, be it e'er so cold,
 Say "Mother, mother."

I've heard rare culture silvery words repeat,
 And rapturous music making pulses leap,
 Yet naught could move my soul like "mother."
 That holds all charms for me,
 Such wealth of melody.

Come near, and let it greet me yet again,
 The dear, familiar, hallowed child-refrain;
 Say "Mother, mother."

I missed it many years when thy feet strayed,
 Its loss upon me like a nightmare weighed;
 When other women's boys said "Mother,"
 I started at the word,
 My every heart-beat stirred;
 And when you came again, the kiss you gave
 Nor sweeter was than the word, glad yet grave,
 "Dear mother, mother."

Sometimes I wonder if the Heart above
 On the white throne, whose truest name is Love,

Vibrates as keenly to "Our Father."

I can then understand
Why long, with patient hand,
He holds his straying ones in tender care,—
I can imagine his down-bending ear
For, "Father, Father."

"Father," my heart can say it fond and full,
It stands with "Jesus," first, most beautiful,
But after these, to me, comes "mother."
Sweet in the little one,
But sweeter far, my son,
When lips like thine, proud, manly, true, and brave,
Stoop, from the heart to whisper what I crave,
"My mother, mother."

"No marriage up in heaven," so we read,
Then "husband," "wife," perhaps we shall not need,
But *always, surely*, will be "mother,"
Or else no home is there,
The mansions howe'er fair,
And woman's ears will ache the same, I ween,
In streets of gold as in these meadows green,
For "mother, mother."

Come close, my son, I shall be homesick there
Unless some crownéd saint, strong, tall, and fair,
Shall say to me, as here, "My mother;"
I'll long for thee, and wait
Close to the pearly gate.
Perhaps the Lord will let me porter be,
And when you knock, I'll ope, then say to me,
"My mother, mother."

Horace Melvyn Estabrooke.

Horace Melvyn Estabrooke, born in Linneus, Aroostook County, Jan. 20, 1849. Fitted for college at Houlton Academy, and graduated at Maine State College in the class of '76. While at college began writing songs, generally both words and music, though the words were frequently published under a *nom de plume*. Some of these songs have had a wide popularity, one entitled "For You We are Praying at Home," was sung all through England and Wales at popular concerts. One, "Sweet Long Ago," though published in 1876, still retains its hold upon the public, and sells to the extent of several thousand each year. After graduating, adopted teaching as a profession, and is at present connected with the Gorham Normal School. In addition to some original poetry he has translated a few poems and several novelettes from the French and German. Delivered the poem at the reunion of the alumni of Maine State College in 1887.

THE VALKYRIA.

(Odin's Maidens.)

Upon the brown and barren field,
Asleep the mail-clad warriors lie;

The hand still grasping sword and
Though slumber seals each wæ-

While over all, the ruddy Mars

Burns like a bale-fire 'mid the stars.

What dream they as the moments

Of home, or friends, or fatherland?
Or do they quaff the foaming mead,

From golden cups in Hildr's bairn,
Or of the joy of coming strife,

When morn shall wake the world?

Was it the wind that hurried past

And brushed the sleeping warrior?
The leaves stir not as in the blast,

All silent is the autumn air,
Save where some bird, with plaintive

Sings of a sorrow all its own.

Behold on pinions snowy white,

The Valkyrs float above the plain;
Their dim robes trailing through the air,

Sound like the wind in ripened grain.
They hover o'er the silent field,

And mark each warrior on his shield,
And if their hands but touch his hair,

Or yet upon his heart be pressed
To-morrow night among the dead,

His form will lie in dreamless sleep,
For Odin chooseth whom he will
Valhalla's stately halls to fill.

And swift across the iris arch,

That joins the spirit world with
The throngs of valiant dead shall fly;

To Odin's home, the land of bliss,
Where Glasor's golden forests grow,
And Thund's bright waters e'er flow,

There, when the ruddy morn appears,
The warrior dons his burnished mail,

Beneath Valhalla's roof of spears,
And knows the joy which none can tell.

But him who joins in deadly strife,
To win the gage or lose his life.

And when the stars with pitying eyes
Look down upon the heaps of slain,
At trumpet blast the dead arise,
Each bleeding wound is healed again,
And, hurrying at the welcome call,
The heroes throng to Odin's hall.

There Valkyrs stand with golden bowls,
Filled to the brim with fragrant mead,
While through the lofty arches rolls
The wassail song of valiant deed;
They laugh and quaff till night is o'er,
And feast upon the sacred boar.

Then count ye not as foes to man
The maids that haunt the battle plain,
Whose snowy pinions gently fan
The brows of those who shall be slain;
To die is better than to live,
Since death brings joy life cannot give.

Herbert Milton Sylvester.

Herbert M. Sylvester was born in Lowell, Mass., Feb. 20, 1849, at which time his father was prominently connected with one of the leading cotton mills in that city. Owing to ill health the father left Lowell for the State of Maine, taking with him his wife and son, then ten years of age. Young Sylvester was strictly and religiously trained. Like numbers of other country boys, he had a bare ten weeks of schooling in summer, and hardly more than that in winter until at the age of sixteen he was sent to Bridgton Academy, where he fitted for college. After thirteen years of successful legal practice in Portland, Mr. Sylvester went to Boston, was admitted to the Suffolk Bar, and opened his office. It was here that his "Prose Pastorals" were written, that have been called "Poems in Prose." There is a music and charm in it that rival even Burroughs when at his best. Mr. Sylvester has written several poems of great finish and beauty, though he is best known as a prose writer.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Silent I sit beside my glowing hearth;
Without, the bare limbs sway against the sky;
Weird, creaking sounds come up along the path,
Like elfin laughter-song, now low, now high;
And as the dull red light begins to wane
Above the dark line of the wood,—
The sober, half-regretful mood
Of a November day,—

The air is thick with white-winged me
That softly tap against my window-pane
Their winter reveille.

The blazing fire-log snaps and roars in
The sparks gleam brightly as the stars
And in the ruddy, fitful glow I see
Dark shapes go dancing up and down
Across the murky flue above the crane
Red-coated troops speed to the fray,
And, wavering, halt and fade away
To come again,—
As hopes, once brilliant, rush on to thine
To turn to dust and ashes for the pain
They bore in vain.

The storm-winds moan their misery at
With gusty, gasping speech, then die
Above the sleepy eaves the great elms
Their naked, brawny arms in sheer
While through the crannies of the casement
With stealthy, noiseless presence creeps
The phantoms of the snow to keep
Me ghostly company;
But like unbidden guests they turn an
Uncertain, hesitating still, and peer
At my courtesy.

The storm was lulled; the broad heart
Has waned; across the hallway by the fire
A quaint old timepiece of Colonial days
With loud yet laggard tick doles out
And fleeting moments of the weary year
And keeps the grotesque brazen dog
Within whose warm embrace Yule-logs burn—
In far-off days have burned—
An ancient fellowship, whose memories
Have grown with time and silence down
That centuries have earned.

My fire burns low; the live coals flush
I shut my eyes, and the dull snapping
A low, sweet crooning-song, an olden strain
To bring swift thoughts of boyhood
The years fly backward,—backward O'er
It seems but yesterday when Spring
Brought all her fragrant blossoming
And promise rare,

On winds that tinged her cheeks with clover-tints,
With only fitful April tears to mar
A face so sweet and fair.

Within the shadows of the orchard-trees
That flanked the low-gaped wall beyond the lane
I hear the plover whistling down the breeze,
The robins singing in the summer rain;
The throstle in the lowlands pipes his notes
Where brooks with azure quivers hold
The sun's slant javelins of gold,
Half-hid in meadow bloom,
That, tossed by summer winds, seems a bright sea
Of emerald flecked with flowery boats
Deep-laden with perfume.

In through the windows of the gable old,
Looking the misty road the river takes,
The rounding moon pours floods of pale-hued gold,
And with quiet, dreamy splendor breaks
The raftered gloom; or on the roof's broad slope
With drowsy cadence once again
The low sweet music of the rain
Lulls me to childish rest;
And in the morning sun I trudge to school,
Nor dream there is a world of fairer hope
Beyond the breezy west.

In alder-shadowed nooks with patient hand
I tempt the wary trout, or slowly take
The hillocked pastures, where the cattle stand
Knee-deep in quiet painted pools, that make
The sky's bright picture, for my homeward way.
Old faces greet me at the door,
And footsteps sound along the floor
So silent now and lone,—
The smouldering brands fall outward at my feet;
My youth was but a dream to fade away,—
A dream once all my own!

With face against the frosty pane, I see
Above the city's stately dome of white
God's footsteps in the starry mystery,—
The far-off lustrous prophecy of night,—
What joy or sorrow do they hold apart?
My loss may prove my neighbor's gain;
His wealth bring me its hoard of pain
Without the thought;

And yet, I have the lasting recompense
Of happy bygone days within my heart
With blessed memories fraught.

Annette W. Crossman.

Born in Augusta, Me., Feb. 26, 1849; educated in the public schools of the city and began to preach the Gospel of Universal Salvation in 1875. In October, 1877, she entered the Theological Department of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., and was graduated therefrom in June, 1880. In July of the same year she assumed pastoral charge of the Universalist Society, Brownfield, Oxford County, Me., and maintained that relationship, with several intervals of rest, until final resignation in May, 1886. May 3, 1887, she was married to Dr. A. T. Crossman, of East Madison, Me., and in September of the same year removed to New York City, where she is still residing. Mrs. Crossman has written occasionally for the press, both under her own name and the *nom de plume* "Maud Manning."

OUR DEAD SINGERS.

They are gathering home, the good and wise,
Who have labored, and loved, and sung,—
They are quitting the harvest fields of earth:
For the vesper bells have rung.

They are gathering home in the purple shades,
'Neath the orange and crimson dyes;
They are entering in at the emerald gates
That ope in the sunset skies:—

There's Bryant—our patriarch of song!—
Whose crown is a nation's love,
Whose face of majestic saintliness
Need suffer no change above.

One marked with travel's bronze finger,
Whose garments breathe spices and balms,
Whose wine holds the flavor of lotus,
Whose song is the music of palms.

Bayard, the pilgrim singer!—
Ah! blithely the star-wheels were driven
That caught up his stalwart spirit
To the treasure-lands of heaven.

And he, whose lips were a lyre,
Who never could speak but he sung;
Whose poems were writ, as babes cry.
In the one universal tongue.

Longfellow! the star of music
 The fountain of freshest lays—
 Whose carols will gleam and ripple
 As long as the sun has rays.

And that one whose ruby measures
 Quicken heart and brain like wine,

• And whose voice rings all the changes
 Of flute, organ, brazen chime;

Flexible with woman's sweetness,
 Strong as manhood's manliest tone,
 In our Reed, flowers bloom, birds warble,
 Mountains tower, oceans moan.

Men are sad who miss your voices
 Midst their minor-chords of pain,
 Angels happy who have won you
 To make liquider their strain.

For to-night some blessed seraph
 Sails through space on flashing wing,
 Woven of golden numbers
 That our own dead singers sing.

Ella Hines Stratton.

Mrs. Ella Hines Stratton was born in Lyndon (now Caribou) March 26, 1849, and married A. W. Stratton, at Presque Isle, Aug. 29, 1867. She is favorably known as a ready writer, and although her pen turns readily to prose yet it is sometimes driven into rhyme —as in the following.

FOURTH OF JULY.

What means all this racket and rush and rout?
 O dear! my head will split with each shout;
 "Tis the Fourth of July!" with much pomp and noise,
 Shouts the oldest of my four jubilant boys.

From his drum the youngest looks up at me,
 "We're cel'brating, mamma, don't you see?"
 As if I could fail to hear all the noise
 Made by the hands of my four little boys.

Wide awake boys will make wide-awake men;
 'Tis this thought that cheers me, and then, and then,
 With all of their rush and racket and noise
 The wealth of the world could not buy my boys.

Let them have, while they can, their boisterous fun,
 As they garner their strength for the race to be run,

Let me bear, while I may, the rush and the noise
Made by my four little merry boys.

MEASUREMENT.

Great tasks are but seldom given out,
Great deeds are but for the few,
Yet the little acts, not talked about,
May need a faith as true.

Some things are better for being small,
For a breath who wants a cyclone?
And the flower which would die in a water-fall
Grows bright with a drop alone.

The small is not always a little thing—
The stroke of a pen may move
A crown from off the brow of a king,
A government from its groove.

At times our measurement cannot be right,
For, when tried by the Master's test,
So little a gift as a widow's mite
Out-balances all the rest.

And whether a thing be great or small
As none of us may plan,
It is safe to do, what we do at all,
The very best that we can.

Ella Maud Smith Moore.

Mrs. Maud Moore, the daughter of Samuel Emerson Smith, who graduated from Bowdoin, the youngest member of his class, — was born in Warren, Me., July 22, 1849, and, when an infant, removed with her parents to Thomaston, where she has ever since resided. Until twenty-three years of age she was known as Ella Maud Smith, and under this name wrote her well-known and beautiful poem "Rock of Ages," which was sent by a friend to, and first published in, the *Maine Standard* for Oct. 6, 1871, subsequently appearing as the opening piece in her volume, — "Songs of Sunshine and Shadow," 1884. She was married to J. E. Moore, Esq., of Thomaston, June 11, 1872. She was an apt, eager scholar, as a school-girl, but poor health denied her enlarged opportunities, and she could only pursue her studies in the village public schools. Mrs. Moore, from early childhood, particularly excelled at composition, and though she has written poetry mainly, a story from her pen, the first she ever wrote for publication, took the first prize of \$500, as a story for girls, offered by the publishers of the *Youth's Companion*. It was entitled "Little Miss Bashby." The *Lewiston Journal*, the *Christian at Work*, New York, *The American Rural Home*, Rochester, N. Y., and other leading journals, have given this lady's literary work high praise. Mrs. Moore has one child, Christine Emerson Moore, born Aug. 7, 1886. The family have a romantically located home, overlooking the bay in the bend of the Georges River. The old house of Wadsworth, Longfellow's ancestor, is but a short distance away, where Mrs. Moore and other children often played.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;

Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue.
Sung as little children sing,
 Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like bright leaves down
 On the current of the tune:
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

“Let me hide myself in thee,”
 Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
 Fell from lips untouched by care;
Dreaming not that each might be
 On some other lips a prayer.
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”
 ’T was a woman sung them now
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
 Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wing the air—
Ev’ry note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer—
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”
 —Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustfully and tenderly—
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
“Let me hide myself in thee,”
 Trembling though the words and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
 Who life’s thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest:
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
 Sung above a coffin-lid;
 Underneath all restfully,
 All life's joys and sorrows hid;
 Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
 Nevermore from wind or tide,
 Nevermore from billows' roll,
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
 Could the sightless sunken eyes
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
 Could the mute and stiffened lips
 Lift again in pleading prayer,
 Still, aye still, the prayer would be:
 "Let me hide myself in thee!"

THE BOY ON THE TRAIN.

A little plain brown face,
 That nothing claimed of grace
 Or comeliness, lighted by mournful eyes
 That might have matched the skies
 In depth of blue; brown hair
 That held a gleam of sunshine prisoned there.

Through the long swaying train of cars he moved—again
 And yet again scanning each form and face;
 Then drew from out its case
 His well-worn violin,
 And doffed his cap to place his earnings in.

From him on either side,
 Robings of silken pride
 Were gathered back by jeweled fingers fair, •
 As with that weary air
 That only heart-ache brings,
 He drew his bow across the trembling strings;

Forth 'neath his hand there crept
 Sad, plaintive airs, that swept
 Like half-awakened memories the heart;
 Anon he played a part
 Of some gay, joyous song—
 And all unheeded by the busy throng.

The music ceased at last,
 And then his cap he passed,

With hands that trembled, down each serried line;
Many the gems that shine
Like stars from fingers fair,
Jewels that gleam from robe and breast and hair.

Yet as he went his round,
Few were the pence that found
The old torn cap; his voice amid the din,
Trembling, and weak, and thin,
Was only faintly heard,
And few gave heed to his imploring word.

Sadly he turned away
From faces glad and gay,
Heart-sick and weary; brooding bitter hate
Against earth's rich and great,
Thinking how but one gem
Of all their store would bring so much to him!

* * * * *

"Life is gone out," they said,
Lifting the icy head,
Sweeping the dripping hair back from the brow,
Loosing the fingers thin
Clutching the violin;
"Threw himself off the bridge:—that's all we know."

Come, ye glad hearts and gay!
All ye who turned away,
Careless of pleading eyes—heedless of sigh!
Look on this cold, damp brow!
Say, feel ye guiltless now?
Is there no wound to bleed, no blood to cry?

Hungry;—ye fed him not!
Thirsting;—ye gave no thought!
Heart-sick;—ye turned aside!
O ye who go,
Thoughtless, o'er all life's track!
Pray God, that, looking back,
Cause for such cursings ye never may know!

Edward Payson Payson.

Edward P. Payson was born in Westbrook, now Deering, July, 1849, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1869, and from Harvard Law School in 1871. On leaving college he taught an evening school in Boston in the winter of 1870-71, and then in the Portland

High School two years. He studied law in the office of Me Symonds & Libby, Portland, and commenced the practice of after attending the lectures of the Cambridge Law School. I committee of Portland. In 1883 Mr Payson removed to Boston city, where he now resides. He has furnished poems re dinners, and for other occasions.

MERULA.

Peculiarly unfortunate seemed the death of Lucius Merula na's successor in the consulship, and who now . . . in order t his veins, and, at the altar of the supreme Jupiter, whose p aside the priestly head-band, breathed his last.—Bommesen, H

Stands the fane of the god and his alta
Shrieks the city; the populace rave;
Come the fasces of War and his lictors
Stark Murder, red steel and foul grav
War kingdomed; the oil of his prophet
That anoints him makes king and ei
Is blood from man's heart, and the pla
Are curses and groans.

While 't is writ in the Sibylline verses—
“ If the Jovian Flamen be slain,
Rome, sinking 'neath Nemesis' curses,
Flame-smitten shall perish: and vain
As dust of the dead ever drifting
Her deeds be; her glories of yore
Dispersed, as the sands that lie sifting
Round Acheron's shore.”

While nigh to the soothsayers' chalice
As a gladiator waits on the sands,
Pale waiteth the Flamen Dialis
Fillet-crowned, holding Life in his han
Fierce echo of sounds the sword forges
Rings shrill through the god's grande
'Midst murmurs from ominous orgies
Unholy, unclean.

What seest thou, Flamen Dialis?
Pale Furies who dare thee to stay!
What hearest thou, Flamen Dialis?
Swords, voices that cry thee away!
Yet wilt not? No pain, as no pleasure
Makes flicker the flame of thy soul!
No apple of gold, nor life-treasure
Can shorten thy goal!

"I have centred my life in thy duty,
 Olympian Jove; have foresworn
 Every joy of the flesh in life's beauty
 At thy Tarpeian altar; have borne
 Thee a strength than my days more eternal:
 Through all thoughts of my heart and my brain
 Light falls from thy glory supernal,
 As rainbow through rain.

"For the madness of hope, the sad striving,
 The triumphs of soul and of brain,
 The lives that are dust, and the living
 That toil, and the days that restrain,
 Are naught but a thrill from thy whisper
 Which called unto time, when thy sun,
 Swinging first through his orbit, and Hesper,
 Saw Being begun.

"I call; 'tis thy lightning makes answer.
 I pray; 'tis thy will shapes the prayer.
 I curse; on the world falls thy censure.
 I serve; and thou rulest. O fair
 Faith's visions! Enthralling! Assoiling!
 Dreams now, but fruition shall come:
 Long cycles be rounded with toiling;
 And Faith's voice be dumb.

"Thy lightning hath purged me, thy glory
 Doth rule me, thy worship make glad
 This life in thy service grown hoary;
 This life with thy majesty clad:—
 Yet—be this life spilled while I falter
 By stranger, the curse cometh home
 To thy worship, thy fane and thine altar,
 To Glory, to—Rome!

"A consul, and Roman, found fleeing!
 A Flamen Dialis found slain!
 Then loud laugh proud years not in being!
 Then fall fiercest fires in rain!
 Nay, better this life on this altar
 For all—Consul, Flamen and Rome;
 Thus perisheth none than Merula.
 Thus—Nemesis, come!"

Clangs the tramp of the steed, comes the danger.
 Rings the shout of the slayer of men,—

'T is the blood of the Roman and stranger
 Sullies the vestibule: Then
 A hush through the air: And no wail is
 Of anguish; of war stilled the roar.
*"Is't the priest?" "Ay! The Flamen Dialis
 Lieth dead on the floor."*

*"A stain, red, of murder, is on him!"
 "Ay?" "Truly?" And—"Hath he been slain?"
 And—"Cometh upon us the ruin,
 Quirites, through city and plain?"
 Nay, fools, for his pride was your pity,
 With lordship o'er life[in the rein.
 Now peace is again in the city,
 Through forum and fane.*

Edward John Colcord.

Rev. Edward J. Colcord was born in Parsonsfield, Me., July 28, 1849. The son of a farmer, his early life was passed in farm-work, in attending public school, in teaching, and in reading books borrowed from kindly neighbors. Partially fitted for college at Eflingham, N. H., and with a preparation completed at Waterville Classical Institute, he entered Colby University in the autumn of 1871. Upon graduation in 1875, with fair honors and as class poet, he became in 1876 Principal of the High School, Beverly, Mass. From here, in 1878, he entered Newton Theological Seminary, and on graduation, in 1881, became pastor of the Baptist Church in Anherst, N. H. Leaving this position he accepted, in February, 1883, the work of Professor of Ancient Languages and History in Vermont Academy, located at Saxton's River, Vt. This place he still holds. Mr. Colcord's work as a poet has mostly been done incidentally. Many of his poems have been written to deliver on public occasions. He was requested to read the Poem at the Centennial of Parsonsfield, his native town, in 1885. In 1882 he contributed two sonnets to the volume of "New Hampshire Poets," living then in that State. These, with a Cantata written in 1886, and set to music by L. O. Emerson, and an occasional poem for the press or for friends, include most of his published work.

EAST AND WEST.

In the faith of the Greek every hill-slope and mountain
 With bright beings was peopled of loveliest mien;
 In the depths of each grove and the waves of each fountain
 Their forms in his fancy not seldom were seen.

Right queenly the grace and right royal the glory
 That enveloped each nymph of the woodland or stream;
 And the beautiful Grecian in song or in story
 Sang with rapture the charms that enchanted his dream;—

Sang of many a haunt of these glorious lassies,
 Of Tempe's sweet valley and Helicon's dale,
 But the dearest of all were the groves of Parnassus
 Where the mountains came down to the Delphian vale.

Here, environed with cliffs and the grove of the Muses,
Rose the famed Delphic temple and oracle fair,
The resort of the world whose oracular verses
Filled the heart of the nations with hope or despair.

And here, 'mid the sweet grove-lands the sun-god Apollo,
The noblest, most fair of Olympia's throng,
Whom the glorious muses delighted to follow,
Loved to lead the light dance or the heavenly song.

Oft the Delphic priests heard through the fane's gilded portals
From the far mountain lands the blest songs of the Nine,
As the valleys re-echoed the hymns of immortals,
And their hearts thrilled with joy to the music divine.

O most gracious the gift to the world gray and olden,
When Apollo first roved the Parnassian grove,
Bringing light to all lives with his sun-splendors golden,
And the nations repaid him with trust and with love.

From across the Ægean where the busy Greeks wandered,
From the city that slept on the Attican plains,
From the south-lands which blue-waved Corinthian sundered,
The multitudes brought here their gold and their gains.

Round the shrine of Apollo the Greeks were one nation:
Here vanished the hate that divided their life;
Here all hearts met in love and in meek adoration,
And forgot at Parnassus the anguish of strife.

Bravely then poets sang the Parnassian vistas,
And Apollo who turned the world's darkness to day;
Or with rapture adored the glorious sisters,
And implored them to hallow each song or each lay.

Thus from Delphian grovelands descended the halo
Of glory which lighted the gloom of that time:
Parnassus, the Muses, the sun-god Apollo
Filled the soul of the Greek with a vision sublime.

Nor yet only Greek shores knew Apollo's rich blessing,
But his footsteps were traced on Hispanian sands:
From the golden-throned East to the Occident passing,
His chariot of flame lighted many fair lands.

Not alone was his home in the Grecian land splendid,
But right princely his rest on the Occident plain,
For he cherished the cliue where his bright journey ended,
And the western world laughed 'neath his glorious reign.

Ah, full many a tale did the poets discover,
 And full many a legend was charmingly told
 Of the Hesperid isles fair with summer forever,
 Where the trees of the gardens dropped apples of gold.

Here the Heliad nymphs sunned their beauty supernal,
 And chanted their songs through the ever-new year,
 While around them the grove smiled with fruitage eternal,
 And death and decay never haunted them here.

In this west world the Greek saw his vision immortal
 Of Elysian fields where the glorified range:
 Beyond Hercules' pillars lay heaven's bright portal,
 The abode of the blest and a life without change.

Here were glorious lands in a summer-world lying,
 Where no storm-cloud or night ever shadowed the skies,
 And the weary Greek breathed out his spirit in dying,
 And dreamed of the home that should gladden his eyes.

So the West and the East in the faith of the Grecian
 Were forever enclosed in a halo divine:
 In the West lay his heaven, the fadeless Elysian,
 In the East was Parnassus, the home of the Nine.

Thus the Orient shores and the Occident islands
 E'er united in story and legend remain,
 And the glory that shone on Parnassus' fair highlands
 Answered back to the light of Hesperian plain.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

This talented authoress, the daughter of Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett, a graduate of Bowdoin, was born in South Berwick, Sept. 3, 1849; was educated at home and in the Berwick Academy, and has traveled extensively, often with her intimate friend, Mrs. Annie Fields—wife of the late distinguished author and publisher—and herself a writer of repute, in Europe, Canada, and the United States. In addition to contributions to the leading magazines, Miss Jewett is the author of several very popular books, "Deep-haven," published in Boston, 1877; "Play-Days," 1878; "Old Friends and New," 1890; "Country By-Ways," 1881; "The Mate of the Daylight," 1883; "A Country Doctor," 1884; "A Marsh Island," 1885; "A White Heron," 1886; and "The Story of the Normans," (New York) 1897. Miss Jewett's father, before referred to, who died at Crawford Notch, in the White Mountains, Sept. 20, 1878, was president of the Maine Medical Society, and made many important contributions to current medical literature.

THE EAGLE TREES.

TO J. G. W.

Great pines that watch the river go
 Down to the sea all night, all day,
 Firm-rooted near its ebb and flow,
 Bowing their heads to winds at play,

Strong-limbed and proud, they silent stand,
And watch the mountains far away,
And watch the miles of farming land,
And hear the church bells tolling slow.

They see the men in distant fields
Follow the furrows of the plough;
They count the loads the harvest yields,
And fight the storms with every bough,
Beating the wild winds back again.

The April sunshine cheers them now;
They eager drink the warm spring rain,
Nor dread the spear the lightning wields.

High in the branches clings the nest
The great birds build from year to year;
And though they fly from east to west,
Some instinct keeps this eyrie dear
To their fierce hearts; and now their eyes
Glare down at me with rage and fear;
They stare at me with wild surprise,
Where high in air they strong-winged rest.

Companionship of birds and trees!
The years have proved your friendship strong,
You share each other's memories,
The river's secret and its song,
And legends of the country-side;
The eagles take their journey long,
The great trees wait in noble pride
For messages from hills and seas.

I hear a story that you tell
In idleness of summer days:
A singer that the world knows well
To you again in boyhood strays;
Within the stillness of your shade
He rests where flickering sunlight plays,
And sees the nest the eagles made,
And wonders at the distant bell.

His keen eyes watch the forest growth,
The rabbits' fear, the thrushes' flight;
He loiters gladly, nothing loath
To be alone at fall of night,
The woodland things around him taught
Their secrets in the evening light,
Whispering some wisdom to his thought
Known to the pines and eagles both.

Was it the birds who early told
 The dreaming boy that he would win
 A poet's crown instead of gold ?
 That he would fight a nation's sin ?—
 On eagle wings of song would gain
 A place that few might enter in,
 And keep his life without a stain
 Through many years, yet not grow old?

And he shall be what few men are,
 Said all the pine-trees, whispering low;
 His thought shall find an unseen star;
 He shall our treasured legends know:
 His words will give the way-worn rest
 Like this cool shade our branches throw;
 He, lifted like our loftiest crest,
 Shall watch his country near and far.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

More than a hundred years ago
 They raised for her this little stone;
 "Miss Polly Townsend, aged nine,"
 Under the grass lies here alone.

'T was hard to leave your merry notes
 For ranks of angels, robed and crowned,
 To sleep until the Judgment Day
 In Copp's Hill burying-ground.

You must have dreaded heaven then,—
 A solemn doom of endless rest,
 Where white-winged seraphs tuned their harps—
 You surely liked this life the best!

The gray slate head-stones frightened you,
 When from Christ Church your father brought
 You here on Sunday afternoons,
 And told you that this world was nought;

And you spelled out the carven names
 Of people, who, beneath the sod,
 Hidden away from mortal eyes,
 Were at the mercy of their God.

You had been taught that He was great,
 And only hoped He might be good.—
 An awful thought that you must join
 This silent neighborhood!

No one remembers now the day
 They buried you on Copp's Hill side;
 No one remembers you, or grieves
 Or misses you because you died.

I see the grave and reverend men
 And pious women, meek and mild,
 Walk two by two in company,
 The mourners for this little child.

The harbor glistened in the sun,
 The bell in Christ Church steeple tolled,
 And all the playmates cried for her,
 Miss Polly Townsend, nine years old

Vesta Ann Reynolds Crockett.

Mrs. J. Henry Crockett, whose maiden name was Vesta Ann Reynolds was born in Canton, Oxford County, Me., in 1836. Received her education in the public and High Schools of Livermore and Canton, mostly under the tuition of Jacob Lovejoy, one of Maine's poets. In 1858 she married Mr. S. E. Griffeth, of Dixfield, where she resided for twenty-six years. After the death of Mr. Griffeth, she married Mr. J. Henry Crockett, of Portland, where she now lives. In her early years, over the nom de plume of Inez, she wrote for the *Boston Cultivator*, and *Ladies' Enterprise*, one of the first papers edited by ladies. In later life she wrote for the *Gospel Banner*, the *Canton Telephone*, and other Maine papers, and occasionally wrote humorous plays for local entertainments.

TO MRS. ELLIOT SMITH.

SUGGESTED BY HER POEMS.

With the ear of thy spirit thou catchest the chime
 That comes from the minstrelsy, sweet, divine,
 To set it to music for souls less refined,
 In the sweet sounding touches of delicate rhyme.

With the eye of thy spirit thou seest afar,
 Into landscapes of beauty by angels endowed;
 Thy pen paints the pictures beyond the veiled bar,
 And our hearts are responsively, silently bowed.

Thy spirit's fresh youth, crowned with riches of age,
 Now mirrors rare teachings on life's open page;
 Thy flowers of thought to our home-soul are given;
 Their fragrance, their beauty, shall bless us in heaven.

James Olcott Brown.

James Olcott Brown, second son of John B. and Ann Matilda (Greely) Brown was born in Portland, Oct. 28, 1836. He entered Bowdoin College in 1852, and was graduated, with honors, in 1856. Shortly after leaving college, he became associated with his father and older brother in the firm of J. B. Brown & Sons, then extensively engaged in the

West India trade, and in the manufacture of sugar. In 1860 he married Emily Kemble, daughter of the late Hon. Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, by whom he had one daughter, who died in 1880. He began to write at an early age—fifteen years—and his boyish effusions were good enough to be published in the *Portland Advertiser* and the *Portland Transcript*. In 1856, while a student at college, he published "The Rain," in *Putnam's Magazine*. This poem at once attracted attention, was attributed to various distinguished authors, and was widely copied in the newspapers of the time. Other verses were printed in the *Boston Transcript*, the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, *Putnam's Magazine*, and the *Criterion*, then the leading literary weekly. He died Aug. 15, 1864, at the beginning of what would, doubtless, have proved a successful literary career, for although in the last years of his life, the engrossing care of business, and the stormy excitements of the civil war, were unfavorable to his poetic production, he never ceased from literary work. The examples of his writings here given belong to his youthful period, but he left behind him, in a fragmentary and unfinished state, the outlines and skeleton of important works, sufficiently complete to show that if he had lived to finish them, they would have given him high rank among the literary men of the age.

THE RAIN.

Dusty lies the village turnpike, and the upland fields are dry,
While the river, inly sighing, creeps in stealthy marches by;
And the clouds, like spectral Druids in their garments old and gray,
Sweeping through the saddened silence, fold their sainted palms and pray.

As their tears of tender pity, soft and chrismal trance the plain,
All the birds, like sweet-mouthed minstrels, blend their tuneful notes again,

With the blinking and the sprinkling
Of the gentle summer rain.

Tangled in the dreamy meshes of the soft and slumberous haze,
How the rain-drops thrill the spirit in the mild September days;
Pouring on the golden-tinted autumn splendor of the leaves,
Rustling through the yellow grain fields and the reapers' standing sheaves—

How they swell the silver streamlets, how they brim the land with glee!
So our lives shall brim with pleasure, pulsing like a living sea
At the clattering and the patterning
Of the joyous autumn rain.

Sadly as when harp-strings quiver, wildly as a wail of doom,
Unappeased the night-wind surges through the elemental gloom.
All the inner life is winsome, though the outer dark be chill,
And my passing thoughts are fancies of a balm-entranced will—I
will charm the fleet-winged hours, they shall fold their pinions fair,
While I sit and dreamful listen, reading legends old and rare,

To the roaring and the pouring
Of the noisy winter rain.

RUTH.

When the sunlight kissed the hill-tops,
In the dew of early morn,

Ruth went out behind the reapers
Through the golden shocks of corn.

Patience gleaned with her the pastures;
Hope sobbed softly in her sighs,
Love lit up her trembling features,
With a glow of Paradise.

Then said Boaz to the reapers,
"Hers be all that each man leaves,
Trouble not the Jewish maiden,
Let her glean among the sheaves."

Long the master loved to linger,
Looking backward o'er the plain,
Seeing then a sweeter treasure
Than the summer-scented grain.

Ruth no longer haunts the pastures,
Sobs no more amid the corn,
Follows not the other reapers
Through the dewy fields of morn.

But the harvest songs from meadow,
Slumberous hill-side, billowy plain,
Bear the tidings—"She is mistress
Over all the rustling grain."

There when Love and Hope and Patience
Glean the pastures God has sown,
Softly angel-songs shall welcome
All the reapers as his own.

THE LITTLE BAREFOOT MAIDEN.

Down the valley sweet with clover,
In the evening's scented gloom,
Tripped a little barefoot maiden
Ankle-deep in rosy bloom;

Singing ever simple snatches
Picked from poems humbly wrought
By the world's forgotten workers
In the little lanes of thought.

Fast the still and starless gloaming
Flooded all the lower land,
And the dusky hills grew gloomy
Like the shadows of God's hand.

But the little maiden singing
 Still the minor songs of faith,
 Felt the poet's inspiration
 And the hope that conquers death.

Nestling snug, her father's cottage
 Wooes the summer balm close by,
 Just across the rippling river
 Where the fields of barley lie.

And she knows the little lattice
 Twinkles with its evening light,
 Though the damp and darkling forest
 Lies between her and the sight.

Through the valley, o'er the river,
 White feet slipping very fast
 Up a little graveled pathway,
 Touch the threshhold—home at last.

Treading valleys dim and spectral,
 With what faltering feet we tread,
 Where the silent river floweth
 By the pastures of the dead.

Are there hands outstretched to greet us,
 Beckoning o'er the flowing tide ?
 Are there warm hearts, watching, waiting,
 Praying on the other side ?

Would you give your boastful learning,
 All your rentals, all your ships,
 For the perfect faith that rippled
 Through the little maiden's lips ?

Emma Marie Cass.

Miss Emma Marie Cass is a native of Maine, and now resides at Hallowell. She is of New Hampshire ancestry, being connected on the paternal side with the Cass family of which General Lewis Cass was a member, he and her grandfather being cousins. On the completion of her education she entered upon the work of teaching school, which she at length abandoned for literary and art work. She is very successful as a landscape painter, and has had marked recognition as a writer, both in prose and verse. As do many others, Miss Cass is inclined to believe that the power to appreciate the beautiful, is as great a gift as the ability to create it.

MY NEIGHBORS.

Little brown birds in the elm-tree high,
 Swayed by the lightest winds that blow,
 There in your leafy home, close to the sky,
 Afar from earth's tumult and woe,
 Surely, some things you must know :

That groundlings below you can never reach
 Things that must ever a mystery be—
 Do you understand the white stars' speech?—
 As they float on a cloudy sea,
 Do you catch their minstrelsy?

The winds take a tenderer tone, meseems,
 When they come to your downy chamber high,
 And the moonlight falls in mellower gleams,
 O baby-birds, where you lie,
 Close to the All-watchful Eye!

When all the breezes are fast asleep,
 And night shuts down on the tiny nest,
 When the heavens their nightly dew-drops weep,
 And the great red sun in the west,
 Obeying his Maker's behest,
 Has put on his flaming, fiery light—
 A blighting, withering, pitiless thing!—
 Then your small life's troubles are put to flight;
 As you lie 'neath the mother-wing,
 No sorrow can torture or sting.

You heed no sound from the world below—
 The great hard world that can never rest—
 Its tides may come or its tides may go,
 But never disturb or molest,
 Or ruffle one small brown breast!

Charles Henry Rowe.

Rev. Charles Henry Rowe, A. M., was born in Guilford, Me., Jan. 19, 1834, the son of Dea. Jacob and Clara (Haskell) Rowe. His parents soon after returned to New Gloucester, their native town, and this became the family home. He was fitted for college at Hebron Academy, and graduated at Colby University in 1853, and at Newton Theological Institution, Massachusetts, in 1861. He became pastor of the First Baptist Church, Augusta, in 1862, but after two years of marked success, resigned, and was appointed by President Lincoln, Chaplain, U. S. A. At the close of the war he became pastor of the Stoughton Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., and afterward at Wollaston Heights and Cambridge. He is now pastor at Whitman. He has served as an assistant editor on both of the denominational papers of Boston. He early showed a literary taste; was the class poet at Senior exhibition in college, and has written from time to time poems that have found a place in the papers and elsewhere. He gave last year the poem at the Memorial Day exercises G. A. R., Whitman. He married Miss Fannie H. Kalloch, daughter of Rev. Amariah Kalloch, of Augusta, Me., in 1866. They have three children, Henry K., Grace Marion, and Mabel Fannie.

ALL NIGHT IN PRAYER.

All night in prayer with God!
 The evening shadows cover with their midnight veil,
 The evening stars grow bright, and with the morning pale,
 All night in prayer.

All night in prayer with God!
No listening ear of mortal caught the pleading prayer,
No weak disciple, sleeping, watched the gateway there.
 All night in prayer.

All night in prayer with God!
The sobbing of a mortal heart crushed with the woes of men,
The turning of the Holy back to the pure fount again.
 All night in prayer.

All night in prayer with God!
The wandering angels come, and on the mystic ladder climb;
The lowly One on earth is heard, while hushed is angel chime.
 All night in prayer.

All night in prayer with God!
Mysterious hour when thus, in secret, Jesus pleads,
And burdened hearts, in climbing Godward, leads.
 All night in prayer. .

All night in prayer with God!
Alone he prays. The deep, unfathomed prayer at last
Sinks into silence, and with earliest dawn is past.
 All night in prayer.

Iza Gertrude Waldron Whitman.

Mrs. I. Gertrude W. Whitman was born in Buckfield, the home of many distinguished authors, Oct. 28, 1849, and spent her childhood where rose in grandeur "Old Streaked Mountain." She is the daughter of the late James N. Waldron, a well-to-do farmer, and began to write both poetry and prose, at the age of twelve years. Mrs. Whitman is one of thirteen children, a noteworthy fact in these degenerate times, and, in 1872, married a young medical student, Alden C. Whitman, a graduate at Dartmouth, and the following year settled in Buckfield, where they still reside, "far from the madding crowd," as, after a few years of hard practice, her husband became disenchanted with his chosen profession, and purchased a retired farm. Mrs. Whitman hopes soon to publish a novel, and also a volume of her poems.

DIVORCED.

June-time! the air is laden with the scent of countless flowers,
 The spring has worn its vernal life away;
 The opera of the birds in leafy bowers
 Rings sweetest music through the summer day.

I wonder if dissension ever comes
 Within the nest of those sweet singing birds;
 Do their soft liquid notes grow cold and harsh
 And lose the melody of loving words?

**It seems to me so very sad and strange
That those whom love has joined in closest bands,
Should ever let the silken fetters break,
Nor even seek to clasp the slipping strands.**

**We would not take a tender tropic plant,
And place it in the chill November blast,
And, shutting out the sunlight day by day,
Expect its bright luxuriance still to last.**

**But yet, the very tenderest flower of all,
The love, that seemeth of the soul a part,
Is often left to perish of neglect,
And find its sepulchre in a bleeding heart.**

**My life was erst as joyous as a bird's—
I never dreamed that sorrow's cloud could lower,
And basking in the radiance of Love's sun,
I sipped the sweetness from each passing hour.**

**But when the sun swung highest in the sky,
While yet Love's wine o'erflowed the chalice rim,
Indifference, like a slowly dropping pall,
Trailed its black shadow, sun-bright things to dim.**

**I saw the star of love grow pale and faint;
I watched its fluttering life, from day to day;
And through down-sweeping mists of dark despair,
Beheld its last, its last expiring ray.**

**In vain I sought to recreate anew
The golden splendor of a vanished day;
I was not alchemist enough to wring
From those dead ashes c'en the faintest ray.**

**A wedded life, unhallowed thus, became
To me at once a mockery, and a wrong,
So, shrinking from the sin it would involve,
I dwell alone within the realm of song.**

**Yet there are thousands with sad hearts estranged,
Beneath the arching dome of yon blue sky,
Whose hopes lie wrecked upon a barren shore,
Whose wedded lives are but a *lying lie!***

Laura Elizabeth Richards.

Laura Elizabeth Richards, daughter of Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe, was born in Boston, Feb. 27, 1850. In 1871 she married Henry Richards, and has lived for some twelve years in Gardiner, Me. She has published several stories for children, "Five Mice in a Mouse-trap," "The Joyous Story of Toto," etc., etc., and a volume of children's verses, entitled "Sketches and Scraps;" but no collection has ever been made of her more serious poems.

ALEXANDER.

CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS. 1886.

Hist! is it here?
 Look! is it there?
 Will it come this way?
 In what corner now is it lurking,
 The death that waits me to-day?

Yonder my guards stand marshalled,
 Stately, in splendid guise.
 Does one of them wait for a signal,
 That he measures me thus with his eyes?

Those women, whispering, clustering,
 Hard by my palace door;
 Do they carry the death 'neath their mantles?
 Women have done it before.

This cripple, stretching a withered hand
 For alms, at foot o' the stair:
 See! his other hand creeps to his bosom,
 What is it seeking there?

Hist! is it here?
 Look! is it there?
 Will it come this way?
 In what corner now is it lurking,
 The death that waits me to-day?

Sitting alone in my chamber,
 Bolted and chained and barred,
 Hark! do I hear a footstep
 Beside the tramp of the guard?

A footstep stealthily, softly,
 Creeping near and more near!
 And there again, is it only
 My own breathing I hear?

Shadows crouch low in the corner,
 Dusky, with eyes that gleam.
 Hideous shapes at the window
 Flit by, like a drunkard's dream.

What! am I mad, as they whisper?
 Mad, and dreaming it all?
 Waiting—ah, God! almost longing
 For a blow that may never fall?

No! look, where he stands in the doorway:
 Is that in his hand a knife?
 Ready, my hand, with the pistol!
 Let it be life for life!

* * * *

Hist! is it here?
 Look! is that there?
 Will it come this way?
 From what corner now is it stealing,
 The death that seeks me to-day?

THE NIXIE.

The Nixie maiden, so white and soft,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 The Nixie maiden so white and soft,
 How shall I tell what she did to me?

She came through the waves when the white moon shone,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 She came when I walked on the sands alone,
 With a heart as light as a heart may be.

Soft as the crest where it curls and curls,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 White as the glint of her own white pearls,
 The Nixie maiden she came to me.

She looked in my eyes; she smiled and sighed,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 She said she was weary of wind and tide,
 She said she would stay on the shore with me.

She lay on my arm like a child at rest,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 She slipped her soft hand into my breast,
 And stole my poor heart away from me.

And again she smiled, and again she sighed,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 Then down she slipped through the shining tide,
 And the sea-depths hid her away from me.

Ay me! I walk on the sands alone,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 Ay me! 't is so cold when one's heart is gone!
 I knew not before what cold might be.

Is that the gleam of her soft, bright hair?
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)

Are those her eyes that shine on me there?
 Is she coming again through the waves to me?
 Ay me! I shiver with cold and pain,
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)
 But the Nixie maiden comes never again;
 Never again comes my heart to me.

Selena Ware Paine.

Miss Selena W. Paine is a native of Bangor, residing in the family of Hon. Albert W. Paine. All of her poems have a meaning, and possess a dainty and delicate finish that only the true poet can infuse into metrical creations.

THE CHAPEL IN THE HEART.

Thrice happy is the man who keeps,
 From other things apart,
 A secret room, a holy place,
 A chapel in his heart.

For there, when all the world outside
 Grows dark upon his sight,
 He can retire and find within
 His chapel full of light.

And there, when jangling sounds of earth,
 Discordant, fill his ear,
 He can repair and, listening,
 The eternal music hear.

And there, from praise and blame unjust,
 Alone, he can confess,
 In genuine humility,
 His own unworthiness.

And there, when golden in his way,
 Temptation spreads a snare,
 Before he falters, he can flee
 For refuge and for prayer.

Thrice happy is the man who keeps
 From other things apart
 This secret room, this holy place.
 This chapel in his heart.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE POET.

An old philosopher once caught,
 As if by chance, a winged thought.

It was so delicate and bright,
He wished it put in words aright
To hold it fast, that all might see
And feel its charm as well as he.

He searched his rarest books in vain;
He racked for naught his learned brain.
The words he found they were so long,
They were so clumsy, weighty, strong,
That, when he made a cage withal,
One scarce could see the thought at all. .

At last, by failure sore dismayed,
He called a poet to his aid.
But, when he held his cage in view,
So very dim the thought shone through
He feared the seer ne'er would guess
One half its real loveliness.

At first, with sadly puzzled mien,
The poet gazed the bars between,
But soon his eye, his brain caught fire:
He made a cage beyond desire,
Where, gently prisoned, seeming free,
The thought was held for all to see.

And yet I know not how 't was done,
That thus the thought and word were one.
His sentences were simple, few;
He took a simile or two;—
But, when he made the cage withal,
One never dreamed it cage at all.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

Miss Harriet L. Bradley is a native of Portland, where she was educated. She is now a favorite contributor to the pages of *Harper's* publications, *The Atlantic*, and other leading magazines, and is regarded as one of the most promising authors of the Pine Tree State. Miss Bradley, at the present time, is traveling abroad.

LOOKING TOWARD THE SUNSET.

The weary day is over, and the burden it has brought
We may leave until the morrow, with its burning bitter thought,
And the peace that follows conflicts comes o'er the busy town
As we stand in the open door-way watching the sun go down.

There's a hush throughout the forests, scarce a murmur in the land;
There are sighings mid the breezes that we cannot understand,

And I list to the voice that hath charmed me
In the days that are no more.

And still the spell comes o'er me,
As the lisping ripples creep;
For I hear the tongue of Ocean—
The lips of the mighty Deep!

Beyond the golden waters
I see the sun go down;
And the purple hills are dreaming
Afar over Camden town.

And the white sails that are stealing
Adown the quiet bay,
To the haunted shores I see not,
Are bearing my thoughts away.

For Ariel glideth near me,
And a new Miranda's face*
Hath made a tranquil sunshine
In this sweet and shady place.

I hold in my hand a volume,
That one has given to me,
With a spray of the keen wild briar,
That has grown beside the sea;—

Till, with the mingled memories—
The fragrance of long-flown years,
And the soothing song of the Poet,
My heart is touched to tears.

For this, to me, is a casket
That doth precious things enshrine;
And the voice of a heart is uttered
In many a hurried line.

'T is no wine-filled vase, fine carven,
With figures sleek and slim;
'T is an earthen bowl, with life-blood
That mantles to the brim.

And he, whose song this evening
Still holds me by the sea,
Had a sense of the unseen beauty,
And the unheard melody.

* My mind was then filled with images of "The Tempest," which I had just been re-reading.

But the Bard hath ceased from singing,
 Whose eye hath privilege
 Of the lighted land immortal,
 Through the shade of the "*Covered Bridge.*"

O Poet!*—all men's brother!
 Where'er, to-night, thou art,
 My kindred spirit greets thee
 With these beatings of my heart.

If thou hadst faults I ask not,
 Nor what was thy chosen creed;
 For the poor and oppressed and trodden,
 I only hear thee plead.

I look not, scrutinizing,
 For the faults that all may find;
 Thou hast sung the songs that may hearten,
 And unify mankind.

And I dream I should go to see thee,
 From this splendid sunset shore,
 But thy place is the home eternal,
 And thou canst be seen no more.

But, perhaps, when these dreams are over,
 And the painful toiling ends,
 In the land where the shadows are not,
 We may meet as old-time friends.

THE BOYS IN WINTER.

The moon is up, the sky is clear, the frosty air is still,
 And gleams to-night the crusted snow that lies upon the hill:
 Come, with your sleds!—our starting point is where yon spruces grow—
 And let us have a merry hour a-sliding on the snow!

Ha! are there wrinkles on our brows, and gray in beard and hair?
 And are not these the caps and mitts we school-boys used to wear?
 And are not these the self-same hearts of long and long ago?
 And are not we the boys that went a-sliding on the snow?

Come! let us go and join the lads!—we'll laugh at their surprise!—
 And, when our hearts are light as theirs, their shouts shall louder rise;
 We'll sing an ancient song or two, they'll whistle sharp and shrill,
 And make the dark old wood ring out from underneath the hill.

We're men, but yet we won't forget that we have once been boys;
 We'll take a little dash of fun, and make a bit of noise;

* David Barker.

We'll give these leathery cheeks of ours a warmer, healthier glow;—
So take your sleds, and let us get to sliding on the snow!

Ah, who would be the churlish elf, that childhood's life destroys,
Who frowns upon the children's mirth, and spurns their simple joys?
I trow to stoop awhile to them might do his spirit good,
And waken in his shrunken veins a little wholesome blood.

I do n't forget the winter days when, after school was done,
We took our sleds to yonder hill, and primed our hearts with fun;
The ridgy drifts were pearly white 'neath sunset's ruddy glow, --
And ah, but we were merry boys a-sliding on the snow!

How flew the pleasant hours away, until the sun was set!
Then underneath the glittering blue again we, shouting, met!
And all the girls, with floating curls, and cheeks as warm as June,
With sweeter voices came to hail the rising of the moon!

They joined our crew, and quite o'erran our foaming cup of mirth;
We yoked our sleds upon the hill, and, singing, sallied forth;
The twisted smoke from farm-house fires rose in the vale below,—
Ah, 'twas a merry bout we had, a-sliding on the snow!

And there was one—O well ye knew the sweetness of that face!
The heart of woman's gentleness, the form of woman's grace!—
'Twas always summer where she went, wherein our love could grow;—
Come back! dear faded face, so long beneath the winter snow!

Come! join the lads!—I hear them call!—we will not lag behind,
But show the world a nimble foot, and eke a cheerful mind:
I would not wish to see *my* boys act cold, and harsh, and strange,
For hearts—the manliest part of men—should suffer least from change.

What have we gained by growing old, if Time away have borne
The fruit and flower, and we have reaped the thistle and the thorn!
What have we gained if, making grief and care our only store,
The freshness of our earlier days our hearts may feel no more!

O had we kept our childhood's hearts, when boyhood went away,
The years might not have scarred our brows, nor turned our heads so
gray!

Life might have more of tear and smile, and less of fret and frown,
And restless care with hundred hands forgot to drag us down.

Come! hear them sing!—Such music bids the moping drudge depart!
The sunshine of a cheerful mind, it opens up my heart:
The moon is high, the sky is clear; arise! and let us go,
And have an hour, a merry hour, a-sliding on the snow!

Anna Sargent Hunt.

Anna Sargent was born in Frankfort, Me., June 13, 1850. Leaving there in 1857, her home was for twelve years in Hallowell, where she took a thorough course in the city schools. She removed, with her parents, to Augusta, in 1869, assuming the position of a teacher, which vocation she followed until 1872, when she was married to Mr. Chas. C. Hunt of Hallowell. From 1877 to 1882 Mrs. Hunt was Corresponding Secretary of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and following her resignation at the latter date, she entered upon the duties of State Vice-President of the Woman's American Baptist Home Missionary Society, also serving as general Vice-President of this society. In 1885 she became editor and publisher of the *Home Mission Echo*, the organ of the Baptist women of New England. Mrs. Hunt has made numerous contributions of prose and poetry to several leading journals, writing sketches of travel as opportunity offered, devoting her writings mainly to the interests of the special branches of work with which she has been actively connected.

THE MESSAGE.

On the shore the waves are plashing,
 'Gainst my tent-roof rain is dashing—
 What a day!
 Of the moaning pine-trees weary,
 Gloomy is the day and dreary,
 So we say.

Pleasant lake seems like the ocean,
 Tossing in its wild commotion,
 Cold and grey.

Boats and men to shore are speeding,
 Or, from view in haste receding,
 Sail away.

Hark! on storm-tossed tree-top swinging,
 Little bird is sweetly singing,
 High in air;
 This his message, hope awaking:
 “Friends below, the clouds are breaking,
 Don't despair.”

Brother, sister, worn and weary,
 Let thy face grow bright and cheery,
 Don't despair.

Trusting God, thy Burden-Bearer,
 Thou shalt find a loving sharer
 Of thy care.

Life has *not* unbroken sorrows,
 Sad to-days bring glad to-morrows;
 Storms will cease.

Through the clouds the light is streaming,
 Soon the sunshine will be gleaming—
 Then comes peace.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

[At the Annual Meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society in New York, in 1882, Mrs. J. S. Dickerson, of Chicago, referred to the following prayer of her little daughter to illustrate the necessity of individual effort in the mission work.]

Sweet Gracie, the light of the household,
Hath knelt in the twilight hour,
Commending the friends that she loveth
To the Father's keeping power.
Not one of her pets is forgotten,
Her kitten, her dog and doll,
But deeper in meaning the favor
She asks, while the shadows fall.

"And now wilt thou bless the old black cat,
The cat with the great, green eyes,
That wanders alone in our garden,
I'm sad when I hear her cries."

The mother looked down on her darling—
The child of her tender care,
And told her she need not remember
All cats in her evening prayer.

The bright face grew earnest and thoughtful,
And clouded with strange surprise,
But the light of the child's true instinct
Flashed out from the sparkling eyes.
And straightway she questioned her mother,
"Well, now will you please to say,
If I did not think of the black cat,
Who else for its good would pray?"

Ah, Gracie had mastered the lesson
We tardily come to heed,
But always there wait for our footsteps
Earth's lowliest ones in need.
"Who else," if we turn from their pleading,
Will unto their rescue spring?
"Who else," to the feet of the Master,
These sheaves for the harvest bring?

There are sorrowing hearts to cherish,
"Who else" will the tear-drops dry,
"Who else" will be friends to the friendless,
While the fleeting years go by?
At last, when our service is ended,
How sweet will His greeting be:
"Inasmuch as for these ye labored
Ye have done it unto me."

Rose Maxim.

Rose Maxim was born in Buckfield, Me., Aug. 30, 1850, the children. She has always lived in the country. Her opportunities in her youth were very limited, but she made good use the means at her command, thus, finally, securing a fair education to write at any period within her recollection, having been a

GROWING OLD.

The days go from us one by one,
And busy with our worldly cares

We do not heed the setting sun,
And age comes on us unawares.

Though we can see how others fail
We boast our strength in languor,

But whitening locks will tell the tale
And tell it true—we're growing old.

The children that but yesterday
Around our knees were prattling

To-day are youths and maidens gay
As birds that in the morning sing,

Then, though with joy our pulses beat,
The fleeting hours we cannot hold,

Life's noon-day passes swifter still,
And so we all are growing old.

The places where in childhood's haunts
With careless heart we used to play,

The favorite tree, the common flow-

The giant rock, the old pathway—
Have lost their charm; and even so

Our youthful friendships have grown old;
We wonder why but do not know

Or think that we are growing old.

Our faces mirrored in the brook
Were radiant once, and fresh and fair;

But now we do not care to look,
For years have left their impress,

And so we pause beside the stream,
One backward glance and all is o'er,

The past comes o'er us like a dream,
We find that we are growing old.

O Time, why must thy heavy hand
Pencil our brows with lines so deep,

And silently let fall thy sands,

Like snow-flakes o'er us while we

— — — — —
 Yet happily we feel it true—
 That, as eternal years unfold,
 We all shall youth and strength renew,
 And nevermore be growing old.

Ellen McRoberts Mason.

Ellen McRoberts was born in Baldwin, Cumberland County, Oct. 5, 1850, of Scotch-Irish parentage on the father's side. She was educated after the usual manner of farmers' daughters, at the different high schools and academies of the country, and at the Farmington Normal School. She was a teacher for a short time, until 1873, when she was married to Mahlon L. Mason, of North Conway, N. H., the proprietor of one of the many summer hotels there, the Sunset Pavilion, and more recently, also, proprietor of a large hotel at Bridgton, in this State. Mrs. Mason's literary career has begun since her marriage, and it is chiefly from her short stories and descriptive articles that have appeared occasionally in the Boston *Sunday Courier*, the *Sunday Herald*, the *New Hampshire Granite Monthly*, the *Portland Press* and *Transcript*, that she is known as a writer. Her stories have been commended by John G. Whittier. She has genuine pathos and humor, united to a great love and tender appreciation of nature in all its phases, that have been fostered by being among the grand and beautiful scenes of her mountain home. Mrs. Mason is at present traveling in Germany, as special correspondent of the *Boston Herald*. She has a host of friends, both in her native and adopted State.

MY MONITOR.

My little boy with large eyes eager wide,
 And lips a-tremble, piteous to see,
 Comes often slow and gravely to my side,
 And humbly, lowly asks, "Do you love me?"

With kiss and fond embrace I answer him,
 A-grief to see the pretty face so sad,
 Still swimming, tender tears the blue eyes dim,
 He pleads: "And do you love me when I'm bad?"

How oft we grieve the Father's loving heart!
 How oft rebellious are, dear little lad;
 He pardons when we choose the wrong, sad part,
 And loves us evermore, though we are bad!

So may much patience mingle with my love,
 And I grow fitter still to counsel thee
 With purest wisdom given from above,
 And may the patient Father bear with me!

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

Within a dear old-fashioned room,
 All flooded with a rosy bloom,
 In the fire's gleeful blaze and glow
 I watch a vision come and go.

A Christmas thirty years ago,
The world without up-piled with snow,
Gray, early day and children's din,
And merry, happy hearts within.

Glad, happy hearts save all but one,
And his, whose life was last begun,
The pet and darling of the rest,
The one I always loved the best.

My troop of boys, I see them now,
Grave Jamie, with his thoughtful brow,
And Will and Georgie full of glee,
As handsome lads as you might see.

And Robin with his glowing face,
And earnest eyes and witching grace,—
Ah, I shall see long as I live
That little mouth so sensitive!

But Rob had been a naughty boy,
And so, instead of longed-for toy,
Above his stocking jammed and thick,
I hung a cruel, slender stick!

"Mamma, does Santa Claus *hate me?*"
The tear-wet face was sad to see!
"That—stick—I did not think he would ..
I've tried so, lately, to be good!"

'Tis years agone,—I'm growing old,
And many feelings have grown cold,
But when the vision comes again,
I feel the olden thrill of pain!

For soon there was a little mound
Thrown up above the frozen ground,
And the pure white and blessed snow
Soft hid the scar of my great woe.

Though many sins and many a wrong
Have been mine since, forgot ere long,
This ever comes at Christmas time
To haunt my age, as in my prime!

I feel now we are far apart,
How sore I grieved the tender heart!
And I shall see, long as I live,
That little mouth so sensitive!

Arlo Bates.

This author was born in East Machias, Me., Dec. 16, 1850; graduated at Bowdoin in 1876, after which he removed to Boston, and engaged in literary work. In January, 1878, he became Secretary of the Young Men's Republican Committee of Massachusetts, and editor of the *Broadside*, a paper devoted to civil-service reform. In August, 1880, he became editor of the Boston *Sunday Courier*. Besides numerous magazine articles, he has published "Patty's Perversities," "Mr. Jacobs," "The Pagans," "A Wheel of Fire," "Old Salem," (edited), etc., and a volume of poems entitled, "Berries of the Brier," the last named appearing in 1886. Mr. Bates is now in Florida, making some studies of Southern life, for literary purposes.

A SHADOW-BOAT.

Under my keel another boat
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
 Silent and dim and mystic still,
It steals through that weird nether-world,
 Mocking my power, though at my will
The foam before its prow is curled,
Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer, and fain would see
What phantom in that boat may be;
 Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
Some ghost of my dead past divine,
 Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
Would draw me downward through the brine!

Dora B. Hunter.

Miss Dora B. Hunter is a Knox County girl who has written fine poems for the *Congregationalist*, the *Christian Union*, and our Maine Magazine, *Quiet Hours*. A few years since a local poem from her pen, entitled "On the Assabet," appeared in the columns of the *Portland Transcript*, and received deserved recognition as a production of real merit. Miss Hunter now resides at Waterville.

THE MINUTE-MAN.

With his eager, resolute eyes aglow,
Alert for a glimpse of the nearing foe,
With his sturdy shoulder backward thrown,
Facing odds that he dare not own,
Ready to start at the country's call,
To win if God will—if He will, to fall,
Whatever may cost the impending strife,
Home or fortune or limb or life—
Ready to give what the hour demands,
The hero of Concord's story stands.

Just as they stood on that April morn
 When American liberty there was born;
 Plows beside them, but arms in hand -
 They, the Middlesex farmer-band.
 Who dared to dream that these scattered groups
 Could rout the orderly British troops ?
 That these farmer youth half-armed, untrained,
 Could keep the fame of their State unstained ?
 But when His Majesty's soldiers came
 To the spot now wearing so proud a name,
 The minute-men marched down from the ridge
 And won the day at the old North Bridge.

Concord river in quiet flows
 Past the spot where the English dead repose,
 And one hundred years has that night's renown
 Been the heritage of the peaceful town.
 Along the stream the historic sod
 Is bright with daisies and golden-rod,
 With never a hint of the bloody fight
 That was won by the Concord yeomen's might.

But the minute-man is standing now
 In his valor's strength, beside his plow,
 On the spot where he fought at his country's call
 A grateful people's memorial.
 Does any one ask his rank or worth,
 His fortune, family, name or birth ?
 This was a lad whose brave right arm,
 Raised in the moment of dire alarm,
 When first the sound of the foeman's gun
 Resounded through Concord and Lexington,
 Ne'er fell to his side till in dawn's gray light
 The patriot farmers had won the fight.
 But his name—his name—do you ask again ?
 He was one of the famous minute-men !

Nellie Marie Burns. April 1st A. A. S. A. D. C.

Mrs. N. M. Burns, the daughter of Dr. Newell Sherman, of Waltham, Mass., and wife of Thomas H. Burns, of Kittery Point, Me., was born in Waltham, Mass., where her child life was passed, and her education received. For the past ten years her permanent residence has been at Kittery Point, and prior to this she was a summer sojourner for successive years beside the inspiring Gulf of Maine, replete with its thousand unwritten legends, its formless poems, still waiting a master-hand to mould them into living beauty. Very lovely is historic old Kittery, leaning on her shattered piers—with her grass-grown ruins and pathetic landmarks looking toward the blue water-roads. Echoes of thrilling events haunt the weird shore, and fancy is ever stimulated by the dreamy surroundings.

INGLE WHISPERS.

GATHERED FROM LEGENDS OF THE PICTURESQUE HARBOR-TOWN OF KITTERY.

In Anglo-Erse Teutonic phrase,
Two ancient cronies gabbled,
And raked the fire of bygone days
Till streams of Fayland babbled.

They said, "A hundred years ago
Yon cooing pines were switches;
Then Cunning-men wrought good
folk woe
And Warlocks danced with Witch-
es.

Now gloaming glints above the hill
And autumn leaves are falling,
Their sorry bird, the whip-poor-will,
For punishment is calling.

The years have sent the pine boughs
higher,
And chilled the hands that planted,
But left a tale by ford and fire
Of incantations chanted—

By one who loitered unaffeared
Near midnight stile and wicket;
The brown-owl's chum—a woman
weird
From *Iarnred's* spectral thicket.

Auld Jamie Bell and Gowen Hight,
With ninety horse-shoes girded
And wish-bone mailed—upou a night
Watched while the phantoms herd-
ed.

The Alder-swamps with Ghost-lights
gleamed,
A bridge of smoke extended
From Godmroke, o'er Brauboat
streamed
And in the ocean ended.

Sir Lucifer came down the bridge
Accoutered for a ramble,
To greet the Lady of the Ridge
And dance about the bramble.

Six sable cats with eyes of gold,
Each mounted by a Pixy,
Led out the witch from glimmer-
wold
O'er brier-passes tricksy.

The dance begun, the sables run,
The Pixies urged them faster,
Prince Loke bowed to the Naughty
one,
She courtesied to her master.

The irate wolf with hideous yell
Awoke the dim-sea-reaches,
Wild Wizard-bout, and mad pell-
mell,

Made terrible the beaches.

The fen-land king on roan of blue;
His sword and saddle blazing,
Across the withered stubble flew
To join the cruel hazing.

The velvet-coated *Fleder-muse*
Haunted the scene uncanny;
Whispers inane crept through the
house,
The woodtick beat the cranny.

No life was safe, no one could sleep
For clatter on the ledges,
For howling dogs and bleating sheep
Witched by the water-edges;

Cattle were cast, and dreaming
swains
Transformed to service-horses;
The blasted crops and emptied wains
Tradition still endorses.

Brau-viking-Ben came sailing o'er
The sea-road rough and ærie,
Red flambeaus blazed from Apple-
dore
A signal for his dearie.

Wee sonkie Madge—alack the night Since kindly
 She met her lover lawless; Above th
 The billows rolled in angry white Where cree
 Above her sweet face flawless— With flor

Close pillow'd on the pirate's heart, Ah, happy
 His clasp no wave could sever; In pleasa
 They drifted down no more to part. The gay wi
 Where surges sing forever." Your lig

The cronies ceased — by fagot-flare When sum
 We left them at their knitting, Broods in
 Their men-in-buckram through the Go down to
 air And law
 And round the ingle flitting.

The Cantrap-folk appear no more, Upon those
 But still the legend lingers, Float pas
 With Clootie's hoof-prints on the Delicious d
 shore. Out of th
 And impress of his singers. Then drift :
 And oft where dimpling waters flow Lean on :
 To kiss the ferns and mosses, The whisp
 They hide beneath the thatch-beds speal
 low The wate
 To trick the foot that crosses. The marvel
 Next morn we sought by shore and The callo
 cave When moon
 O'er bramble, stile and meadow, Sends do
 To find at last the weird one's grave Then wate
 Anear the wildwood shadow. boat,
 Long sprays of drooping golden-rod Birds whi
 Leaned o'er and seemed to love it; Mysterious
 Wild camomile bedecked the sod And bells
 And scattered blooms above it. The fairies
 Along her banks the leaves were red, "Red Ca
 Whistled the tiny plover,
 And in the copsewood overhead Feath
 We saw the kestrel hover From bogie
 The Sham

A hundred years her elfin-rills, Have loaned
 With quaint and waltzing motion,
 Have wandered down her awesome Their wife
 hills,
 And danced toward the ocean, To swell the
 Of this en

George W. W. Houghton.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1850, and removed when ten years of age, with his parents, to Robbinston, near Calais, Me. All of his earliest recollections are centred in that picturesque and romantic region, and Mr. Houghton has spent many of his summer vacations on the Maine coast. Several summers have been enjoyed by him at York Harbor, and one at ancient Newcastle, with his literary friend, Mr. John Albee, also a poet. Both gentlemen have written fine poems on "The Legend of Walbach Tower," Great Island, Mr. Houghton's version appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Several popular volumes of verse from the pen of Mr. Houghton bear the well-known imprint of The Riverside Press, among which we may mention "Niagara, and Other Poems," "St. Olaf's Kirk," etc. Mr. Houghton now resides in the City of New York, and is editor of an illustrated monthly magazine, *The Hub*. A narrative poem on Icelandic literature, by Mr. H., may ere long appear.

ALONG-SHORE.

AN EXTRACT.

On Maine's rough coast-line, where its rocky front
 Frowns most forbiddingly, with sudden break
 A small, blue river pours into the sea,
 And widening forms a harbor, pent but safe;
 Behind which, half-concealed by button-woods,
 The church-spire of Old York lifts to the winds
 Its weather-cock.

Below this spire, a town,
 Where, truant from the city dials, come
 The lazy hours to lose themselves in dreams
 And sweet forgetfulness of summer heat;
 An idle sort of place, where all day long
 It seems like evening with the day's work done,
 Where men haste not, because there is no haste,
 And toil but little, for they've little need:
 A restful corner, where the August breeze,
 From softly listening, finger on the lip,
 At length from listlessness falls fast asleep,
 Till there is no sound I heard save now and then,
 Low thunder of a wagon on the bridge,
 Some shrill cicada from his citadel,
 Beneath a thistle, challenging the noon,
 The whet of scythe and heavy hoist of sail,
 Dip of unseen oars, monotonous,
 And softly breathing waves that doze below,
 Too weak to more than turn themselves, complain,
 And doze again.

* * * * *

Here from this knoll,
 The stretch of the blue ocean breaks in view,
 Flecked only by white sails, a tiny spire
 White like a sail, but still, —
 Boone Island Light;

And southward, like shy clouds that m
The Isles of Shoals, far glimmering.

* * * * *

Here, when red sundowns set the we
The view is glorious. Far off to the no
The jealous land, with every wave of t
Sends out into the surf a long, slim arn
And rolls and measures in its hollow h
A rocky isle,—the Nubble, it is called,
Glad land-fall unto many a hungry eye
That in those early days, before a sail
E'er whitened York's small harbor, str
Some token of the new, half-doubted v
Next circling like a sickle, toward us b
A yellow beach, the Long Sands; then
Among which, like the gloomy lurking
Of some sea-creature, darkens a huge c
In whose recesses, when the tide-wave
A hollow murmur echoes, heard far of
With sighs and breathings strange, un
That deepens as the night-hush settles

Mary Ellen Blanchard

Mary E., daughter of Charles B. Blanchard, was born in 1851. frail in health, she never attended a whole term of a of knowledge here and there, being both bookish and ob entered the office of the *Portland Advertiser*, and served an ting. Going to Boston, she became a compositor for some m *Farmer*, and later, for Rand, Avery & Co. On account of br position, and, returning to Maine, settled beneath her fath occasional literary work. In the spring of 1885, she publ solicited, and delivered in person and by mail an edition of "A Story of Psyche and other Poems". This book was in e oess. Miss Blanchard has regained, in a measure, her health sively in prose and verse, and with flattering results. She st

THE WELCOME HOME.

"Twas morning in heaven, 't was night on
And angels were gathered death's river
To welcome a soul to the holier birth,

And sung, in their gladness, an anthem
The pure and the loyal, the loving and ble

All joined in the music of perfect accord
"We welcome thee, spirit, by sorrow opp
Yea, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord

"We welcome thee home from the darkne
The trial and weariness, doubting and fe

Hail! blest of our Father, no longer despair,—
The journey is ended, the guerdon is here;
Here, safe in the kingdom, no more to depart,
Where love, never fading, is sorrow's reward,
Are all the dear idols long lost from thy heart,—
O enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

GRANDMOTHER'S CUPBOARD.

I remember the cupboard prim and old,
With its button forever loose,
And the row of things on the upper shelf
That were seldom put to use;
The bowl, as pink as a kitten's toes,
In a corner by itself,
And the teapot brown of the battered spout,
That was king of the middle shelf.

I remember the line of plates that stood
Where the tea-cups made a group,
And the antique ship on the spacious dish
That was used for beans and soup;
The "holder" rude and its pewter spoons
That leaned o'er the edge of glass,
To crack dumb jokes with a merry leer
At the bottle of "pepper-sass."

For the bottle was lank and tinged with green,
And its crown was made of cork,
And the peppers their palmy days had seen
When Adam began to walk.
Hard by was the box that held the knives,
And a magic it surely hid,
For, whenever we fumbled for a knife,
We got but a fork instead.

I remember the little dumpy jug
That seemed to stare and grin,
And the treacle-bowl and the dish for salt,
And the pepper-box of tin;
And the pie-plates crumpled at the edge,
And the platter brave to see,
With its Chinaman in a funny hat
By a big cerulean tree.

I remember the cooky-crock that stood
Just under the tier of shelves,

And two lawless imps that seized the chance
 To scramble and help themselves;
 For the button hung loosely on its nail
 And the door would open swing,
 And to rob a grandma old and fond
 Was so very fine a thing.

THE SAND STORM.

Fierce noon tide quivers on a reach of sand,
 Across whose white, aweary and with pain,
 Pants a black motion, while a hurricane,
 Far off, drives forward, as waves drive to land,
 Churning, upheaving, roaring in a grand
 Slaughter of calm; while the long caravan
 Breaks as fleets break in storm, and beast and man
 Struggle like drowning things who view a strand.
 The hot dry storm darkens the scorching glare,
 And whirls in wrath along the endless waste,
 And one huge camel, which for long hath paced
 The desert ways, uplifts, as in despair,
 His gaunt worn neck high in the stifling air,
 And sinks--and from the tumult is effaced!

Clara Richardson Jones.

Clara Richardson was born in Winslow, Me., Dec. 2, 1850, a farmer's daughter, the oldest of a family of eight. She was sent to school in her fifth year, and received the greater part of her education at the town school, where she learned readily, and excelled in elocution. She has taught several terms of common school, and written for various publications.

SPINNING.

Idly I watch, as summer days are passing,
 The dainty form of yonder maiden, sweet,
 With hair like gold, with blue eyes shyly glancing,
 Song on her lips, and time from fairy feet.
 As round and round the busy wheel is humming,
 The white hand glides the slender threads along,
 And swifter whirls the bright sharp-pointed spindle.
 Till in a trice the fluffy roll is gone.
 These threads may be the warp and woof, when woven,
 Of mantle gay, or blanket fine and warm,
 Perchance a scarf for lover, friend or brother,
 Perchance a coat to shield from wintry storm.
 But whatsoe'er those swift, deft fingers fashion,
 I know no vagrant whim her mind shall share;

Filled is her soul with thoughts both high and noble,
Yet deems it sweet each humble task to bear,
May every thread that time in ceaseless whirling
Is drawing forth to form thy web of life
Be even drawn, be wove with matchless firmness,
Be pure and bright, with spotless beauty rise.

Mary Eastman Warren.

Mary E. Warren was born in Fryeburg, Dec. 5, 1851, the eldest daughter of Otis and Maria L. Warren, and received her education at Fryeburg Academy. She has passed most of her life in that old, historic hamlet. Miss Warren has written poems for various publications, some of them to fit musical airs, and for occasions of public interest, and she is locally noted for her taste in all that relates to music and literary matters.

MEMORIAL ODE.

AIR—"LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

**When the Spirit of Freedom
Sought mountain and hill,
And the heart of the nation
Lay wounded and still,
Her sons nobly rallied
At her stricken call,
And placed on her altars
Their lives and their all.**

**When we meet together
And our memories are told
Of the march and the bivouac,
In the dark days of old,
We'll honor our comrades
Who fell from our band,
When the thick clouds of warfare
Hung low o'er the land.**

Once more we all gather
Where low sleep the brave,
Our sweet floral tribute
We lay on each grave;
"O think of them living."
Say the angels a-nigh,
They have answered the roll-call
Of the army on high.

Let us, comrades, forever
To our country be true,
Long as waveth above us
The red, white and blue;
When closed is life's battle,
And vict'ry is won,
May we each hear the greeting:
"Faithful soldier, well done!"

Albert Harmon Holmes.

Albert Harmon Holmes was born in Bridgton, Me., Dec. 14, 1851. Fitted for college at North Bridgton Academy in 1867 and 1868. In the spring of 1870 was Assistant in North Conway Academy. He went to Montana early in the spring of 1872 and was there engaged in teaching. Returning to Maine in 1875, the following summer he entered Bowdoin College, and was graduated in the class of 1880. While in college he excelled in mathematics, taking the Smythe Mathematical Prize of \$300. In May, 1881, he married Miss Lida W. Stone, the granddaughter of the late Hon. Benjamin Orr, of Brunswick, in which place he has since resided. In the fall of 1882 he went to Europe, where he remained six months, traveling in England, France, Germany and Italy. Owing to poor health he has not engaged in much business or literary work since graduation.

TRIBUTE TO FRYEBURG AND WEBSTER.

In threefold sort hath heaven its bounty poured
 On thee, Dame Fryeburg, sitting 'mid thy hills;
 For thou hast beauty such as stirs and thrills
 The heart of Nature's lover; thou hast hoard
 Of frugal competence and plenty stored
 Within thy barns and fields; and, still the best,
 As e'er by mothers' souls must be confessed,
 Brave sons, fair daughters, round thine ample board.
 But some have left thy hearthstone, far to roam;
 And some lie in thy church-yards, near at hand,
 Here where thou smiledst on their infancy;
 And some there be who left thy rural home,
 And fell in battle for their native land—
 Their graves known unto God, but not to thee!

Not thine the glitter of metropolis,
 Which oft th' unwary lureth unto death;
 Not thine the lordly city's fevered breath,
 In clutching after gold; and thou didst miss
 Of that, thine elder German cousin's bliss,
 To bear a son who named a continent.*
 Thy matron modesty rests well content
 With claims less brilliant for our homage kiss,
 With less pretentious titles to our love.
 Thy simple duty, not the praise of men,
 Before thine own and children's eyes was set;
 Not half this world, but all of that above,
 Thine offspring thou didst ever urge to win,
 Where planets are but dust, which we forget!

One glory else thou hast. Here Webster came
 Among thy shady lanes, and here he taught;
 To thee first service of his manhood brought,
 Ere wider fields his giant strength did claim.
 His noble life adds lustre to thy name,
 As snow on Kearsarge heights, borne from afar,
 Adds splendor to that crest, or as yon star
 Lends grace to earth, its orbit not the same.
 Yet, as that white-capt mount in but degree,
 And not in kind, is worthier than those hills
 Set thick about; and, even as that sun
 Is one of myriads in immensity,
 All equal in His sight who shapes and wills;
 So each of lesser men God counts as one.

* It is stated by historians, with more or less qualifications of late, that a geographer of Freiburg, Germany, first—in 1507—designated the New World on his map as "America Terra" whence "America."

Susan Catherine St

Mrs Susan C. Starrett was born in Warren, in 1832, and die
She was a valued contributor to the *Portland Transcript*, the
the *Christian Mirror*, and also for other journals. Miss Si
Lewis F. Starrett, elsewhere represented in this volume, who
a little volume of her fugitive pieces, at the solicitation of h
years previous to her death, Miss Starrett was a popular te
School, and was well known in educational circles through
judges have pronounced her literary work to be of a high ordi

CAN WE MEASURE?

Life with its subtleness, life with its pa.

Life with its peace-havens, life with it

Whence are its forces, and what are its

Who in his wisdom can fathom his lif

Deeper, aye, deeper than hearts He has
God ever dwelleth in fulness apart.

Dare we set measure on infinite treasure

Who through his lo ing can fathom G

LOVE'S TIME.

One day to wait, when Love is strong
And panteth with its tense desire
To hold within its glad embrace
The one responsive heart, whose beat
Close-felt, should calm its pulse to po
O dull and sluggish time, thy day
A thouand years! And must we wait

Yet could we grasp unfailing pledge,
Thrilling from God's sure throne ado
That through the dim and lengthened
The heart of love should ne'er beat le
Nor fail its tender pleading "Come,"
And thit at last, forever one,
We should look back and know each l
Of separation kni more firm
The ties that bind us each to each,--
Glad were it then to bide our time
A thousand years, a day to wait.

Ellen Shaw Hunt

"Elinor Gray" is the pen name of Mrs. Ellen O. S. Hunt, the
of Liberty Waldo County Me., and daughter of Rev. B. F. Sh
a well known Baptist clergyman. Mrs. Hunt is a native of the
has passed the most of her life, thus far, within its borders, wi
dence of several years in the State of New York, and in Boston

THE CORNELL CHIMES.

**Sweet chimes of Cornell, I remember you well,
As oft on my ear your gay greetings fell;
How merrily pealing, now soothingly stealing,
With rythmical cadence or sorrow's swell.**

**From afar on the hill, through the air soft and still
With musical voicings the spirit you fill;
Floating over the valley, with far echoes dally,
And touch the calm lake with a tremulous thrill.**

**How exultant and gay, with a jubilant play,
Have you clamored forth welcomes on many a day,
When laurels home bringing, with shouts and with singing,
The sons of Cornell have honored her sway!**

**And solemn and slow, with resonant blow,
Has the sad knell been tolled for revered ones laid low;
For the loved most sincerely and prized the most dearly,
The noblest and best, and the soonest to go.**

**Chimes of Cornell! What wonderful spell
Have you wrought in my spirit, to love you so well?
For oft in my dreaming, with strange, subtle seeming
I hear from afar the sweet chimes of Cornell!**

Wilbur Fisk Crafts.

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts was born in Fryeburg, Me., Jan. 12, 1850, graduated at Wesleyan University in 1869, and at Boston University School of Theology in 1877. Has been pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Haverhill, Mass.; M. E. Church, Dover, N. H.; First M. E. Church, New Bedford, Mass.; Trinity M. E. Church, Chicago; Deehoe Congregational Church, Brooklyn; First Union Presbyterian Church, New York. Traveled in Europe in 1873 and 1880. Author of "The Sabbath for Man," "Successful Men of To-Day," "Temperance Century," and of college songs and hymns, the latter of which have appeared in "Gospel Hymns" and "Winnowed Hymns." Mr. Crafts delivered the Commencement Day poem, "Wonders of Words," at Kent's Hill, and at the University (Wesleyan) at Middletown, Conn., awhile since. He married Miss Sara J. Timmons, May, 1874.

THE WIFE.

**Wife means "weaver," 'tis said;
And when hearts truly wed
There is weaving that eye hath not seen:
Love itself is the thread,
And the heart-throb the tread,
And the web is the robe of a queen.**

**Through the warp of heart-cords
Shoots the woof of sweet words,
And the shuttle that drives them is love;
Fairer robes this affords**

Than have princes and lords,
Less only than angels above.

Through the changes of life
Stands the weaver, the wife,
By the side of the heart-driven loom,
Keeping out knots of strife,
While the bright threads are rife,
And she weaveth the beauty of home. ■

OUR HOME.

Our home! what shall it be?
Like lovely Bethany,
A place where Christ doth come;
The wife, like Mary, sitting at the Saviour's feet,
"He whom thou lovest, Lord," the husband's title sweet—
Such be our home.

Our life! how shall it pass?
A walk to Emmaus,
Where'er we live or roam;
Our hearts, in joy or sadness, ever side by side,
And burning with the presence of the Crucified—
Such be our home.

Into the perfect day
Our guide shall lead the way,
And God shall whisper, "Come!"
And in the mansions of the "Father's house" above,
Our souls with Christ shall have the life of perfect love—
Such be our home.

Charles Francis Richardson.

Prof. Chas. F. Richardson was born in Hallowell, Me., May 29, 1851; graduated at Dartmouth, 1871; an editor of the *The New York Independent*, 1872-1878; an editor of the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, 1878-1880; editor of *Good Literature*, New York, 1880-1882; Winkley Professor of Anglo Saxon and English, Dartmouth College, 1882, which position he still holds. Among his published works, are "A Primer of American Literature," 1878; 50th thousand, 1887; "The College Book," 1878, and a volume of religious poems under title of "The Cross," 1879. One of his prose works has been reprinted in England, and translated into Russian. His last work, "American Literature, vol. 1," appeared in 1886.

THE BELL-BUOY ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

PORTLAND HARBOR.

All the year long the bell-buoy rings
Over the shoals in the outer bay,
But never with sound as glad and clear
As that which it throws to the winds to-day.

In summer noons and in autumn nights
 It warned the vessel of hidden woes;
 And its weariless toll, in the fog and dark,
 Kept faithful watch as it fell and rose.

Its clang of duty, now faint and far,
 Now sharp and loud on the angry wave,
 For twelve long months has sounded out
 Like a passing bell o'er a sailor's grave.

But its brazen tongue is glad this morn
 As it swings and rings on the sunlit bay;
 Is it trying to tell us that Christ was born
 Far over the wave on Christmas Day?

PEACE.

If sin be in the heart,
 The fairest sky is foul, and sad the summer weather,
 The eye no longer sees the lambs at play together,
 The dull ear cannot hear the birds that sing so sweetly,
 And all the joy of God's good earth is gone completely,
 If sin be in the heart.

If peace be in the heart,
 The wildest winter storm is full of solemn beauty,
 The midnight lightning-flash but shows the path of duty,
 Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,
 The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory,
 If peace be in the heart.

CHARITY.

Whatever be the sin that grieves my sight,
 Whatever wrong I struggle to make right,
 Of sin and wrong more grievous I must fall,
 If charity I show not first of all;
 Shall God or man have charity for me
 When I, poor soul, refuse it unto thee?

But if, when sin and woe I strive to heal,
 The grace of charity I soonest feel.
 Then Christ's rebuke, not mine, my life shall show,
 For he shall walk beside me where I go,
 And God and men have charity for me,
 Since I, poor soul, bestow it upon thee.

Edgar Foster Davis

Rev. Edgar F. Davis was born in East Machias, April 17, 1851. He graduated from Thomaston High School from 1871 to 1873, having graduated from 1871. From 1873 to 1876 he was also engaged in teaching, out of theology at the Yale Theological School from 1876 to 1878. Was Congregational Church in Perry, Aug. 8, 1878, and dismissed by After supplying the Congregational Church in Calais two months, 1879, he was settled over the Congregational Church in St. Stephen received a call to the Congregational Church in Gardiner, where in 1888, when he accepted a call from the Congregational Church a immediately began his labors there. Mr. Davis was married in Talbot, daughter of Hon. S. H. Talbot, of East Machias.

DOMINIE M'LAUREN.

In a narrow street and lonely of a little Scottish town
 Dwelt a preacher of the gospel, in a cottage, old and
 Long this faithful under-shepherd had his flock with
 Long the tender lambs protected and in fertile pastur
 And, like all his race before him, dealt severe and tell
 Not on Satan's kingdom only, but on all sectarian foe
 But to-night his work is ended, and the Dominie at la
 Lies upon his dying pillow, feels the life-tide ebbing !
 While beside his couch a grandchild seeks with loving
 All the old man's dying anguish, all the darkening pa
 Suddenly upon the maiden turns the hoary saint his e
 From whose depths a light mysterious gleams like sta
 "Daughter, I have warred a warfare lang and tireless
 In my preaching and my praying, 'gainst a' ither chui
 "A' my days I've stoutly striven for the doctrines aul
 Fierce anathemas I've uttered 'gainst the folk out-ow
 "But the street I now am treading, daughter, has nae
 Far beyond my een it reaches, bounded by nor curb ne
 "O could I my life live over here upon this barren sh
 I'd preach purity o' doctrine less, and purity o' life fa
 Smiled the other as she softly took in hers the clay-co
 "Are you heretical becoming as you near the heavenl
 "Little matters it," he whispered, "names hae not the
 O' severity and terror that I've often in them found.
 "And since I hae lain here lanely day by day upon my
 Aft ne still, sma' voice has spoken things with holy sw
 "Telling me that a' our wranglings over doctrines her
 Will for aye be silenced in that Kingdom whereunto I

"And as Love makes a' men brithers—when I enter in at last
I shall find the place far roomier than I thought in times by-past."

* * * * *

Weaker grew his voice, and fainter fell the falt'ring words and slow;
Sank the weary head forever, closed the eyes to all below.

And as tearfully the maiden saw the light go out at last,
Bending low she heard him murmur: "*Than I thought in times by-past.*"

Samuel Valentine Cole.

Rev. Samuel V. Cole was born in Machiasport, Dec. 29, 1851, and in the autumn following his graduation at Bowdoin College, (1874) he was appointed tutor in rhetoric in that institution, where he remained one year. He then became principal of the classical department of the High School at Bath, which position he continued to hold until the summer of 1877, when he was appointed instructor in Latin in Bowdoin. He continued in that position until 1881, in the fall of which year he accepted an appointment as teacher in the Greylock Classical Institute, at South Williamstown, Mass. He married, in April, 1880, Miss Annie Talbot, of East Machias. Since his resignation at Greylock Institute, Mr. Cole has graduated at the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass., and, with his wife, is now traveling for a year in Europe. His literary work has been largely a recreation, though successfully pursued, and consists of translations, essays, book-reviews and poems. His longest polished poem was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in November, 1884, occupying four pages.

THE CITY OF THE VIOLET CROWN.

He is dead and gone, with his wonderful skill,
The poet who once by a sound
Made boulder and birch-tree dance to his will,
And a city arise from the ground.

One night, where the haunted Cephissus pours
Its shrunken wave to the sea,
Some flute-notes, wafted along the shores,
Were the same as Amphion's to me.

For they build thee again in my quiet dreams,
O city of the Violet Crown;
As silent as rises the mist from the streams
Thy walls rose over the town.

On the gleaming height where the Partheon lay
Like a beautiful changeless cloud
Stood the maiden-goddess arrayed for the fray,
Majestic, and silent, and proud.

Her brazen shield in the sunlight shone
Far out on the trembling blue,
As a welcoming star, as a sign well-known
To the home-returning crew.

The seals were broken on urn and gr
And many a vanished face
Was seen once more in the living wav
Of the street or the market-place.

But all the while it was envious Deat
Still masking; the vision of peace
Became as a fabric upheld by a breat
I feared that my fluter would cease

Ill-omened fear! That moment I fou
The faces beginning to pass;
All faded as phantoms fade under gr
When the dawn breathes over the g

The dawn had risen, the broken spell
I could not recover then;
Time's withering glance on thy templ
And thou wert a ruin again.

Nay, not all ruin! In air and sky,
In thy old historic hill,
A sense of something that cannot die
There lingered, and lingers still;

A'gleam of the light that forever will
On all the nations afar,
Like the trail that falls over the sum
At the set of the Titan star.

O well to remember the deeds and da
Of thy past, handed silently down,
While the sun on thy forehead of mor
Fair city, the Violet Crown.

"THE STAFF AND THE TR

This grew a sapling on the mountain si
Nature had willed it to become a tree
I cut it down, and in that moment's pri
I slew the glorious thing it was to be.

It might have risen to imperial height
And gladdened with its beauty all the
With bowers of green, and spaces swee
Where birds might build and dwell an

'T is now a staff. Yet, when the years ;
And you would share with it your wei
When life is putting on the yellow leaf,
A miracle will happen unawares.

For you will hear the birds that never sang
 Within its unborn branches; you will see
 The leaves that never rustled lightly hang
 Their banners forth—your staff will tower a tree;

 And it will be the sun and wind and dew
 Of other days by which that tree is made;
 Then, if you call, a friendly ghost or two
 May come and sit beside you in its shade!

Annie Maria Libby.

Miss Annie M. Libby, the daughter of a Free Baptist clergyman, was born in Brunswick, Me., in 1851, and began to teach school at an early age, and was also a contributor, both in prose and verse, to several publications, receiving five dollars for a short story, when fifteen years old. In 1882 she accepted a position on the staff of the *Lewiston Journal*, and later went to Europe, and wrote letters for the *Lewiston Journal* and the *Journal of Education*, becoming, on her return, editorially connected with the latter paper. Miss Libby's poems have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Portland* and *Boston Transcripts*, the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, and various other publications. She is also a regular contributor to the *Chautauquan*.

HIDDEN FORCES.

She watched the winding brook steal from the shade
 Of sombre pines where it had loitered long,
 And, leaving all its dusky ambuscade,
 Run down the sunny slope with laugh and song.

"O happy brook," she sighed, "dost not regret
 Within that gloomy copse thy lingering?"
 The brook laughed low: "In that dark wood are set,"
 It said, "the springs that give me strength to sing."

POVERTY-GRASS.

Grown on that sterile cliff for centuries,
 Wind-swept by chilling blasts from ocean wave,
 Hast thou thine aspirations, too, dost crave
 Like human hearts, impossibilities?
 Dost tremble at the dull roar of the seas
 Chanting death-songs above the drowned man's grave?
 Dost vainly sigh for fields where glad brooks lave
 The violet's feet and murmur melodies
 Unto the nesting birds,—where wild vines drift
 Down fragrant lanes o'erhung with golden fruits,—
 Where summer's happy roses bud and blow?
 O pallid weed, close clasped in granite rift,
 The strength and sweetness hidden at thy root,
 The lush green meadow-grasses never know.

Franklin Stanwood

Franklin Stanwood, son of Capt. Gideon L. and Elizabeth Stanland, March 16, 1852. His father was master of a ship in the West trades, and the first few years of his life were spent on the sea, entered the schools of Portland. In 1863, his father retiring from it for forty-three years, removed to Gorham; in 1864 Franklin went to New York. Later he made several voyages to European ports, but in 1866 returned to Portland as a marine artist, and his pictures are widely known. A poem was in the *Portland Press*, in 1877. Among other papers he has written for the *Portland Transcript* over the pen-name of "Verd."

DANDELIONS.

Dandelions—Dandelions! I used to pass you by;
Beneath my feet your yellow stars I crushed witho
I used to gaze upon your blooms with but a careless
And if of you I thought at all, knew not the reason.

Dandelions—Dandelions! (I'll tell to only you,) As you were loved by one I loved, I came to love you;
I've some of you she plucked for me, (all diamonds)
They've withered now, but sacred kept, tied with

Dandelions—Dandelions! how fresh you all appear
While those I've kept so long—so long—are withered.
And she, who placed them in my hand and giving me,
Is sleeping where the dandelions love to blossom now.

Dandelions—Dandelions! we meet with each new year,
In winter's gloom I hail with joy your resurrection.
And when on sunny slopes I see your yellow stars,
They seem, somehow, the stars of hope that I shall

A FANCY.

With kisses soft the summer sea
Caressed a silver strand—
With arms of white he tenderly
Embraced the willing land—
Willing, yet half resistingly,
She gave the sea her hand.

But true love's course, says proverb,
Runs never smooth, serene;
The rocks, who thought the sea too bold,
Thought they would intervene,
And hold in check this warrior old
Who fain would woo their queen.

"Ha! ha!" the mighty ocean saith,
"So you would us divide!"—

Then, like a tempest, came his breath—
 Uprose his arm, the tide;
 The rocks were all flung low, in death,
 He clasped the land —his bride.

Helen L. W. Worster.

Mrs. Helen L. W. Worster, the eldest of a family of four—children of Chester Weld and Lucy J. Clement—was born in Boston, Mass., August, 1832, but has spent her whole life in the little town of Kenduskeag, Me. Here began and ended her school days. After some years of school teaching, at the age of twenty-one, she was married to Geo. W. Worster, and began a busy life, in which poetry has been an incidental pleasure rather than a pursuit. She has been quite a frequent contributor to the *Portland Transcript*.

THE FIRE OF HOME.

I hear them tell of far-off climes,
 And treasures grand they hold—
 Of minster walls where stained light falls
 On canvas, rare and old.
 My hands fall down, my breath comes fast,—
 But ah, how can I roam ?
 My task I know; to spin and sew,
 And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds,
 Of words that move mankind;
 Of willing hands that to other lands
 Bring light to the poor and blind.
 I dare not preach, I cannot write,
 I fear to cross the foam;
 Who, if I go, will spin and sew
 And light the fire of home ?

My husband comes, as the shadows fall,
 From the fields with my girl and boy;
 His loving kiss brings with it bliss
 That hath no base alloy.
 From the new plowed meadows, fresh and brown,
 I catch the scent of the loam;
 "Heart, do not fret, 't is something yet ;
 To light the fire of home."

FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE.

This kiss is for the old time's sake,
 The sad old time,

When the wolf howled often at the door,
We were so young, we were so poor
In the old time.

This, too, is for the old time's sake,
The sweet old time.
Howe'er the careless world might sneer,
The flame within our hearts made cheer
In the old time.

O comrade of the olden time,
O truest heart!
When mingled memories awake,
One lingering kiss is for the sake
Of the old time.

Cathie Lyford Jewett.

Cathie Lyford Jewett, born in Augusta, 1852. Received her early education here, and occupied position as teacher in Mt. Vernon School at 15 years of age. Afterward attended Normal School at Farmington, and since then has taught almost constantly. In this way writing has necessarily been made a recreation, and the hours devoted to her pen have been among the happiest of her life. Her poetic contributions have appeared in many periodicals of the day, and in the line of story-writing she has attained considerable success.

IN SCHOOL.

There is a school with a teacher stern,
With lessons long and hard to learn.

A school that is found in every clime;
And that keeps in session all the time.

Its open doors are free to all,
The black and white, the great and small.

And all must go, the bad and good,
For none could shirk it, if they would.

And all must study with weary pain,
Old, old lessons over again.

Lessons of sorrow, of loss and care,
Of hopeless waiting and despair.

And forever we cannot choose but look,
Till death shall close life's lesson-book.

And we see at last with all made plain,
That our weary tasks were not in vain.

Doubtless we give some pitying thought
To those who stand with the strife unfought.

To those who lift with present pain,
Our old, old crosses over again.

Who strive as we strove, for gold and pelf,
Who learn as we learned, each one for himself.

For the school shall be taught in the long years hence,
By the same old dame, Experience.

AN OLD PICTURE.

The sweetest picture that memory brings,
The dearest of all departed things,
Is the old brown house, with its open door,
Its wide-slung windows, and spotless floor.

Tall hollyhocks by the foot-paths grow,
And sweet old-fashioned balls of snow,
That tell of a beauty-loving heart,
Unlearned in a single rule of art.

I can see again the tansy-bed,
And the apples ripening overhead,
The mullein-stalks with crowns of gold,
And the blossoming asters manifold.

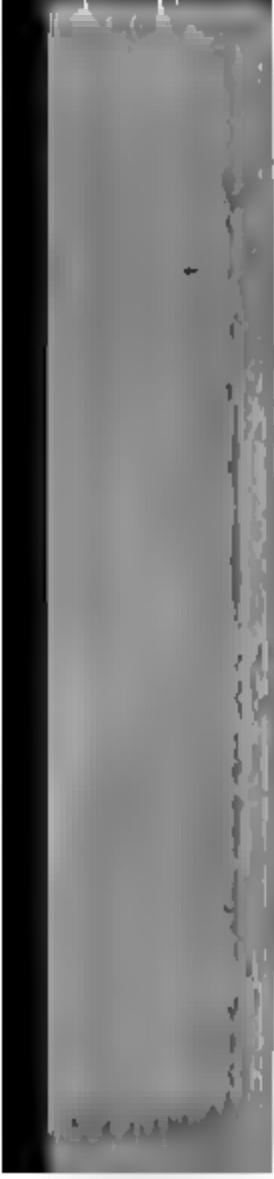
I can hear again the patient tread
Of the gentle mother long since dead,
I can feel her hand upon my brow,
Ah! the earth has no such healing now.

For the race of women has passed away
That blessed the land in its early day,
And quaint old houses, low and brown,
Are found unhealthy, and all torn down.

The world moves on; its progress brings
Grand reforms, undreamed-of things;
But nothing modern can fill the place
Of the dear old home and mother's face.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Nathan H. Dole, whose gifted mother, Mrs. Caroline F. Dole, is elsewhere represented in this volume, was born in Chelsea, Mass., Aug. 31, 1852. His boyhood, after the death of his father, which occurred in 1855, was spent in Norridgewock, Me. Nathan graduated from Harvard College in 1874, is now a resident of Boston, and very successfully engaged in literary pursuits.



Where art thou now, O Master, where art thou?
The world has missed thee long, and none there
To be, like thee, the Priest of mysteries,
And wear the diadem upon the brow.

And yet the world is full of thee. Thy name
Is synonym of a highest in thine art,
And brighter through the coming years shall shine.
Would I might add a little wreath of mine—
Alas! how small a part how small a part
To place within the temple of thy fame.

ON A PICTURE OF SUNSET IN THE ADIRONDAC

On mountain summits and on clouds is glowing
The glory of the sunset; in the valley
The waveless waters of the river dally,
And shadows darken and more deep are growing.

Hushed are the winds; the tall elms bending
Above the glassy stream are motionless,
As if entranced at their own loveliness,
With dreamy colors in the cool depths blending.

There is no sound; the robins ceased their song,
E'en as the sunset faded from the sky,
Music and joyousness to day belong—
'T is fitting that in silence day should die.

SONG.

The air is stirred by winnowing wings,
And every bird exulting sings;
Robin and jay with swelling throats

Franklin Folsom Phillips.

Franklin F. Phillips was born in Searsport, Me., Dec. 21, 1852, and lived at South Montville, from 1856 to 1871, when he removed to Lewiston where he graduated from the Nichols Latin School in 1873, and from Bates College, with high honors, in 1877. For several terms during his college course, and six years subsequently, he was engaged in teaching, five years as Principal of the Rockland High School. Since then he has been engaged in a line of scientific pursuit, and resides in a residence built for himself at Somerville, Mass. He was commissioned State Assayer of Maine in 1880, and served three years. Though the foundation of his fortune has been laid in scientific pursuit, poetry is nobly asserting itself in his leisure, and much may be expected from his graceful muse in the future.

THE GRANITE ISLES.

Grouped on the heaving bosom of the tide,
Where artless lays the fluvial waters sing,
To lull the weary surf that inlets hide,
And o'er the voiceful flood the mountains fling
The sky's dark bodes, or tokens of its smiles,
Appear, in modest guise, the granite isles.

Low evergreens, that sterile lands deplore—
Meet growth from soil that winter's rage infests--
Mantle the silex of the drift shore,
Where strand in pebbly shoals the sinking crests
Of billows tired of the sculptor's art
On stone whose rugged form is slow to part.

The cliffs, grim warriors mailed in iron-gray,
Resist the furious onsets of the sea;
Clear blazoned on their shields, that glance the spray,
Are seen the types of time's immensity.
Such might in earth's primordial ranks arose,
And valor such the glacial fields ne'er froze!

No man hath valid title to a rood
Of this dull glebe, lingering 'twixt storm and main,
On which, when azure gates ope o'er the flood,
The sun and stars their showers of beauty rain;
Long hath Atlantis, in his watery grave,
Held it in mortmain 'gainst the encroaching wave.

The dweller in the clime where sun and air
Make need of bowery nooks and breezy calls,
The white Æolian harps, attuned most rare,
The languid winds light trill, or silence thralls,
Finds on these isles, in sound of ocean's song,
The blood to leap anew in currents strong.

SNOW-FALL.

With crystal eyes •
Oped in the skies,
With wings of sparry spangles,
In ghostly plight,
A habit light,
That loosely round me dangles,
I fill the air
With visions rare,
And blanch the sombre meadows;
My woolly feet
The cold earth meet
As noiselessly as shadows.
From frith and bay
And ocean's way
I climbed the sunbeams golden,
O'er mountain walls,
In castle halls,
By dewy hands was holden.
A pompous king
Bade menials bring
Me robes of downy feather,
Then called me snow,
And let me go
To grace the winter weather.
O'er field and down
And road and town
I toy and whirl and flutter;
Fair cheeks I kiss
Of lad and miss,
But praises never utter.
The fen's meek crest,
The marsh-grass nest,
By water-fowl forsaken,
I cover o'er
With wrappings hoar,
Till spring their life shall waken.

Caressing now
The mount's stern brow,
I court the spectral stillness;
From one lone bird
A note is heard
To trill the air in shrillness.
Through woods I wend,
The branches bend,
I make an arch and ceiling;
The pine's low boughs
Whisper their vows
Mid incense heavenward stealing.
I nestle round
The grassy mound,
The sear blades stoop and shiver,
And sadly sigh
That life's fond tie
Is sundered by its Giver.
From turret gray,
At break of day,
The startled pigeon's cooing,
And sparrow's prate
Unto his mate
Proclaim my magic doing.
As night-shades fall,
My silent call
Is made at every dwelling,
The plenty-blessed,
The want-oppressed,
Alike my steps repelling.
The cliff's dun verge
My feet would urge,
To meet the bounding billows;
I go to sleep,
Within the deep,
On soft and foam-white pillows.

Eliza H. Morton.

This lady was born in Westbrook, now Deering, in 1855, and has spent most of her life in the school-room, teaching three years in Battle Creek College, Mich., and the rest of the time in the public schools of this State. She has written many sketches and educational articles, songs and hymns for musical composers, some of which have become quite popular in the West. A volume of her poems under the title "Still Waters" has been printed, and she also has now in press an "Elementary Geography," on a new and improved plan.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

I sit and muse in the sunlight,
And dream a dream of the past:
The rush of a flood of music,
The sweep of a chilling blast.

The touch of a hand now pulseless,
The thought of a hope now dead,
The duties and deeds neglected,
The words of love unsaid.

The days half-spent in the shadow
When the soul and the song were sad,
When the hours of golden beauty,
When the heart and voice were glad.

I have lived and learned this lesson
That the good which we bestow
To the world in its gloomy darkness
Is the sweetest joy below.

And so I sit in the sunlight
And pray that grace may shine
From the throne of a mighty Father,
And soften this heart of mine.

And thus from his loving presence
I gather the strength I need,
To go forth in the field of his promise
And scatter life's golden seed.

LOST LILIES.

A merry child stood by the side
Of waters sparkling, blue and wide;
Within his hand were lilies white,
Within his heart was sunshine bright.

He laid the flowers on the sand,
And watched the tide creep up the strand,
When lo! the waves, with solemn roar,
Washed all his treasures from the shore.

With quivering lip and tearful eye
He viewed the lilies floating by,
And cried: "O hungry, cruel sea,
My blossoms sweet give back to me!"

Enchanted we float past thy green-tufted islands,
 In thy "Paradise Bay"—peerless haven of rest,—
 'Neath thy dark beetling crags, o'er whose rose-haloed summits
 Chaste Dian her silver bow draws in the west.

When round us the shadows of eve softly gather,
 How quickens our sense of thine exquisite peace;
 From the din of the mart, and from life's restless turmoil,
 The pilgrim to thee finds a blissful surcease.

OUR BABY.

Sweet little bud of the Spring-time,
 With dimpled cheeks, rosy and fair;
 Flashes like beams of the sunlight
 The gold of her bright, curly hair.

Her lips are red as the cherries,
 Her chubby hands seize with delight,
 While her blue eyes snap, and sparkle
 Like the gems in the robe of night.

George H. Stockbridge.

G. H. Stockbridge was born in Mexico, Me., Dec. 28, 1852, son of John C. and Bernice Stockbridge. Parents removed to Lewiston in 1862. He fitted for college there, and graduated in 1872 at Bates. Taught four years after graduation, and then spent three years at Leipzig University, studying language and history. Returning, did private tutoring at Amherst, Mass., for a year, and was then chosen Assistant Professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins University. Was obliged by ill-health to give up teaching. In 1881 entered the United States Patent Office as examiner, and is now practising before that bureau.

AN UNTIMELY RECOLLECTION.

What faithless lover of them all
 Is worth that Celia's tears should fall?

Anon.

Merrier dance was never yet;
 Never yet was merrier maiden;
 Laughter touched with no regret;
 Lip and eye with laughter laden.

Suddenly she left her place,
 Past them all her steps betaking;
 In her palms she hid her face,
 Sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

Spake the heroes standing near:
 "She's a woman, what's the wonder?
 Rain, when all the sky is clear;
 Under blazing sun, the thunder."

Folks called it a boy's passing fancy,
 Yet—somehow—I cannot forget
 That first time I walked home with Nancy
 By the mill where the logging-roads met.
 To have her again here beside me
 And feel that wild, passionate thrill,
 Though all else beside were denied me,
 I'd count this life dear to me still.

Charles Edward Banks.

Charles Edward Banks was born in Portland, Me., July 6, 1854, the eldest son of Edward Prince and Ellen (Soule) Banks. He is a grandson of Charles Soule, a grand-nephew of John B. L. Soule, a cousin of Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Cyrus and Mary Bartol, whose writings appear in the preceding pages of this work. He was educated in the public schools of the city, and was graduated in 1877 from the High School, having fitted himself for college by following the classical course of instruction. He began the study of medicine at the Portland School for Medical Instruction in 1874, and received the degree of M. D. in 1877 from the Dartmouth Medical College. In 1880 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the United States Marine Hospital Service, and has been stationed at San Francisco, Washington and Boston in the line of his duties. He has lately (1887) been detailed as surgeon in charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital in his native city. He married in 1880 Florence Margaret, daughter of the late Rev. N. W. T. Root, Rector of St. Paul's, Portland, a native of New Haven, Conn. The lines below were written ten years ago since which time the Doctor has not cultivated his muse.

THE SKIPPER'S FAITH.

'T was labor hard to deeply sow
 The seeds of Faith in human souls,
 When Parson Moody, years ago,
 Preached at the Isles of Shoals.
 He had to deal with boatmen blunt,
 With natures unrefined,
 And talk with them in language rough
 To suit their mould of mind.
 With metaphoric masquerade
 Of figures oft uncouth,
 The parson ever preached and prayed
 About the sacred truth.
 He told them how to reef their sin
 And steer by Satan's fort,
 And gave them courses safe to spin
 Their craft to heaven's port!
 He often preached in varied form
 From David's splendid Psalm
 To Him who raises up the storm
 And makes the tempest calm.
 Those hardy men he thought were awed
 Whene'er he read the verse,
 "They cry in trouble to the Lord,
 And all their woes disperse!"

And Hope's glad song floats on the air
 Gilding with joy the present time.
 At twenty-two life 's young and new,
 And all things take a roseate hue.

'T is yet life's morn at twenty-two;
 The dew is on the wayside grass—
 And with strong hands to dare and do
 We gather gladness as we pass.

At twenty-two our skies are blue,
 And earth is fair, and friends are true.

We work and wait for grander things;
 Nor doubt at all, with foolish fears,
 But that the song that young life sings
 Will come to pass in future years.

At twenty-two we pluck no rue,
 But gather roses starred with dew.

Ida Sumner Vose Woodbury.

Ida Sumner Vose, daughter of Peter E. and Lydia (Kilby) Vose, was born in Dennysville, Me., Dec. 14, 1854. Upon graduating from the High School, at the age of sixteen, she engaged in teaching, in which occupation she continued for four years. On June 2, 1876, she married Clinton A. Woodbury, at that time editor of the *Somerset Reporter*. For two or three years she assisted in editing the literary columns of that paper, and since then has occasionally contributed to different journals. Most of her poems are of a religious character, though she has frequently written for anniversaries and other special occasions. Mrs. Woodbury has for several years resided at Woodfords, near Portland.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Up to the hills, whose lofty cloud-capped summits
 Are tinged with glory by the setting sun,
 I lift my eyes for strength, so sorely needed,
 Strength for the battle that must now be won.

The shades of evening settle o'er the valley,
 All nature sinks into the calm of night,
 But from the heights, where verdure turns to purple,
 Come gleams of splendor, rays of dazzling light.

When fevered is the brain with restless striving,
 When heavy is the heart by grief oppressed,
 We turn our wistful gaze up to the mountains
 Seeking from them our longed-for help and rest.

For oftentimes in life's pathway come dark valleys
 That try our courage, but must yet be trod;
 The earth is full of shadows and deep places,—
 'The vales must come, how else the mounts of God ?

TO A VERY SMALL PINE.

What song is in thy heart,
Thou puny tree?
Weak pinelet that thou art,—
Trembling at every shock,
Thy feebleness doth mock
Thy high degree.

When rage o'er sea and land
The trumpets wild,
How canst thou e'er withstand
Their might, or baffle them
With that frail, quivering stem,
Poor forest child?

Nay, wherefore scoff at thy
Dimensions small?
For, folded close, I spy
A wee, wee bud, scarce seen
Within its cradle green;
And, after all,

In ages yet to come
Thy stately form,
No longer dwarfed and dumb,
But chanting to the breeze
Sublime, sweet melodies,
Shall breast the storm!

Beneath thine outstretched arms
Shall children rest;
While, safe from all alarms,
Within thy shadows deep
Wild birds their tryst shall keep
And weave their nest.

May such a lot be his
Who tends thee now!
With heavenly harmonies
Serene amid his foes,
Outstretching as he grows
In root and bough.

CONTENTMENT.

A dandelion in a meadow grew,
Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow,
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew,
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight,
To catch the first sweet breath of coming day;
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait
Until the long, dark night had passed away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,
I paused beside this tiny, bright-faced flower,
And begged that he would tell me, if he could,
The secret of his joy through sun and shower.

He looked at me with open eyes, and said:
“I know the sun is somewhere shining clear,
And when I cannot see him overhead
I try to be a little sun right here.”

Marcia Dow Bradbury Jordan.

Marcia Dow Bradbury, youngest daughter of Hon. Bion Bradbury, of Portland; born in Eastport, Feb. 6, 1855; married Edward C. Jordan, of Portland, and resides in that city. Mrs. Jordan is a regular contributor to several of the leading magazines and literary journals.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"A lesson in Geography
With all the States to bound!"
My boys grew sober in a trice,
And shook their heads and frowned.—
And this was in the nursery
Where only smiles are found.

Then suddenly up jumped Boy Blue,—
Youngest of all is he,—
And stood erect beside my chair.
"Mamma," he said, "bound me!"
And all the other lads looked up
With faces full of glee.

I gravely touched his curly head:
"North by a little pate
That's mixed in mental 'rithmetic,'
And 'can't get fractions straight.'
That never knows what time it is,
Nor where are books or slate.

South by two feet—two restless feet
That never tire of play,
Yet always gladly run abroad
(Although a holiday)
On others' errands willingly
In most obliging way.

"East by a pocket stuffed and crammed
With, O so many things!
With tops and toys and bits of wood,
And pennies, knives and strings,
And by a little fist that lacks
The glow that water brings.

"West by the same; and well explored
The pocket by the fist;
The capital, two rosy lips
All ready to be kissed.
And darling—now I've bounded you,
Your class may be dismissed."

William Franklin McNamara.

Born in Camden, Me., in 1855, on the summit of a hill overlooking some of the finest scenery in New England. More of his early days were spent in the fields and woods of his native town than in the school-room. At the age of nineteen, injuries sustained through a fall on the ice, confined him to the house for a period of three years, and

Nora says, 'Now do be easy,
For the baby's gone to sleep!'
And, just now, when I asked mamma
To mend my Sunday cap,
She said she really could n't
Till the baby took a nap!"'

"I've been thinking we might sell her," .
Fred tossed back his curly hair;
"Mamma calls her 'Little Trouble,'
So I don't believe she'd care;
We will take her down to Johnson's—
He keeps candy at his store,
And I wouldn't wonder, truly,
If she'd bring a pound, or more.

"For he asked me if I'd sell her .
When she first came, but, you see,
Then I didn't know she'd bother—
So I told him, 'No, sir-ree!'
He may have her now, and welcome—
I don't want her any more;
Get the carriage 'round here, Johnny,
And I'll bring her to the door!"'

To the cool, green-curtained bed-room,
Freddy stole, with noiseless feet;
Where mamma had left her baby
Fast asleep, serene and sweet.
Soft he bore her to the carriage,
All unknowing, little bird;
While, of these two young kidnappers,
Not a sound had mamma heard.

Down the street the carriage trundled,
Soundly still the baby slept;
Over two sun-brownèd boy-faces
Little sober shadows crept.
They began to love the wee one—
"Say!" said Johnny, "don't you think
He should give for such a baby,
Twenty pounds, as quick as wink?"

"I'd say fifty," Fred responded,
With his brown eyes downward cast;
"Here's the store; it doesn't seem that
We have come so very fast!"

CAPE NEDDICK HARBOR.

A fair green slope on either hand;
Between, a reach of silver sand,
That like a gleaning sickle bends
Along the shore, and with it blends.
Northward, a grove of walnut-trees
Defies the might of wind and seas.
Southward, on Nubble-Point, the light;
By day a sturdy shaft of white,
By night a glowing crimson eye,
By which the coastwise vessels hie
Unto the little harbor's peace,
From wind and wave to find release.
And far away, broad off at sea,
Lone vigil keeping constantly,
Rises the warning finger high
Of lonely Boon against the sky,
Faithful unto its solemn trust,
Mute monitor of wave and gust.
The waves across the harbor reach,
And sing upon the pebbly beach;
And in the roads a schooner white
Foldeth her great broad wings from flight,
And in the harbor deep and wide
Her anchor drops in safety's tide.
While echoing faintly o'er and o'er;
The little waves reach up the shore,
To softly lap the old brown piers,
The haunt of seamen spent in years,
Limping down to seaward gaze,
And sadly dream of other days.
Who, like disabled vessels, rest
Amid those scenes that they love best;
Like you black hulk upon the shore
Whose days of usefulness are o'er,
Dismantled, worm-eaten, alone,
Unnoticed, save by waves that moan
Through its poor bones a ruthless surge,
A mournful, hollow funeral-dirge,

And landward now the little bight,
Grown narrower, is lost to sight
Under a low bridge that combines
Both towns in one, yet each defines;
And thus unites, makes one again
What the river parted in twain.
O'er Agamenticus a star
Sendeth its "good night" from afar,
And through the mellow sunset-sky
The glowing hill-tops smile "good bye."

Alma Dexter Hayden.

Alma P. Hayden was born in Limerick, Me., in 1856, graduating from the classical course at the Maine Central Institute of Pittsfield, in 1875, and afterward, with a view to teaching, studied the languages and music, in Portland. While in school she contributed poems to the *Portland Transcript*, *Golden Rule*, and other periodicals. She first taught in the Literary Institution at Lyndon, Vt., and for the next seven years in the Norway High School. In 1884 she accepted a position in the High School at Sparta, Wis., continuing her literary contributions to both eastern and western publications. She was married to Mr. C. H. Hayden, of Manchester, Mass., in 1886, and has one child, Arthur.

MOTHER-DAYS.

O for the glad days, O for the happy days,
When we were playing within mother's call!
O for the voice that spoke in the twilight,
Just as the shades were beginning to fall:
"Come home, child—come home!"

O for the touch of her hand on my forehead!
O for the sound of her step in the hall!
O for those dear words, spoken so sweetly,
Answering oft to our childish call:
"Good night, dear—good night!"

O for the mother-heart, sharing our trouble!
O for her kiss when the day has gone wrong!
O to be taken into her loving arms!
O to be hushed by her lullaby song:
"To sleep, child—to sleep!"

Never a year so long, never a distance,
But that my heart turns, mother, to thee—
Hears in the twilight thy tender voice calling
Out of the shadows, calling to me:
"Come home, child—come home!"

Letitia Catharine Vannah.

Miss Letitia C. Vannah of Gardiner, Me., was born in 1856, and is not only a poet of acknowledged ability, but an artist, musician and equestrienne as well. She has written some critical and transient matter in prose, and has contributed in verse to some of the leading magazines and literary and religious journals. A volume of her poems, under the modest title of "Verses," was published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in 1883. Miss Vannah's songs have been sung widely in concerts, particularly those entitled "Come, for the Sun is Going Down," and "O Salutaris." She has a rare gift for song-writing, and is also happy in the composition of humorous verse.

A PRAYER.

Teach me to sing when my heart is aching,
 When my flesh is wounded, then let me laugh;
 Send me to comfort hearts that are breaking,
 Make me smile bravely when gall I quaff.

 Send me with faith to souls that doubt Thee,—
 Earnestness, deep, to the careless heart;
 Unto proud souls that have lived without Thee,
 Let me humility's grace impart.

 Let me awaken those that slumber,
 Charge them to watch with fidelity;
 Place in my pathway those without number,
 So I may lead but one soul to Thee!

 Let me be heedless of human praises,
 Let me be brave when dangers arise;
 Let me gaze coldly where passion blazes,
 Let me walk chastely, with lowered eyes.

 Let me depart from my best and dearest,
 If, by my staying, I cloud a white thought:
 Oft soul to the soul it best love, is nearest
 When hearts, divided, with pain are fraught.

SONG.

Thy face is as the face of one
 Expectant—ready—if the morrow
 Should summon thee, henceforth, to lie
 Within the arms of Sorrow.

Thine eyes seem *listening* when they're gray—
 Thou smilest—they are blue;
 And they are like forget-me-nots
 That are aglow with dew.

Thy voice! It is as though thou wert
 Thy life's sole lover leaving;
 A harp whose strings the west winds kiss
 And leave, at twilight grieving.

Low leans the lily to the wooing breeze,
See how she trembles 'neath his warm caress,
Yet, all unused to love, she strives to please,
And, if she please, is filled with happiness.
Far other is the mien of yonder rose,
Clad is she with scornful majesty:
Oh! who shall dare to her his love disclose,
Or haply keep unawed before her eye?
E'en so 'tis vain to woo that heart of thine,
E'en so 'tis vain to worship at its shrine,
Where sits enthroned high thoughts of things above,
Abstract, and noting not this verse of mine,
Whose sober plaint must unavailing prove,
E'en though it hide thy name as doth my heart thy l

Margaret Eileen Jordan.

Miss Margaret E. Jordan was born in Portland, Feb. 8, 1856, and received education in this city. After her ninth year she attended the Academy of the Congregation of Notre Dame from Ville Marie, and graduated there. She has published two volumes of verse, "Gathered Leaves," in 1878, and "Echoes from the latter issued by the house of McGowan & Young, Portland, in 1886. She has edited an American edition of "A Daughter of St. Dominic," which is well received with much favor.

ON CAPE ELIZABETH.

Deep azure wrought with threads of golden sheen,—
Silvery-gray the interlining fair,—
Earth's cloud-robe floats adown a sea of air,
Rests the deep ocean tranquilly between
Cliffs of dusky brown and slopes of emerald green.

BEAUTIFUL ISLES OF THE SHOALS.

AIR: "BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA."

Beautiful Isles of the Shoals, While standing on thee, we gaze
Rising from midst of the ocean, Far o'er the deep rolling ocean—
Gazing upon you, our souls Minds fill with deepest amaze,
Swell with the deepest emotion. Souls, with the deepest devotion.
Silver and azure your skies;
Pure as the winds that caress you; cho.—Beautiful Isles of the Shoals.
Foamy the billows that rise

In their wild voice to address you.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Isles of the Shoals!
Rising from midst of the ocean,
Thrilling with grandeur our souls,
Beautiful, beautiful Isles of the
Shoals!

Beautiful Isle of the "Star,"
Fairest of all the fair islands,
Out in the ocean afar,
Stretching thy proud rocky high-
lands;

Fair art thou, Isle of the "Star!"
 Seen 'neath the sun's brightest
 beaming;
 Fair when he sheds from afar
 O'er thee his last lingering gleam-
 ing;
 Fair, when the dark midnight skies
 Show forth their silvery lining;
 And when the moon doth arise,
 Proud in her glorious shining.

cho.—Beautiful Isles of the Shoals.

Byron T. King.

Byron T. King was born on Munjoy Hill, Portland, Me., April 15, 1856; he was the youngest of five children by the late Mrs. Catherine Devine King, who died in Portland, November, 1885. As a boy he worked in the dry-goods business in Portland, and afterwards in Boston, New York, and other cities; he has been a great traveler on both the continents. On his return to this country, in 1879, he went South, where, in 1884, he was married to a Miss Block, an acknowledged Southern belle and a very talented lady. Shortly after marriage he removed to Springfield, Mo., where he is now a very successful dry-goods merchant. He has written many pieces over the *nom de plume* of "Rex."

LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
 Lies the secret source of being,
 And the soul, with truth agreeing.
 Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
 For the life is more than raiment,
 And the earth is pledged for payment
 Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
 Every living man our brother;
 Therefore let us serve each other,
 Not to meet the law's behests,

Upon the sands, two lately met
Walk on midst strange confusion
Of rock, drift-wood, and fishing-net,
Until they're lost, a silhouette,
'Twixt sky and sea illusion.

A glorious sky -a setting sun,
The gulls have ceased their flying,
The sails hie homeward one by one,
For two the day has just begu ..
And yet the day is dying.

MAENNERTREU,
(MAN'S CONSTANCY.)

A GERMAN FLOWER WILTING AS SOON AS GATHERED.

A bit of maennertreu blue,
Its life in a meadow beginning,
So wondrously brave and true,
Seemed ever the maennertreu blue,
But the story is old and new,
The flower died in the winning!

Harry J. Chapman.

H. J. Chapman was born in Passadumkeag, Me., in 1856, and was reared in Orrington. His father, Chas. D. Chapman, has been prominent in the politics of his county, and has held many important offices. Our author is a graduate of the East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, and of the Law Department of the University of Wisconsin, where he received the degree of LL. B. He now has an office in Bangor.

MITHRA.

Mithra, all hail, thou bright god of the day,
All hail unto thee, source of fresh delight,
High shoot thy beams above the eastern way,
And crimson all the sky, late ruled by night.
Thy gentle beams kiss, with the breathing dawn,
The joyous earth, the mountain, hill and cloud;
The dewy flower nods in the early morn,
While all the birds ring peans sweet and loud.

O Mithra, well did mighty nations kneel,
And bow unto thee in that olden time,
When all the earth was young, and man, to feel
God's presence, looked upon thy works sublime;
Saw the warm earth, beneath thy gentle kiss,
Array herself in beauties manifold;
Saw nature bloom, a paradise of bliss,
And worship thee, the source of joys untold.

But when the Father willeth,
The secret will be found;
It may be very simple,
We might despise the sound,

But it will open flood-gates
To joyous, happy song,
That will not cease its echoes—
As ages roll along.

Walter Allen Rice.

Walter Allen Rice was born Jan. 14, 1857, in Bangor, Me. He graduated from the Bangor High School at the age of eighteen, and immediately entered the Senior Class of Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H. Graduating a year later, he was admitted to Harvard College in the year 1876, and passed the Freshman year. Since then, in connection with various occupations, he has accomplished a large amount of literary work of a miscellaneous character. He has contributed to many New England publications, and was at one time connected with the well-known publishing house of Houghton Mifflin & Co., (Riverside Press) Cambridge. He married Lydia A. Chase of Roxbury, Mass., July 5, 1887.

EAGLE LIGHT.

Midst the blossomless meadows of Ocean,
The broad, trackless prairie of green,
Where the wavelets are cradled by zephyrs,
And sea-nymphs dance over the scene,
An island peeps up from the deep,
Aroused from its mystical sleep;
And off in the shadowy distance,
For many an unmeasured mile,
The sailor boy eagerly watches
The light on this magical isle.

Through the vistas of years quite unnumbered,
While mermaids have chanted their psalm,
And the tempests have raged or have slumbered
Through long, languid summers of calm,
When glittering tapers of night,
From yonder bewildering height,
Emblazon]the halls of old Ocean,
Or shrink from the storm clouds in flight,
Ever gleams, mid calm or commotion,
A fixed warning star--Eagle Light...

Frances Lewis Brackett Damon.

Mrs. F. L. B. Damon, the editor of the new magazine, "Quiet Hours," was born in Dexter, Me., about 1857, and lived for seventeen years on a farm in that town. She graduated from Castine Normal School and shortly afterwards was married to the gentleman whose name she bears. Mrs. Damon is a cousin of the well-known author and lecturer, George Makepeace Towle. It is said that she has written verse nearly every week since 1880; she is also the author of two or more novels one of which is entitled "Idle-wise." Beside being a fine essayist and editorial writer, Mrs. Damon exhibits much interest in school matters having been at one time a successful teacher. Early specimens of her poetry, under the *nom de plume* of "Percy Larkin," appeared in the *Portland Transcript* and *Morning Star*. Her longest poem, hitherto, is "The Wind Flower," which has been characterized as "full of melody."

William Whitney Hawkes.

Born in Portland, 1857, and, while in the High School of that city, wrote songs that were set to music, and other pieces. Entered Yale, 1875, wrote for *Yale Literary Magazine* until his graduation in 1879, with honors. In two years afterward he graduated from the Yale Medical School and was elected, on competitive examination, Physician and Surgeon in the Connecticut State Hospital. He has acquired great skill, is one of the four visiting surgeons of the Hospital, and his writings now are chiefly of a scientific character.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"Tell me, is the cloud of even
Heaving up the western sky?
Turns the light of day so quickly?
Is the weary night so nigh?
Ah! I hear the mountain torrent,
Leaping to the glen below,
Is my father coming, mother?
What I dread I do not know."

"Call it not the thunder rolling,
Nor the mountain furies' roar;
But the night wind stoutly beating,
Buffeting the outer door.
That is not a swell of voices,
But the sighing of the fire.
Then be quiet, child, and slumber,
For thou canst not hear thy sire."

"Yes, the day to darkness turneth,
(So the will of Heaven please,)
But the torrent that thou hearest
Is the crispy mountain breeze.
And thy cloud is bold Mon Dena,
Doughty guardian of the west.—
Trust, thy father yet returneth;
Hope, my child, lie still and rest."

"But the yule upon the hearth-stone
Has the great heart of the oak;
To the gasping chimney sighing,
Breathes its spirit out in smoke.
See, a splendor greets my vision,
Far surpassing earthly day!
And a soul of music calls me
Irresistibly away.

"Speak! Is that the thunder pealing,
Or a knocking at the door,
Hark! I feel the highland quiver
As I never felt before.
Open, mother, fling the guard-way,
Pierce the gloom of midnight skies;
For I hear a flood of voices,—
Open, for my father cries!"

But the widowed and the childless
Wept alone the weary hours, [lands
While the tempest, heights and wood-
Told of terror-chilling powers.
Yet the sun, as calmly rising,
O'er the storied highlands shone
On a wrecked and gorgéd valley
And an avalanche alone.

Sarah Webster Sawyer Berry.

Sarah Webster (Sawyer) Berry, born in Portland and daughter of Capt. Abel Sawyer; married Stephen Berry, in 1863. She wrote several operettas which were brought out at City Hall, after the great fire, for the purpose of purchasing the new lot for the New Jerusalem Church on New High Street and which were so successful that more than the needed amount was raised. The selections given below are from the 'Snow Flake.'

SONG OF THE SNOW FAIRIES.

AIR—"IL TROVATORE."

O here's to Saint Nicholas, Saint of the day!
O long may he flourish—for ever and aye,
And be dear Old Santy to millions unborn,
As to millions he's been in the years that are gone.

To the calm and restful bliss
 Found in all things pure and fair,—
 Child, no dream-told tale is this,—
 Thou, forsooth, art royal heir.

To the tall, crow-cradling pine,
 To the river's silver maze,
 To the Christmas hearth-fire's shine,
 To the honey-making days,
 To the harebell on the peak,—
 O sweet sign! Love walks e'en there,—
 To affection none can speak,
 Child, thou art the royal heir.

To the tales of ancient times,
 To the mystery of life,
 To the sympathetic chimes,
 To a part in kingly strife,
 To a soul unsoled by sin,
 To the Ear that answers prayer,
 Though low-voiced, amid life's din,—
 Child, thou art the royal heir.

Clarence Blendon Burleigh.

C. B. Burleigh, son of Hon. Edwin C. Burleigh, was born in Linneus, Me., Nov. 1, 1864. While at the New Hampton (N. H.) Literary Institution, 1878, he began his newspaper work as a correspondent. In 1883 he founded the *Hamptonian*, a school magazine, still published. Graduated at New Hampton in 1883, and from Bowdoin College in June, 1887, winning the first prize for prose, and the second prize for poetry, offered by the *Bowdoin Orient*, of which paper he was at one time chief editor. In his Senior year he won the first Brown prize for extemporaneous composition. After leaving college, he was on the staff of the *Daily Sea Shell*, a society paper at Old Orchard, and, later, was offered a place on the staff of the *Lowell Mail*, but, purchasing a share in the *Kennebec Journal*, entered upon active duty as one of its editors. He married Miss Sarah P. Quimby, of North Sandwich, N. H., Nov. 24, 1887.

MY QUEEN.

Let poets sing of beauty, Red lips and laughing eyes; And fairy forms whose queenly grace Description quite defies; Of the mazes of the ball-room, And the music of guitars, And the graces of the maidens Who have opulent papas. I care not what the poets do, My rural muse, I ween, Shall tell the simple virtues Of another kind of queen,	Who dwells amid the quiet Of a little farm-house gray, Whence Puritan simplicity Has never passed away. My queen has nature's beauty, And a heritage of health, To me of far more value, Than any papa's wealth; She may not be "accomplished," But she has an honest heart Unskilled in all the coquetry Of diplomatic art.
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Arthur Merrill Stacy.

This author was born in Augusta, Me., in 1857, and died suddenly in that city, in 1882. He was educated in Augusta and at Brockton, Mass., and entered the Theological School at Canton, N. Y., but was obliged to abandon his chosen profession on account of failing health. Beginning at the age of fourteen, he was, until his death, a contributor to various papers and juvenile magazines, in both prose and verse, and won one of six prizes for a story. Fifty-two of his poems have been published in book form under the title "The Miser's Dream, and Other Poems," and a story in book form,—"Edward Earle, a Romance." For seven years he battled with disease, and no one but himself knew how much he suffered or lamented over his blighted prospects for usefulness and honorable distinction in his chosen calling.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

Some men I know, they may be few, I knew a fair young maid named
So bold as e'en to claim, SNOW,
And even to say, as oft they do, (She married a live COLE!)
There's much within a name, Who was as bright and full of warmth
And really think it is the name As any living soul!
That gives the weight alone; Another one whose name was SWEET
As though a man would heavier be Caused every one to fear her;
Because his name was STONE. For she had so harsh a temper

But far from this it seems to me, No suitor dared go near her.
And I will show to you, A man who bore the name of WRIGHT
With words that cannot plainer be, Was always in the wrong;
That such thoughts are untrue; And a weaker man I never saw
That far more often 't is the case, Than one whose name was STRONG.
(And e'en 'mong men of fame,) A man who owned the name of WISE
For a man to have a nature Could neither read nor write;
Right opposite his name! And a foolish boy who drowned him-

I knew a man whose name was HEAD, self Was always known as BRIGHT.
That had no brains at all; A fleshless hypochondriac,
And one who weighed two hundred No fatter than a rope,
pounds, Whose mind was filled with deep
Told me his name was SMALL. despair,
A child was born that had no feet Disgraced the name of HOPE!
To carry it about; Another man whom men called
And yet he bore the name of FOOTE, SWIFT,
As if to "help him out." The slowest snail could catch;

There was a man whom men called While SLOWMAN, with his rapid gait,
LOVE, Won every walking match.
Who hated everything; I shudder when I think of LAMB,
A fleshy man whose name was BIRD Who killed an only child;
Was never known to sing; But love to see a LYON's face,
A lawless rake was surely RICH, With features fair and mild.
Yet never had a cent; And WOLF when he knocks at my
Another man was always POOR, door,
Though he'd two fortunes spent! I always let him in;

Then Angel Death, with icy breath,
Laid on her lips a kiss—
“Wouldst thou be free? Come, soul, and see,”
He said, “unending bliss!”
The grasses wave above her grave,
White stones mark head and feet;
Hearts standing nigh, weep, sob and sigh,
E'en now he sings, “T is sweet.”

It must belong, this changeless song,
To all that's real in life,
And what seems death is but the breath
Of change to peace, from strife.
Your joyous strain, your blithe refrain,
Is true—O bird, repeat!—
Pain lasts a day; joy lives for aye;
Love, Life and Death are sweet.

Harriet Eudora Pritchard Arnold.

Harriet Eudora Pritchard, the only child of a New England clergyman, was born in Killingly, Ct., in 1858. When very young she removed with her parents to Maine, and the greater portion of an uneventful life has been spent in Portland and vicinity. Miss Pritchard wrote little or nothing until 1882, when a lingering illness, and the leisure thereby afforded, developed a latent but hitherto unencouraged desire for work of a literary nature. Since then poems and short sketches, bearing the signature of H. E. P. and Harriet E. Pritchard, have frequently appeared in the weeklies and magazines of New England. In 1886, having in a great measure recovered health, Miss Pritchard was united in marriage with Ernest Warner Arnold, of Providence, R. I., in which city she now resides.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while, O heart, a little while—
A little while to suffer and be strong.
A little while the clamorous, mad throng
Of hungry human vultures to beguile.
A little while, O trembling lips, to smile,
A little while to play your petty part;
A little while to veil this weary heart,
To sing, to laugh, to jest a little while.
A little while, and sunset's molten gold,
Yon shining length of river and the fair
Green, tender tints the spring-decked valleys wear,
This darkened vision shall no more behold.
A little while, O soul, to do and bear;
A little while for penance and for prayer.

RECOMPENSE.

How many things are clear to us to-day,
That yesterday we saw through mist of tears;

We stretch beseeching hands to heaven and pray
That this, or that, be granted, whilst we plead;
We turn with empty hands from prayer and say,
"We are unheard, forgotten, lost indeed!"
When lo! within our reach some priceless gift,
For which imploring palms we dared not lift.

Frank Herbert Pease.

Frank H. Pease was born in East Boston, Mass., July 16, 1855, and moved of two years, with his parents, to the old South Parsonsfield homestead, where he claims residence. Related on his mother's side to the late David Barker and Elllyn Barker, of Bangor. Entered Bowdoin in 1876, and after remaining there taught school a year, and entered the Sophomore class at Tufts in 1880, grad. class of 1883. He is now Principal of the Sawyer School, Dover, N. H. Has for two years local editor of the *Taylorian*. In the summer of 1881 he took the best translation of English into Latin. Several poems from his pen have been published in the *Portland Transcript* over the nom de plume of "Barry Lytle."

JYMN.

Written for the celebration of the first centennial of Parsonsfield, Aug. 25

In the broad forest's trackless wild,
With ready hand and hearty cheer,
Our fathers cleared their rugged farms,—
Their humble homes they builded here.

How changed the time! How changed the scene!
Where once their sturdy axes rung!
Above the forest's gloomy shade,
A busy town to life has sprung.

Here first we saw the light of day,
 Our lisping prayer we nightly said; -
 On yonder, sacred, silent spot,
 Lies many a loved one, long since dead.

O Faith, that crowned our sires of old,
 Be with us in each coming year,
 While others come again to find
 Their joys, their hopes, and memories here.

Parker Bradbury Davis.

Born in Winn, Me., Jan. 11, 1859, and when quite young removed to Lee. His father was a farmer and lumberman, and a great part of our author's life has been spent in the woods of Maine. He completed the course, however, at Lee Normal Academy, and shortly after graduating went South and West, spending nearly a year in Florida, Texas, and New Mexico. Since returning to Maine he has been, alternately, farmer, lumberman and school-teacher. For the past year he has been employed as teacher in the Lee Normal School. Most of his poems have been printed in the State papers.

THE BONNY WOODS OF MAINE.

Let others sing of sunny lands,
 Where sultry breezes blow
 Through orange trees and olive
 groves,
 And limpid waters flow;
 Of fair Italia's sunlit strand,
 Or the vine-clad hills of Spain;
 But dearer far than these to me
 Are the bonny woods of Maine.

Though rough and tangled they
 may be,
 And bound with ice and snow,
 Yet hearts have here a quicker throb,
 And cheeks a brighter glow;
 And eyes put on a braver look
 With health in every vein—
 True Freedom lives among us here
 Within the woods of Maine.

From where Atlantic casts her foam
 Upon Old Orchard's strand,
 To where Katahdin lifts her head
 Above our forest land,
 Are hearts as true as earth has
 known,
 And hands without a stain
 That point with joyous pride to-day
 To the grand old woods of Maine.

And though the wealth of lands re-
 mote
 May please the eye the best,
 Yet, O within the woods of Maine,
 'T is here the heart can rest;
 And though her sons may wander far,
 By mountain land or plain,
 Their hearts turn back with longing
 still
 To the bonny woods of Maine.

Julia May Williamson.

Miss Julia M. Williamson was born in New Sharon, Me., March 13, 1859, and at the age of twelve wrote a poem which appeared in the *Farmington Chronicle* a year later. From this time forward she has contributed to many of the State papers, and, of late,

FAME.

A rose-tree blossomed beside the way
From day to day in sun and shower;
But never a traveler, grave or gay,
Had stopped to notice the fragrant flower.

An artist came to the spot, and lo!
His soul was lit with the splendid flame;
And on the canvas he caused to grow
The rose, but he gave it a noble name.

The odorless flower in his studio hung,
And they who had seen the wayside rose
Remembered it then, its praise was sung,
No longer it grew in unsought repose.

There were many to pluck the blossoms then,
There were many to waste them in heated halls;
For such are the reckless ways of men
There's none to care when a rose-leaf falls.

In the market-place a singer stood
And sang to the listeners a song of life,
But none of the multitude understood
There were none to care in the busy strife.

The weary singer turned aside,
But one was there to whom the song
Rang like a trumpet far and wide,
And wakened a memory deep and long.

Robert Rexdale.

Robert Rexdale, one of the youngest and most promising literary workers of Portland, was born of English parents March 26, 1859. Attended school in "the city by the sea," until his thirteenth year; then apprenticed to the printer's trade, acquiring by keen insight a knowledge of newspaper work, and becoming self-educated by nocturnal study. "The Roman Fathers," a fresh, vigorous prose article, published in 1880, was his first contribution to literature. Says an excellent critic: "Mr. Rexdale has natural gifts—is one of the spontaneous singers. In prose he is peculiarly happy, and his stories are marked by brilliant and sympathetic power." His mythological poem "Transit of Venus," contributed to the *Portland Transcript* in 1882, received high recognition from the press. Says one writer: "It is richly suggestive, melodious, and strong as waves of ocean breaking on some wide-curved beach." In 1885 he entered journalism as assistant editor of the *Portland Sunday Times*. A holiday volume, "Drifting Songs and Sketches," was brought out in 1886-87 by W. H. Stevens & Co., of Portland. Mr. Rexdale in 1888 entered the lists as a novelist, and is the author of "Saved by the Sword," a book of the light and romantic order written in a popular vein.

DRIFTING.

O fairest maid of rarest days,
Pomona's child with golden tresses!
I loiter in thy sylvan ways,
My heart is warm with thy caresses.
And o'er again, as in a dream,
I voice the words the spell is wreathing,
As in the reeds beside the stream
Pandean pipes are lowly breathing.

I think of one whose starry eyes,
And laughter through the woodland ringing,
And shy caress, and tender sighs,
Attuned the poet's heart to singing.
And, like Ausonian king of old,
I listen to the wood-nymph's pleading,
While this poor form of human mould
Plods sadly after fancy's leading.

O river rippling to the sea,
Thy silver waters, softly stealing
In shadowed beauty o'er the lea,
Awake the slumb'rous chords of feeling.
And on thy waves of rosy light,
Seen in my boyhood's happy vision,
I'm drifting from the shores of night,
To isles of rest in realms elysian.

WHITTIER.

Awake, O lyre! thy tender rhythmic throng,
And bid them pause attendant to my theme!
For lo! to-night, above the heights of dream,
I watch a barque upon the deathless stream,
And list the boatman's song.

O gentle Bard! rest on thy weary oars,
 Nor longing turn thee toward the silent land!
 Too soon the tide lifts to its golden strand,
 Where wait for thee the vanished poet band,
 Upon immortal shores.

Of all whose song has thrilled our western isle,
 Thou art the last and dearest to remain!
 Thy voice still rings with Freedom's grand refrain,
 And we respond to each quick-pulsing strain,
 Devoid of earthly guile.

O starry gems that deck the brow of Night,
 Veil not thine orbs in yonder azure spheres!
 A life as pure as chaste Diana's tears
 Drifts softly down the ripples of the years,
 Beneath thy tender light!

AMONG THE SHADOWS.

Within a city's throbbing heart,
 Where life is bright and gay,
 There nestles, from the world apart,
 A graveyard old and gray.*

O'er mossy walls the ivy falls,
 In slender sprays of green,
 And silently the lichen crawls
 The narrow mounds between.

But now the evening shadow creeps
 Across the harbor bar,
 And o'er the tranquil azure deeps
 Climbs up a lonely star.

Here oft, in childhood's early hours,
 My footsteps fondly strayed,
 From pleasure's warm, sunshiny
 Into the realms of shade. [bowers,

O angel Night! thy dewy wing
 Enfolds the spirit's dream,
 And to the fevered heart you bring
 A balm from Kedron's stream.

And pensively my fancy roamed
 Adown the years to be,
 Where fairy castles, jewel-domed,
 Gleamed through the mists for me.

The subtle web that fancy weaves
 Lies broken on the tomb,
 While in the path of rustling leaves
 I wander through the gloom.

Millie Colcord.

Daughter of a former editor of *Zion's Advocate*; born in Portland, Aug. 15, 1859, and died there March 16, 1878. Her child-life was very beautiful; she was quiet, somewhat reserved, fond of reading, and delighted in flowers, the woods, and the sea-shore, though not naturally of a strong constitution. After the death of her brother and mother she became a member of the First Baptist Church. She had an unusual talent

*The old Eastern Cemetery, Portland; where sleep the dead captains of Longfellow's youth, "in their graves o'er-looking the tranquil bay."—*Compiler*.

for writing and used it to help the service of her Master. In March, 1877, Millie had a severe hemorrhage from the lungs, and for several weeks her life hung apparently by a mere thread. After some weeks' confinement the scale turned in her favor, and, later, she gained sufficient strength to spend a week in the country, but the disease slowly progressed, and her strength wasted away. In the intervals of her sickness she composed the poems which have been collected and printed in a dainty volume, entitled "For Thy Name's Sake," which contains a fine portrait, taken December, 1876. Her last poem, "The River," was finished about ten days before her death. Many tributes to her memory, from authors of established repute, appeared after her decease. Pure in heart, child-like in spirit, and earnestly desiring to honor her Master, she herself was honored by him in being permitted to do much for his cause.

WAITING.

'Where the white cliffs throw their slanting shadows
And the waves roll in with dash and roar,
Still and patient, in the sunset glory,
Sits an old man on the rocky shore.

At his feet the children cluster gaily,
Looking outward, far across the bay,—
Tell of wondrous ships upon the ocean,
Ships that they shall proudly own some day.

"Tell us," cry the children's eager voices,
"Tell us, have you any ships at sea?
Will they bring you, some day, sailing homeward,
Gems and riches, always yours to be?"

Then the old man answers very softly,
"There is one for which I daily wait;
Though the rest have foundered with their fortunes,
This one ship will come, however late.

"She will bring to me no earthly treasure,
Nothing that shall make me richer here;
But will take me to a fairer country,
And each night I pray she may be near."

He is silent,—eager wait the children,
Looking upward, with a grave surprise,
Till the old man's eyes, grown dim with watching,
Turn once more toward the sunset skies.

People passing homeward from their labor,
Pause upon the shore and pity him;
"Ah! they do not know," the children whisper,
"He is waiting till his ship comes in."

Olive E. Dana.

This author was born in Augusta, Dec. 24, 1859, where she has always resided. Graduated from the High School in that city in 1877, and in the same year began to write for the press. Except when incapacitated by illness, she has been a constant contributor ever since, both in prose and verse, to many of the literary and religious publications.

Frances Annie Gregg.

Miss Frances A. Gregg was born in the beautiful and romantic town of Andover, Me., in 1860. Her great-grandfather, Rev. Wm. Gregg, (Congregationalist) graduated at Dartmouth, was a classmate of John Quincy Adams, and preached at one time at Cape Elizabeth; was Principal of Limerick Academy several years, and afterwards removed to Andover, where he also preached. Both her grandfather and father were born in Portland. Early in life Miss Gregg removed to Buckfield, where she attended the High School, also the Hebron Academy. Later, she removed to Andover, where she now resides with her parents on "The Pines' Stock Farm," a delightful summer resort nestled among pine-clad mountains, and watered by the lovely Ellis River. Miss Gregg's poems, published in various journals, are sprightly and melodious.

THE MERRY OLD SCHOOL-BELL.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of old Hebron,
When memory fondly recalls them to mind!
The hills and the valleys, the rocks that were legion,
And every loved vision with brightness enshrined;—
The teachers so patient, rules for mirth and for quiet,
The scholars intent to improve every hour;
The church and the chapel, the academy by it,
And e'en the old school-bell, the friendship-bound school-bell,
The merry old school-bell which hung in the tower.

That merry old school-bell, a memory's treasure!
How oft hath it called us from studies away;
To meet in the chapel at morn was the pleasure,
It signalled to all the first call of the day.
With laughter we've clambered from stair-case to ladder,
From thence to the belfry to rest in its bower;
To view the gay landscape, just tinted with madder,
Enhanced by the school-bell which hung in the tower.
The time-covered school-bell, the friendship-bound school-bell,
The merry old school-bell which hung in the tower.

How clear were its tones on a bright Sabbath morning;
Its echoes resounding through valleys and hills;
So restfully, sweetly it seemed to be calling,
Imbued with the calmness the Sabbath instils.
And now, far away from the scenes of my school-days,
Past joys dim my eyes, as in sunshine the shower;
And memories, ever as bright as the sun's rays,
Envelope the school-bell which hung in the tower,
The time-covered school-bell, the friendship-bound school-bell,
The merry old school-bell which hung in the tower.

ecome pastor of a church in Bangor. Miss Butler attended a ladies' college near Chicago; Coburn Classical Institute, at Waterville, where she gained a first prize for a poem. Graduating at the Hallowell Classical Institute in 1831, she was three years a teacher at the ladies' college near Chicago, and one year at the Classical Academy at Hallowell. Her poems, which are very meritorious, have never been collected.

THE VOICE OF MAINE.

Greece in her day of power saw,
 Amid her matchless forms of stone,
A race, by nature's happiest law,
 More perfect. On her sea-swept throne
She mourned the grace of which they died,
 And wept for sterner clay again.
Be mine the nobler Spartan pride,
 Behold my sons—the sons of Maine.

Rome strewed the streets with garlands, when
 Her legions came with captive bands.
Those were the days of mighty men;
 But those, the days of wasted lands,
Behold my warriors come. No sound
 Of wailing breaks the martial strain,
No blood of slaves is on the crowned,
 These are my sons - the sons of Maine.

These are my sons. No mystic sage
 Hath reverence like those who read
The prophecy on war's dark page,
 And bade the land be comforted.
For some with council, some with sword,
 Went down, an awful cup to drain,
And knew the fiat of the Lord.
 These are my sons—the sons of Maine.

The Nation knows my children--they
 Who carry in their souls and wills
Some mood that must command and sway;
 A birthright of their frost-hewn hills.
And those who knew no vaunted part
 Still toiled in silence for my gain,
All share the bounties of my heart —
 These are my sons--the sons of Maine.

Young hearts are here, who only wear
 The earlier glory manhood yields,
They hold my future; wait to bear
 Fresh harvests from far broader fields.
To-day there is no thought of strife,
 No ghost of old, forgotten pain.

Telling of childhood's scourge, and ere morning
Our beautiful darling was dead.

She had flown from our shelter forever,
Her blue eyes would never unfold,
Her sweet laughter never would cheer us,
Or her bright, tossing ringlets of gold.

When we carried our beautiful darling
To her rest 'neath the snow-covered soil,
We felt in the midst of our weeping
She indeed had a message from God.

And we knew in the land of the blessed
He had opened His loving arms wide
To receive the reply to His letter,
Forever to rest at His side.

Nellie Wade Whitcomb.

"Hopestill Farnham" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Nellie W. Whitcomb, the youngest child of E. D. and Mary R. Wade, born in Parkman, June 16, 1861. Her parents removed to Foxcroft when she was three years old, and Mr. Wade is now a dry-goods merchant at Dover. Her mother's maiden name was Dyer, and she was a contributor to *The Mother's Journal*. Mrs. Whitcomb has written largely for religious and Sabbath-school journals, especially for juvenile monthlies. She graduated from the Classical Department of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me. She was married at the age of twenty-one to Mr. Sargent S. Whitcomb, of Lawrence, Kan., and spends her summers at Ocean Park, Old Orchard.

PISCATAQUIS RIVER.

I glide between my low green hills, Where slender elm or sombre pine
A bed for high, blue spaces; Dip dark and trembling shadows.
And flow, a lucent, amber flood,
Above the water races.

The rocks below still shatter me My fringing flowers oft lean and
In shining shards of whiteness; touch
A moment I must plunge and foam, The tide, to cool their flushes,
Then gain unbroken brightness,— While down my lucid mirror looks
The dreaming Dawn, and blushes.

Sweep freely on, the past forgot,
While singing low but gaily,—
To hold the sky, or soak the sod,
And turn the mill-wheel daily.

I clasp my islands cool and close,
In mild or stormy weather,
And call the brooks to follow me,—
We dance along together,

And leave the noisy town, to glide For he, who once has dwelt by me,
Through quiet country meadows, Will dream of me forever.

When day, grown pale, has taken flight, [som
Down through the dusk will blos-
A shining floweret of the night,
And nestle in my bosom.

At last I leap into the sea,
Yet leave old comrades never;

Nellie Grace Bray.

Miss Nellie Grace Bray, daughter of Edward and Abbie Bray, was born in Harrison, Aug. 26, 1861. Since 1882 she has been teacher of Greek and mathematics at Bridgton Academy—a position which she fills most acceptably. She has written, in a quiet way, a good deal, but, at her own option, has not allowed her poems to be published except in the academy paper, *The Stranger*. We are indebted to one of her former pupils for the poem herein presented.

OLD OCEAN'S WOOING.

At the ebb of the tide, the ocean,—the sea with its silver sheen,
Saw the fair land bathed in sunlight, like a glory-circled queen,
And he longed in his arms to clasp her, to fold her close to his breast,
To touch with his lips her forehead, to be by her hand caressed.

But the land cared not for the ocean, she stood in her pride alone,—
In her conscious pride and beauty, nor heeded the ocean's moan.

The tide swept up from the ocean, the mighty, resistless tide,— [fied.
But the fair land mocked at his coming, and the strength of the sea de—
“ You may cease your vain endeavor,” she said, “ presumptuous sea,
For your strongest wave must weary, or ever it reaches me.”

But the mighty deep made answer, mid the rush of its waters wide:
“ Ye know not the strength and the patience, deep-hid in the heart of
the tide.

With panting breath each billow flies back to my arms to rest,
But the goal is a little nearer than it was when it reared its crest.”

The waves rolled on unceasing, till they covered the yellow sand,
Till the lips of the grand old ocean touched the feet of the fair, proud
land,

But the angry land frowned darkly, dark frowned in her angry pride,
Till the billows turned them seaward, turned back with the ebbing tide.

At the turn of the tide the ocean swept up to the land again,
But she drew her back from his kisses, with a gesture of proud disdain.

Thus day by day the ocean crept up to kiss her feet,
With the tale of his heart's devotion, with his love-song low and sweet.
But she turned her face to the westward, to the home of the setting sun,
And closed her ears to the music of the waves till their song was done.

But there came a day when the ocean rose up in his power and might,
And said, “ I will clasp to my bosom the scornful land this night.”

The tide swept up from the ocean, the mighty, resistless tide,—
With the deep-toned voice of a giant, with a giant's wrathful stride,
And the proud land shrank in terror at the mad waves' deaf'ning roar,
At the mocking laugh of the billows as they broke on the frightened
shore.

Charlotte Webb Montgomery.

This lady was born in Boothbay, Me., Nov. 2, 1861. Her early years were spent in the usual employments of childhood, and not being of a strong constitution, her education was of a desultory character till her tenth year was reached, when, with her parents, she removed to Deering, and entered the Grammar School, graduating in 1879, the valedictorian of the class. Graduated from Westbrook Seminary, 1881, from Gorham Normal School, 1884, in the two last named classes officiating as class poet. Took a sea-voyage in 1883. Is now an assistant teacher in the Deering High School. She has written several very acceptable poems for special occasions, and possesses much skill in writing for, and in pleasing children.

A TEACHER'S LIFE.

To work, to wait, to watch, to pray,
 To strive some truth to give each day,
 To render aid to this one's needs,
 Some comfort bear for that one's woes,—
 This is the life a teacher leads,
 As every teacher knows.

 To have the warning thrust aside,
 To feel the patience sorely tried,
 To lift the weight of heavy cares,
 Increased by words that hurt like blows,—
 This is the pain a teacher bears,
 As every teacher knows.

 To hear "Good morning" brightly said,
 To meet the smiles which pleasure shed,
 The glance, the word, which love reveals,
 The pity that in trouble flows,—
 These are the joys a teacher feels,
 As every teacher knows.

 Then work, and wait, and watch, and pray,
 Still strive some truth to give each day,
 Each worthy effort firm shall stand,
 The joys shall far exceed the woes;
 God bids thee work nor hold thy hand,—
 As every teacher knows.

Elizabeth Alexander Hill.

Miss Hill was born in Portland, April 29, 1862, and has always lived in her native city. Her health has been delicate for several years. Under the *nom de plume* of "Arthur Alger," and, more recently, the simple initials, "A. A.," she has written several fine poems which have appeared in the *Portland Transcript* and other literary publications.

DEAD!

I close his eyes—the eyes that flashed with fire:
 Fire of wrath and pride and bitter shame;
 Smooth the young cheeks—the cheeks that glowed with ire
 Only to hear the traitor's hateful name;

Reconciles to April showers
 Hastening May (and orange) flowers—
 Love and I and Annabella
 All were under one umbrella!

Little hands that held fast to me,
 Eyes whose glances shot straight through me,
 Lips that murmured thanks for kindness,
 Cheeks that mock my (feigned) resignedness,
 Dainty feet that, when they stumbled,
 Touched my heart (which never grumbled)—
 Love and I and Annabella
 All were under an umbrella!

Walked we, talked, till Love, grown weary,
 Made her answer thus my query:
 “;Why; I like the rainy season ?
 O, because!” She gave the reason,
 Then a blush her dimples hallowed,—
 You may never know what followed!—
 Love and I and Annabella
 All were under an umbrella!

Katherine F. Stone Cook.

Katherine F. Stone was born in Bridgton, Me., May 10, 1863. She graduated from the Gorham High School in June, 1879, and from the Gorham Normal School in January, 1881. After graduation, she occupied, for two years, the position of Associate Principal of the Freeport Academy. In September, 1885, she married Oliver R. Cook, a graduate of Bowdoin College, then Principal of the Freeport High School.

MOUNTAIN TOPS.

The grand old mountains lift their granite heads
 Beneath the sun, and rain, and arching sky;
 Each dawning sunrise finds them still the same,
 Unmoved, unchanged, unchangeable for aye.

The storms of winter and the summer's dew
 Alike unheeded leave their destined trace,
 But still unmoved, in grand simplicity,
 Each calmly fills its own appointed place.

The tufted mosses weave their slender web,
 As if to tone and soften those stern lines,
 And out from many a crevice fringes float
 Of hardy rock-ferns and gay columbines.

Who knows what converse these may nightly hold
 With yonder stars, their glorious compeers?
 Perchance, when all the world is hushed in sleep,
 They listen to the music of the spheres.

The sculptor's master-piece of art
No word of mortal tongue could
reach.

Then with a smile the artist said:
"The marble block that once you
spurned,
You now admire, since by my hand
It to an angel form has turned.
And all the while you frowned,
because [your view, A thing so crude should meet

I heeded not the ugly stone,
But saw the angel shining through."

There is many a mortal life,
Resembling the unsightly stone,
Wherein an angel form is shrined,
Which must be sculptured out
alone.
O help us, then, ye heavenly guides,
To carve with finest care each day,
Until the angel stands revealed,—
The refuse marble cast away!

Albert Walter Tolman.

Born at Rockport, in the town of Camden, Knox County, Me., Nov. 29, 1866. Came to Portland in 1873, and has resided there ever since. Graduated from the Portland High School in the class of 1884, delivering the Latin salutatory. In the fall of the same year (1884) entered Bowdoin College, and is at present a member of the Senior class there. One of the editors of the college publication, the *Bowdoin Orient*, April, 1886 to April, 1887; managing editor of the same, April, 1887, to April, 1888. Has, up to 1888, published no poems except in college publications.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

O'er Bowdoin's halls the stars gleam bright,
Pine-hushed the soft winds whisper low;
Streams from her windows many a light
In mellow lanes across the snow.

The curved moon in the west is pale,
From the red east the day-dawn falls,
And Night draws back her shadowy veil
From Bowdoin's halls.

Anna Crossman Smith.

This lady was born in Raynham, Mass., Oct. 30, 1734—"old stile"—and married Lieut. Jasiel Smith, grandfather of Seba Smith, the poet. They removed from Taunton, Mass. where they had lived thirty years, to Turner, Me., in 1786 their nine children marrying and settling in Turner and adjoining towns. Mrs. Smith died in Boothbay, Me., May 18, 1823, when in her 89th year, and a poetical farewell to her friends was found in her grave-clothes and read at her funeral. She had a vigorous intellect, and much of Seba Smith's talent was probably inherited from her. She was also the great-grandmother of the well-known writer, Clara Marcelle Greene.

MY EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

This day my years are eighty-eight,	May I with those in realms above
An unexpected age;	That here are my delight,
O may I now with patience wait	Forever sing redeeming love
My weary pilgrimage.	In glory infinite.
O guide me down the steps of age,	Upon a poor polluted worm
And keep my passions cool,	O make thy grace to shine!
To understand thy sacred page	O save me for thy mercy's sake,
And practice every rule.	For I am doubly thine!

/ John Wiggy Thomas.

This well-known gentleman was born in Portland, in 1806, and died in 1872. He was a brother of Edward H. Thomas, elsewhere represented in this volume, and was for many years in business in his native city. Mr. Thomas was the author of several poems of real merit.

THE BETTER LIFE.

In the vast regions of eternal space,
 My soul shall wing its way for evermore;
 Of sorrow, there shall not be left a trace,
 Onward and onward shall my spirit soar,
 And kindred souls shall with me wing their flight,
 And in the realms of joy, for evermore unite.
 Joy, purer than the beams in midnight hours,
 Shed by the moon, or stars, on folded flowers.

O world of love, and purity, and peace,
 The thought of thee makes earth's bright home look dim;
 And may my mind, mid life's dull scenes, ne'er cease
 To think of heavenly scenes, where cherubim
 And seraphim continually round the lays
 To golden harps, in their Creator's praise.

Soon, soon the brightest earthly visions cease
 Here, for the soul no perfect joy is known.
 Till Hope flies forward to the land of peace.
 And bows submissively before the Throne,
 And far from earthly pains, and tears, and sighs,
 Reposeth in the bowers of Paradise.

Lillian Adele Tourtilotte.

This author was born on the pleasant banks of the Piscataquis River, in the town of Maxfield, April, 1870, her mother, a connection of the late William Cullen Bryant, being also a contributor to this volume. The following extract, a fair specimen of Miss Tourtilotte's metrical skill, appeared in the *Portland Transcript*.

PROMISE.

There's always sunshine after rain,	More beautiful will be the day,
Though shadows gather dark and fast	When all the clouds have fled away,
Across our lives, and hope seems past,	And teardrops turn to jewels bright.
We know the sun will shine again.	The dove of peace shall calmly rest
Though wrapped in sorrow's darkest night,	All fled the shadows of the night,
	And this fair day shall be most blest.

Enoch Perley.

n of Thomas Perley and Eunice Putnam (sister of Gen. Israel Putnam); born in Ford, Mass., May 19, 1749, and died in Bridgton, Me., Dec. 23, 1829. A descendant, in fourth generation, from Allen Perley, who came from Wales, Great Britain, to Massachusetts, in 1630. "Esq." Perley, as he was usually called, came to Bridgton in 1776; settled in the south part of the town, on the place now owned and occupied by his grandson, Col. John P. Perley. From the time of his first coming to Bridgton, he occupied a pecious position there. The following extract is from a poem found on the bark of a birch-tree in Bridgton, 1776.

AN EXTRACT.

Lo! here, the forests wild produce,
Already fitted for my use,
Paper, whose sheets are fine and large,
Without a farthing's cost or charge.
How far exceeds all human skill
This perfect work of nature's mill!
And, lo, where art is forced aside,
All bounteous nature will provide!
And here her ample stores unfold—
Her treasures—formed in times of old.
Earth, air, or water will appear
With food and med'cine fraught its share.
In ponds and brooks, I daily find
The club, the eel, the hornéd pout,
The pickerel, perch and spotted trout—
These, with a numerous silver train,
Sport up and down the liquid plain—
The tortoise, too, both flesh and fish,
To epicures a dainty dish.
Our native beasts which range the wood
Serve both to clothe, and give us food—
The gallant moose, so famed for speed,
On these majestic mountains feed—
The threatening armor from his head
Excites in man an awful dread;—
But the fierce hound, endowed with skill
To know and act his master's will,
Shall quickly make the monster know
That man is lord of all below.
The nimble deer, like lambkins play,
Where wolves and bears pursue their prey.
The beaver, too, whose silken coat
Is worn and prized by lords of note—
The coney, and long-haired raccoon,
The partridge, duck, and gabbling loon.

Thomas Randall.

Thomas Randall, for several years a resident of Parsonsfield, Me., where three of his children were born, and most of his poems were written, was born in a garrison at Durham, N. H., June 18, 1778, and died at Eaton, N. H., April 7, 1869, at the ripe age of 91 years. He was widely known as the "Eatonian Bard" and a volume of his poems, on a wide variety of themes, was published at Liverick, Me., in 1833, by William Burr. It is now out of print, and exceedingly rare.

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

Great nature is but art unknown,
 'T is only scanned by God alone;
 No one but Him can it explore,
 Survey each part and look it o'er.

If man is wise, 't is but in part,
 Though he may climb from art to art:
 To worlds unnumbered he may run,
 But yet in fact he knows but one.

Four volumes Jesus loans to me—
 "The heavens, the earth, the air and sea."

Charles Stewart Davis.

Hon. Charles S. Davis, only son of Capt. Ebenezer Davis, a veteran officer of the Revolution, was born in Portland, Me., May 10, 1788. He took his degree at Bowdoin in 1807, with high honors. At his commencement he delivered the valedictory oration, and also a poem on "Tradition," an extract from which is given below. He practiced the profession of the law in Portland for many years, attaining eminence, and had the reputation of being one of the best Equity lawyers in the United States. In 1830 he was sent to the Hague by the Government to assist in preparing the American case in regard to the Northeastern Boundary, the controversy having been referred to the King of the Netherlands for arbitration. In 1840-41 Mr. Davis was a member of the Maine Senate; was for many years President of the Massachusetts Branch of the Society of Cincinnati. He delivered orations on special occasions; a Latin address, in 1839, at Bowdoin, on the inauguration of President Woods, and began a life of Gen. Henry Knox which his failing health did not permit him to finish. He died, March 29, 1865, at the age of seventy-six years.

THE POWER OF PLACE.

Without the rock, the wilderness, the shore,
 What were the mightiest romantic lore?
 Long since had Spain forgot her cruel loss,
 Beneath the banner of the Holy Cross,
 But on Lerida's plains old Ebro saw
 The Saracen wage fierce and bloody war.
 And in Tweeddale the Scot discovers now
 The savage Merlin on the mountain brow.

Without the summer bank, in the moonlight vale,
 There were no incantation in the tale.
 Sweet as the Voice of Coila pours his strains,
 'T is sweetest on old Coila's hills and plains.
 The bowers of Rosamond and Robin Hood
 To English hearts give enviable mood.
 Antonie had not mourned the lovers' doom,
 Had Lignon never murmured by their tomb.
 In the wild fields where his romance was bred,
 The poet lives, though Lycidas is dead.
 The tears for Hassan quickly will be dry;
 For who knows where the poet's treasures lie?
 Hafiz were dead, but that he wins his way,
 With Rocnabad and blooms with Mosellay.

The emigrant from Elbe forgot the fights
 And feasts of Elbe for Arthur and his knights,
 For Memory longest with Nature dwells,
 In Nature's album writes his deepest spells,
 And consecrates his friend's beloved haunts,
 Has smiles for all her flowers, a tear for all her plants.
 And native songs are sweetened by a grace
 Almost enchanting from the power of place.

Place,—like the sealing moss upon the fanes,
 Tells us what was, and hallows the remains;
 Like the pathetic leaf of autumn, blends
 The death of Nature and the loss of friends,
 And, where the fragments of old grandeur lie,
 We mourn for empires, though we know not why.
 No bard hath sung so well, nor sage has thought,
 As mounds have preached, and cypresses have taught.

Josiah Andrews.

Born in Augusta, Me., Aug. 1, 1799, a lawyer by profession. He died Nov. 16, 1847, in Philadelphia, Pa., en route to the West Indies. His widow, who was Lucy S. Frazer, before her marriage, was a native of Maine, and is still living at the age of 81. Mr. Andrews lived for some time in Perry, N. Y., having moved from Augusta thither. Mr. Andrews was very favorably known as a poet.

TO AUGUSTA.

Years, years have rolled on since I mused on thy shore,
 Or heard the wild waves of the Kennebec roar;
 Yet thy fields are as green, and thy hills are as high,
 As when they delighted in childhood mine eye;
 And I love by thy waters still pensive to stray,
 And call back the visions long, long fled away.

Sweet scenes of my childhood, I greet ye
 I love with the ardor I loved you before;
 And I kneel on the sod where in boyhood
 And I feel all the rapture my bosom then
 As I gaze on the scenes where my infancy
 Or stray on the hills where in childhood I

But where are the friends that my bosom
 The loved ones, the faithful, the constant
 Where, where is that joyous, that fairy-like
 The favored of fancy, the children of song
 Whose hearts were united by friendship's
 And whose soul could be read in their joy
 As oft in wild frolic they danced on yon hill,
 Or truant-like lingered at eve by the rill,
 And gathered wild flowers, or strayed by
 As it rippled and played in the moon's silver

I roam, loved Augusta,—I roam through thy
 Thy mansions of state, and thy gardens o
 I meet with the great, and the grave, and
 But the mates of my childhood, I ask where
 I call on the friends of my childhood to see
 And welcome the wanderer back to his home
 Though I stand in the halls where in boyhood
 And though gather around me the great and
 Though the kind hand of welcome is tend
 I miss the warm hearts that in childhood

Jonathan Leight

Born in Harmony, Me., about 1800, studied languages and
 Academy; went to Virginia and engaged in teaching for some
 time in the Pine Tree State and studied medicine, settled i
 a surgeon in the Black Hawk War; acquired quite a repu
 cholera, and died soon after. Was a poet of more than ordin

APOTHEOSIS.

No more, Apollo, with poetic fire,
 Awake the murmurs of my sleeping lyre,
 Tell me no longer of a poet's name,
 Immortal honors and eternal fame!
 Thy name, sweet girl, since Fate no more
 In my remembrance shall forever live;
 With magic powers shall thrill my lone
 And heavenly rapture to my strains im
 Thou, first of Muses, shalt inspire my lyre,
 And thou alone the subject of my praise!

First in the sacred choir my seat shall be,
Nor daring Clio seek to rival thee.

Ah, pleasing Memory, why again restore
Those dreams of pleasure on my native shore ?
There no rude care my tranquil mind oppressed,
No wish unanswered labored in my breast,
The Statesman's wreath, the Poet's garland-crown,
The Hero's triumph, and the Chief's renown,
Before my eyes imagination spread—
And daring fancy placed them on my head.

Joseph Ricker.

Born in Parsonsfield, Me., June 27, 1814; a teacher in early life; studied at Gorham Academy and at Parsonsfield Seminary, and in select schools near home. Graduated from what is now Colby University in 1839, with distinction. Nearly four years editor of *Zion's Advocate*, Portland. Chaplain Massachusetts State Prison two years. For twenty-seven years pastor of Baptist Churches in Maine and Massachusetts; Secretary of Baptist Conventions on several occasions, and has been Chaplain of the Maine Insane Hospital; Superintendent of State missionary work, and efficient in assisting educational institutions. Oldest member of the Colby board of trustees in point of service; made D. D. by that university in 1868. He has raised large amounts for, and has given generously to his Alma Mater, and to missionary organizations. An acceptable preacher and a poet of ability. Dr. Ricker is passing his declining days in Augusta, the city of his adoption.

FROM A COMMENCEMENT POEM.

Say, would you study man, the noblest thing
That is on earth,—creation's lordly king,
Man of the classic or barbarian cast?—
Go, stir the ashes of the shadowy Past.
In his brief history what extremes arise
To wake inquiry and provoke surprise!
Struggling alone amid life's boiling tide,
Resolved upon the topmost wave to ride,
Behold this deathless thing, this moving clod,
This standing paradox, this insect-god,
Now mounting on the wave that beats the sky,
Now plunging in the deep with bubbling cry,—
Filled with alternate hope and mute despair,
On counter currents borne, and tossed with care,
Till wearied out he gives the contest o'er
And, while we wonder, sinks to rise no more.

O mystery, unsolved, of human life!
From mewling infant to the dying strife—
What towering hopes, what wrecks of splendid schemes,
What restless watchings, and what fevered dreams
 Crowd on the view in quick confused array,
Like giddy actors in the mimic play.
Unsolved? Nay, be that the atheist's word.

His system, not more cynic than absurd,
 Shaking its palsied limbs, attempts in vain
 To hide its weakness under cold disdain;
 Asserts with bloodless lip and stony eye,
 By chance men live and move, by chance they die;
 By chance they hope and suffer, smile and weep,
 By chance they moulder in eternal sleep!
 And is it so,—is this the frightful doom
 Of the pale tenant of the voiceless tomb?
 Forbid it, Instinct, Reason, Faith, Desire,
 And all who only feel the immortal fire,—
 And Thou who cam'st the higher life to give,
 Forbid the thought! for we that life would live.

Blest hope! Beyond the purlieus of the grave,
 What fields of light in boundless prospect wave!
 There all the good, the pure, the meek of earth,
 Both ransomed men, and those of higher birth,
 Shall tune their harps to mysteries yet unknown,
 And chant their anthems round the eternal throne.

Yes, let whole empires into night be hurled,
 Let sudden terror seize the quaking world,
 Let systems crumble and to atoms fly,
 Let un-orbed planets shoot athwart the sky,
 Let universal nature gasp for breath,
 And sink convulsed in momentary death—
 Still man, called forth from sea, and cave, and tomb,
 Shall rise in fresher youth and brighter bloom,
 Shall leave his bed of dust and long decay,
 And soar and sing in realms of endless day!

Charles Gamage Eastman.

Born in Fryeburg, Me., June 1, 1813; died in Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 16, 1860. Graduated from the University of Vermont in 1837, and while there was editor-in-chief of the *Burlington Sentinel*. He founded several papers, one, in 1840, at Woodstock—the *Spirit of the Age*,—which became famous for its energetic utterances, and he was also proprietor of the *Vermont Patriot*, at Montpelier. He was a member of the Democratic National Conventions of 1848, 1852, 1856 and 1860; in 1852 and 1853 a member of the Vermont State Senate, and six years postmaster of Montpelier. His wife, Mrs. Susan S. Havens, of Woodstock, Vt., survives him. Two editions of Mr. Eastman's poems have been published, and both in this country and in Europe his writings have received the highest commendation.

A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife with busy care
 Was clearing the dinner away.

A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head.
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Used to sit in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay, stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning-wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both that summer day!

Author Unknown.

The following poem, first published in *Vanity Fair*, Feb. 9, 1861, was written by one of Maine's most gallant soldiers. The bravery with which he fought to fulfil his prophecy has made his name a synonym for courage and chivalry, but he will not allow us to give it.

HÆC FABULA DOCET.

A slender vine on an old oak hung,
And clasped its scaly rind;
From trunk to top its pennons flung,
And laughed to scorn the wind.

And men who passed the way along,
Admired, and oft would speak
Of the kindly law that gave the strong
To aid and shield the weak.

Indeed it was as fair a sight
As any in the land,
To see the puny parasite
Upborne by tree so grand.

One day, the vine in anger said:
“ My tendrils I ’ll untie—
Alone, aloft I ’ll rear my head,
And leave the oak to die.”

The winds were out; and strong they grew,
And hurtled through the air;
They whistled and blew, the old oak through,
And laid its branches bare.

The tempest ceased; its rage was o’er;
The sunbeams gaily shine;
The sturdy oak stood as before—
Low lay the lifeless vine.

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